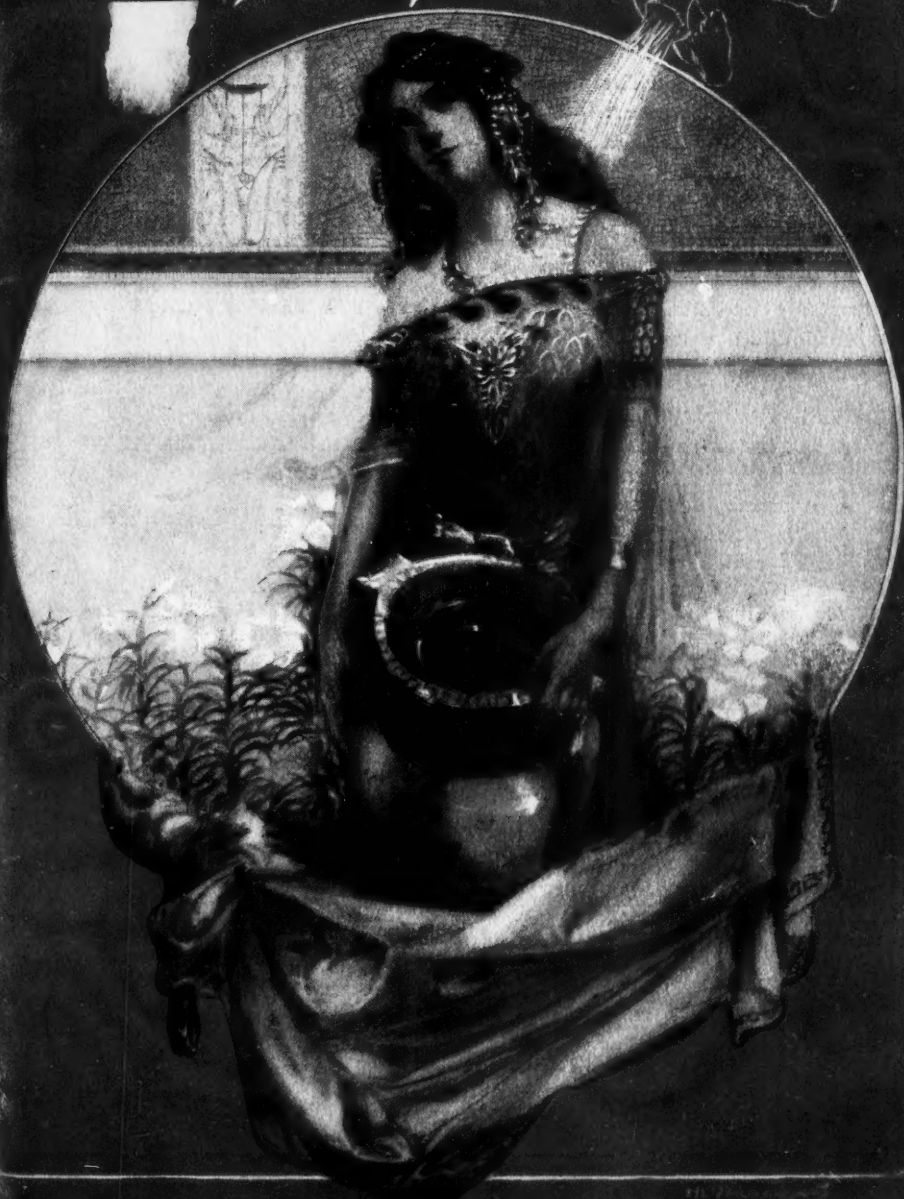


VOL. XXXI.

APRIL, 1904.

NO. 1.

THE MUNSEY



THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
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Munsey's Magazine

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IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXI.

APRIL, 1904.

No. 1.

The Destiny of the Far East.

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD.

A CLEAR STATEMENT OF THE VITAL ISSUES AT STAKE IN THE PRESENT WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN—THE PROSPECT THAT IT WILL BE FOUGHT TO THE BITTER END, PROFOUNDLY AFFECTING THE HISTORY OF THE EAST AND OF THE WORLD AT LARGE.

JAPAN'S quarrel with Russia began with her birth as a modern nation, and has ever since progressed steadily toward the present inevitable climax. Even during the old régime, in 1854, when Commodore Perry peacefully secured from the tottering Shogunate concessions that marked the beginning of Japan's regeneration, a Russian fleet thundered into Nagasaki harbor to demand in behalf of the Czar a much wider open door than Japan has ever asked for in Manchuria. And practically from that day until the opening of present hostilities, Russia has managed to keep one or more of her war vessels anchored at Nagasaki, as an object lesson to the Japanese. Time and time again the glass windows of the new style buildings have been shattered by the salutes of visiting Russian squadrons, fired in defiance of the polite remonstrances of



RUSSIAN INFANTRYMEN ON THE MARCH ALONG THE RAILWAY BETWEEN SEOUL, THE COREAN CAPITAL, AND CHEMULPO, ITS PORT, PRIOR TO THE OUTBREAK OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, UNCLE OF THE CZAR, LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

the natives. On the town side of the bay the traveler may see shop-signs in two languages, Russian and Japanese, as if in tribute to the Muscovite power. Across the harbor there have sprung up, within a comparatively few years, shipyards that have turned out transports to carry the Mikado's armies to Corea, and torpedo-boats to destroy or disable the flower of the Czar's navy.

Russia, overcrowded with a population of one hundred and ten million souls, ninety per cent of whom are illiterate peasants, unable to read or write, bound in by populous Europe to the west and the Arctic zone on the north, has for centuries overflowed to the east. Recently a single track of railway has been completed, binding Vladivostok and Moscow, more than five thousand miles distant from each other. All along this road of steel Russian cities have sprung up, while branch lines have been dropped southward to carry Russian advance to the gates of Peking and

the borders of Corea. At the beginning of the new century, the Czar was lord of a vast and continuous stretch of territory measuring nearly nine millions of square miles—about one seventh of the entire land surface of the globe—and inhabited by a total of about one hundred and forty million people.

Japan's marvelous development has been social, industrial, intellectual, and military, not territorial; but her population has swelled to a figure which, despite the daily birth of new industries, threatens to crowd the island empire to suffocation unless an outlet can be found for her ever increasing human surplus. At present, to one hundred and forty-seven thousand square miles of mountainous country, of which only



VICE-ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO, THE JAPANESE MINISTER OF THE NAVY.



THE HARBOR OF CHEMULPO, COREA—OFF THIS PORT THE FIRST SHOTS OF THE WAR WERE FIRED BY THE RUSSIAN GUNBOAT KORJETZ, ON FEBRUARY 8; ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE KORJETZ AND THE CRUISER VARIAG WERE SUNK BY A JAPANESE SQUADRON. THIS IS ALSO THE CHIEF LANDING-PLACE OF THE JAPANESE TROOPS IN COREA.

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OF THE RUSSIAN GUARD IN CAMPAIGN UNIFORM.

and Manchuria, but the quarrel between them turns upon a far more vital issue than any trade question. Russia's age-long ambition has been to reach the open ocean, to possess ports that would give her an unfettered outlook upon the world, an unimpeded door of egress for her merchantmen and her ships of war. She has Cron-



A PRIVATE OF THE RUSSIAN GRENADEIER GUARDS IN CAMPAIGN UNIFORM.

stadt and Riga on the Baltic, but the Baltic is a land-locked sea, commanded at the mouth by other powers, and blocked by ice in winter. She built Sevastopol and Odessa on the Euxine, but here again the Turkish forts on the Dardanelles, backed by the concert of the jealous powers of Europe, bar her way to the Mediterranean.

RUSSIA'S MARCH TO THE EAST.

Both countries desire the commerce of Corea and Manchuria, but the quarrel between them turns upon a far more vital issue than any trade question. Russia's age-long ambition has been to reach the open ocean, to possess ports that would give her an unfettered outlook upon the world, an unimpeded door of egress for her merchantmen and her ships of war. She has Cron-

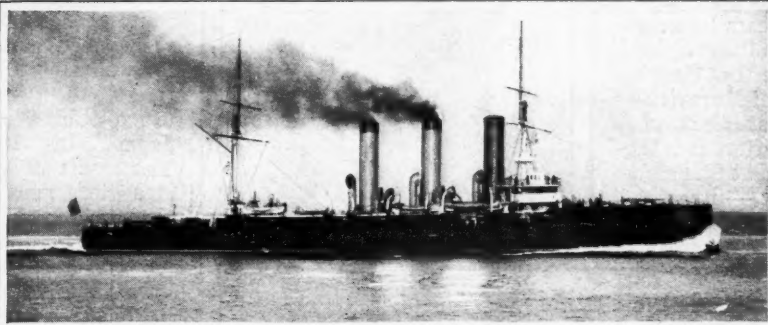
Unable to face the combined forces of the

western nations, Russia moved along the line of least resistance, and spread eastward. Here her task of conquest was easy, for she met only the feeble resistance of nomad tribes; and finally she reached the Pacific. Her



GENERAL KUROPATKIN, RUSSIAN MINISTER OF WAR SINCE DECEMBER, 1897, NOW APPOINTED TO COMMAND THE CZAR'S ARMY IN THE FAR EAST.

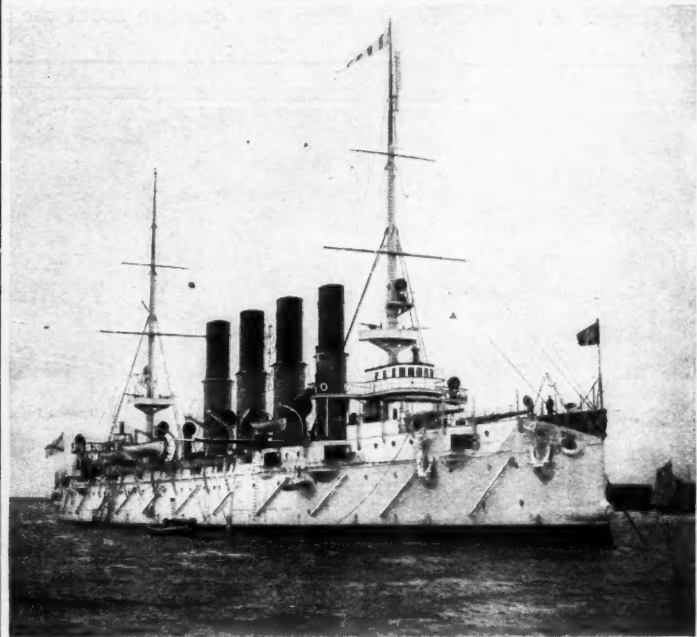
first attempt to establish an ocean port was made at Petropaulovsk, in Kamchatka. The outbreak of the Crimean War threatened the loss of her Far Eastern outposts, for the British navy commanded the sea; but England



THE RUSSIAN PROTECTED CRUISER PALLADA (6,630 TONS; SPEED, 20 KNOTS; HEAVIEST GUNS, 6 SIX-INCH; BUILT IN 1899), DISABLED DURING THE JAPANESE ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 8.

issued a self-denying ordinance, disclaiming any intention of annexing territory; and at the end of the war Petropaulovsk, which had been occu-

pled by a British and French squadron, was returned to Russia. Nevertheless, its seizure was no doubt an object-lesson that largely accounted for the



THE RUSSIAN PROTECTED CRUISER VARIAG (6,500 TONS; SPEED, 23 KNOTS; HEAVIEST GUNS, 12 SIX-INCH; BUILT AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1900), SUNK BY THE JAPANESE OFF CHEMULPO ON FEBRUARY 9.

sale of Alaska to the United States a few years later.

In 1858 a bold stroke by General Nicolai Muravieff—at first disallowed, but afterwards accepted at St. Petersburg—brought Russia's southern frontier on the Pacific down to the Amur. Two years later, by diplomatic methods into which it is not necessary to enter, she induced the Peking government to cede her a coastal strip still further south, including the fine harbor on which she promptly began to build the fortified port of Vladivostok. A significant name that, for it means "the control of the east"!



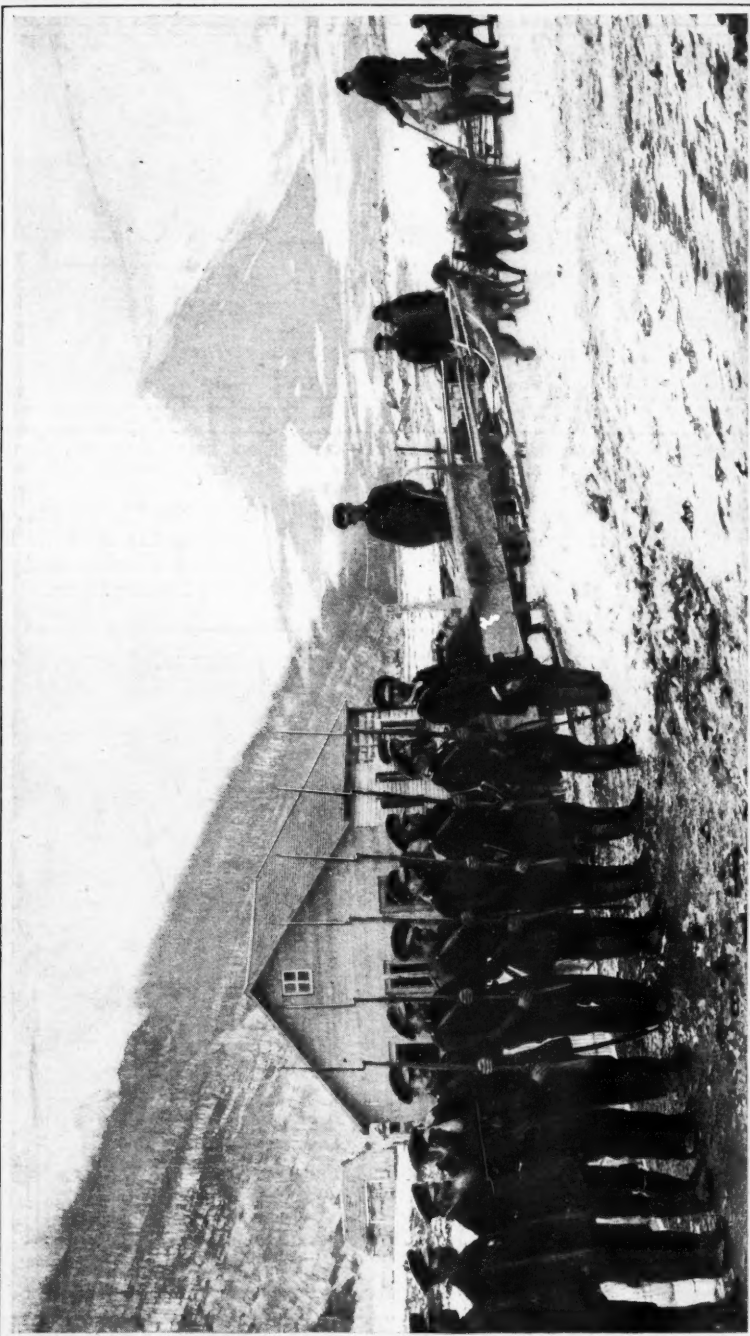
A URAL COSSACK, OF THE COSSACK SOTNIA OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL GUARD.

Here she was still ice-bound in winter; but here she seemed content to tarry up to the time of the war between China and Japan, in 1895. The result of that struggle, and of the Russian diplomatic and military moves that followed, was to give her control of the Liaotung peninsula, jutting into the Yellow Sea, with its harbors of Talienwan—rechristened Dalny—and Port Arthur. This was a long step southward, but there seems to be

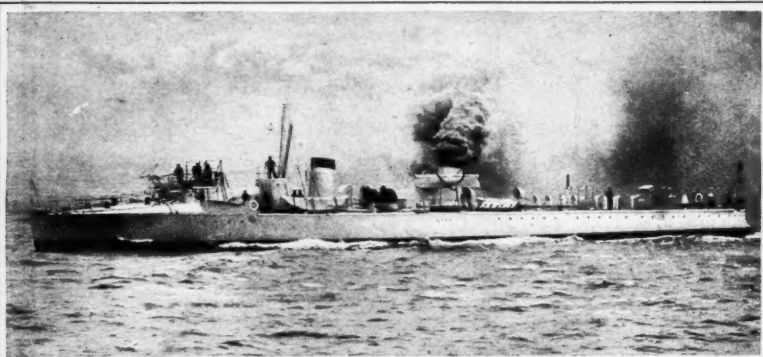
some question whether even these ports are wholly ice-free at all seasons. There is no such question about the harbors



GUN DRILL ON BOARD A JAPANESE MAN-OF-WAR.



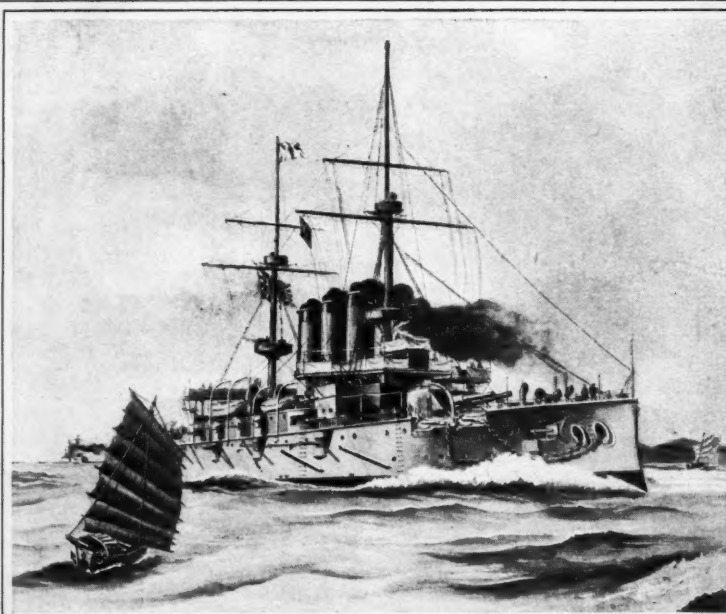
RUSSIAN CONVICTS AND GUARDS IN SAGHALIEN—SAGHALIEN IS THE LARGE ISLAND IMMEDIATELY NORTH OF THE JAPANESE ARCHIPELAGO; IN 1875 JAPAN WAS COMPELLED TO CEDE IT TO THE RUSSIANS, WHO HAVE SINCE USED IT AS A CONVICT STATION.



THE JAPANESE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER MURAKUMA—A PROMINENT FEATURE OF THE INITIAL OPERATIONS OF THE WAR WAS THE SUCCESS OF JAPAN'S TORPEDO FLOTILLA.

of southern Korea; and moreover, the Korean peninsula commands the sea route from Russia's newly-acquired harbors to Vladivostok. She began to de-

sire Korea, just as the United States a century ago, owning the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, desired Florida, and she took steps to get a footing there.



THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP HATSUSE (15,000 TONS; SPEED, 18 KNOTS; HEAVIEST GUNS, 4 TWELVE-INCH; BUILT IN ENGLAND IN 1899), ONE OF THE FOUR MOST POWERFUL VESSELS IN THE MIKADO'S NAVY—ALL FOUR ARE BRITISH-BUILT.

Copyright by N. J. Quirk, Chicago.

Is the mighty empire to be halted in her forward march? Is she to be prevented from rounding out her position on the Pacific? Is she to be driven back from the ports that she has striven so long and so hard to win? Is she to suffer a loss of prestige that will be almost as disastrous as the wresting from her of valuable territory? It does not seem that she can accept such a tremendous and crushing defeat so long as she has strength left to strike against the daring islanders who have challenged her to battle.

THE CASE FOR JAPAN.

Now look at the matter from the Japanese side. If Russia is fighting for the accomplishment of what she regards as her imperial destiny, for her commerce, her prestige, and her standing as a great oriental power, Japan, on the other hand, is battling for something still more vital—for her very existence as an independent nation. She has seen the Russians march across the vast continent of Asia until they reached the shores off which her own

islands lie. She has seen them take Saghalien from her by the right of the stronger hand. She has seen them rob her of Port Arthur,

the prize she won by her victory over China, and take it for themselves.

Only one more move remained to be made. If the inexorable Muscovite advance, which had swallowed province after province, completed its work by absorbing Corea—a weak kingdom that possessed no power of resistance—Japan's position would be irretrievably ruined. A glance at the map will show that Corea is, as a Japanese statesman declared, an arrow pointed at the heart of the island empire. Russian guns at Masampho would be in sight of the Japanese naval station at Tsushima, and would dominate the straits that are the gateway of Japan. Russia in Corea would have the Mikado's empire at her mercy.

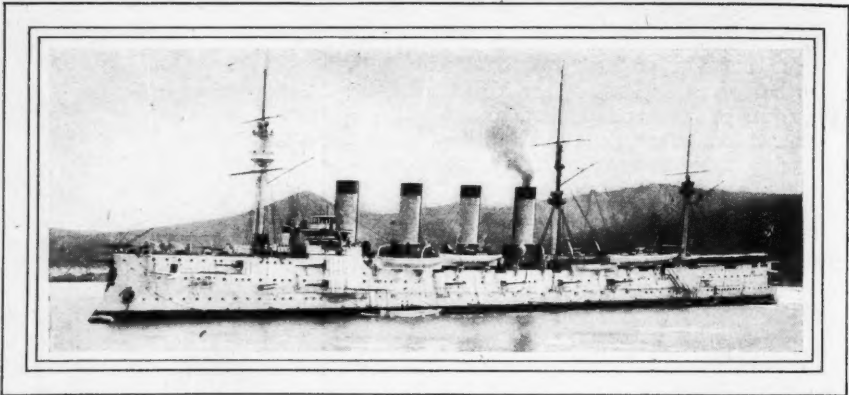
We of the United States have notified the world that we will go to war rather than permit any European power to encroach upon the American continent, even at a distance of thousands of miles from our own territory. We cannot blame the Japanese if, after seeing Russia absorb one stretch of northern Asia after another, they are not willing to stand by with idle



A RUSSIAN MARINE.



A RUSSIAN MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.



THE RUSSIAN ARMORED CRUISER GROMOBOI (12,364 TONS; SPEED, 20 KNOTS; HEAVIEST GUNS, 4 EIGHT-INCH; BUILT IN 1900), THE MOST POWERFUL VESSEL OF THE VLADIVOSTOK SQUADRON.

hands while she removes the last barrier between themselves and her quenchless earth-hunger. They refuse to let her plant her guns within sight of their island shores, within easy striking distance of the heart of their empire. They decline to accept a situation so ruinous to the standing of Japan, so menacing to her existence as a nation. If they must go down before the Russian advance, they would rather go down fighting than sitting still. Such is the spirit that animates every soldier and every sailor of Dai Nippon in the present struggle.

The Port Arthur incident was a burning grievance to the government and people of Japan. Obtaining the support of France and Germany, Russia protested against the cession of the harbor to the islanders, in 1895, on the ground that its tenure by the Japanese would be "a menace to the independence of China and Corea, and a permanent danger to the peace of the Far East." There was no course open but to yield. The Mikado ordered his troops to give up the captured fortress—an order which some of his officers committed suicide rather than obey.

In the late autumn of 1897 a Russian squadron appeared at Port Arthur—merely to winter there, the Russian government said, when questions were asked; no interference with Chinese sovereignty was intended, and there was "no intention of infringing the rights and privileges guaranteed by existing treaties between China and foreign

powers." But shortly afterwards it was announced that Russia had leased the harbor from the Peking government, and that it would thereafter be a closed military port. Nothing was said of the consequent danger to Chinese and Korean independence, though that was manifestly at least as great with the place in Russian hands as in Japanese.

Two years later, in the summer of 1900, came the Boxer outbreak, and Russian soldiers occupied Manchuria—again under promise of speedy withdrawal. The trouble was settled, but the promised retirement did not take place. There were devious and tiresome negotiations, and on April 8, 1902, a definite agreement was signed, guaranteeing that, if peace continued, in six months Russia would evacuate the southernmost of Manchuria's three provinces, that of Mukden; that in twelve months she would retire from the second province, Kirin; and that in eighteen months the whole of Manchuria should be restored to China.

This agreement has not been carried out. On the contrary, Russia has been notoriously doing all she could to strengthen her military position in Manchuria, sending eastwards a constant stream of reinforcements both by land and by sea. There have also, during the last four years, been constant signs of Muscovite activity in Corea, the most important being an attempt to secure a lease of the port of Masampho, which, as has been said, commands the very coast of Japan.

It is not strange that the Japanese should have feared for their very existence, and, distrusting Russia's ready penmanship in the writing of delusive

earnest, and refused up to the last moment to believe that war was coming. It is almost pitiful to read the whining proclamation in which the Czar's coun-



THE JAPANESE ARMORED CRUISER ASAMA (9,750 TONS; SPEED, 22 KNOTS; HEAVIEST GUNS, 4 EIGHT-INCH; BUILT IN 1899)—JAPAN HAS SIX VESSELS OF THIS TYPE, FOUR BUILT IN ENGLAND, ONE IN FRANCE, ONE IN GERMANY.

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

treaties, should have armed for the inevitable struggle which they saw before them. It speaks ill for the statesmanship of those at the helm in St. Petersburg that they did not realize that the Mikado's government was in deadly

selors explained the early successes of the Japanese as a treacherous attack, and pleaded for time in which to take military measures which should have been taken long before if they meant to maintain their policy of aggression.

A Jewel Regained.

THE STORY OF MORTIMER BACKUS AND HIS PAINFULLY COMMONPLACE BROTHER.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

I.

MORTIMER BACKUS lived with his older brother, David, in five ground-floor rooms and a small studio on the north side of Washington Square. The studio was Mortimer's; David worked down-town in a real estate office. They were both of an uncertain age, between thirty and forty, and quite alone in the world.

A curious selfishness may be acquired by prolonged residence in New York bachelor apartments. The sole duty to his fellow men which Mortimer Backus recognized was to draw the plug from the tub in the morning and start the water running for David. David, taking the second bath, owed no duties whatever to mankind at large. When he entered their dingy dining-room, Mortimer, according to schedule, was chipping his egg at the breakfast table.

"Good day," said David.

Mortimer was invariably irritated by the invariable formula. He waited for the rest of it.

"What's the good word, Mortie?" concluded David, unrolling his napkin.

"Oh, nothing!" said Mortimer emphatically.

He finished the egg silently, and went forward into the narrow sitting-room to smoke. David's breakfast was dry toast, because his waist-line was puffy. He was a rather depressing figure with his thin hair, indecisive chin, and garments of cloth to be stamped readily as "neat suitings." When he came to the sitting-room he looked with concentrated anxiety out of the window.

"Aha! Guess I'll wear my rubbers to-day," he announced momentarily.

Mortimer rustled the newspaper.

"Say, Mortie," went on David, adjusting his overshoes, "Schiffmacher, our new clerk, wants to visit the studio. He's been to Paris, and I told him——"

"I know what you told him, David. You gave him your usual ignorant rhapsodies, which make me so ridiculous. It's very tiresome. Bring him up, if you have to. Only, don't come when I'm here—or any of my friends."

"But you'd like young Schiffmacher," David protested. "He's one of your kind, a regular Bohemian, and——"

"Oh, is he?" sighed the artist, with a shudder.

"Well, good day, Mortie," said David, and closed the door.

The younger Backus went to his studio. He was a slight, handsome fellow in his velveteen jacket and flowing necktie. Half a dozen years ago he had returned from France to work at magazine illustrating in New York. Latterly he had taken up the designing of stage costumes, for which he had unusual skill. More important to Mortimer than his success was the fact that it brought him in touch with theatrical people, whose companionship he had craved secretly all his life.

Mortimer looked over his sketches that morning in the studio, and wondered, as he had often wondered, why he had been such an idiot as to become fastened to his brother. However, the calamity was quite logical. Upon his arrival in New York Mortimer naturally had accepted David's proposition that they should live together. After a few weeks the artist discovered to his horror that David had grown to be a hopeless bore, the essence of all that is conventionally uninteresting. David was the sort of man one associates with Congress gaiters, hundred-day tours, and libraries of "The World's Best Reading Matter." He talked in formulas, so that Mortimer could forecast his conversation at any given time and upon any given subject.

The first night in their lodgings, when David expressed his mind for re-



"ARE THEY REAL? OLD ZAPRICOLI TRUSTS YOUR HONESTY, DOESN'T SHE?"

tiring by saying "To bed, my lord, to bed!" Mortimer smiled indulgently at the jocular effort. When six years thereafter David repeated the same words in the same tone at the same hour and for perhaps the two thousandth time, Mortimer wanted to throw things.

David haunted the studio with his prosaic presence. He adored the pictures in his stupid, unwieldy fashion. To visitors he orated about Mortimer, like a dime museum lecturer, making the audience titter and the victim grind his teeth. On these occasions Mortimer's wrath was redoubled when he

thought of the effect of such oratory upon Sylvia Lelton, the new dancer at the Buckingham Theater.

II.

DURING the afternoon Sylvia's petticoats, faintly perfumed, swished among the easels.

"You shan't think it's improper!" she explained. "My brother Louis intended to come with me. But he'll call later. That makes it all right, doesn't it? Are you busy?"

"I didn't know that you had a brother Louis," said Mortimer. "And I am not in the least busy. I'm a jeweler this afternoon." He arranged the purple drapery on the model throne. "Will you——"

"I shan't sit there in a blue dress, Mr. Backus," objected Sylvia. "A jeweler, did you say?"

"Yes. I'm designing a tiara for Mme. Zapricoli. These foreigners are a foolish, impulsive lot."

"I don't see anything foolish in thinking you can design a tiara."

"But she insisted on lending me some of her jewels—for inspiration, I suppose."

Miss Lelton's eyes were always disconcerting at first, and Backus fumbled busily in a color-box in order to steady himself. The girl's face was not only pretty, but it was frankly expressive of something like this: "Even if my face is all of me, is it not enough?" To this bewildering question Mortimer's heart was beating an eager affirmative.

"There!" he proclaimed, shifting various trays of the metal color-box, and opening the chamois bag which held the glittering gems.

Sylvia bent her head, and Mortimer felt her crisp hair brushing against his cheek.

"Are they real?" she asked, a trifle under her breath. "Old Zapricoli trusts your honesty, doesn't she?"

"Oh, they're safely hidden there," said Mortimer, and replaced the tray. "Worth a few hundred dollars, probably. They're not paste, at any rate."

He locked the box and slipped the key underneath a plaster statuette. The girl lifted her shoulders prettily

and moved away, with a suggestion of theatrical pose, to a table by the French window which opened into the court behind the house. She fluttered the contents of a portfolio idly.

"I wonder where Louis is!" Miss Lelton said. "He should be here by now, and—oh!"

Laughing, she held up a large crayon of her own perfect profile.

"Hang it, how did that get there?" cried Mortimer, flushing hotly. "Somebody's been meddling."

"Not I," said Sylvia. "And what's the odds? It's a good likeness. Besides, I like to have you think of me."

Backus lost himself in her smiling glance, and became helpless.

"I more than think of you, Sylvia," he faltered. "I love you. Love you! Oh, I know what you mean," he went on, noting that the smile still played about her lips. "I know what you mean. You fancy that we're not the same by birth, or that my conventional people might bother us if I married an actress. I've thought all that over, Sylvia. You mustn't judge me by—by what you've seen of my family here. I'm not necessarily a Philistine. We're the same sort, Sylvia, you and I. I tell you that I love you, I——"

"Hush!" interposed Miss Lelton, as the door opened slowly.

"Good day. What's the good word, Mortie?" said David Backus.

Mortimer shot a look of speechless anger at the prosaic face in the doorway. The real estate man had seldom appeared so absurd. His pudgy cheeks were salmon pink with embarrassment. Sylvia gave a trill of laughter, somewhat too melodiously.

"Your brother's waiting out in front in a hansom cab, Miss Lelton," continued David. "I agreed to tell you."

"Thank you so much!" replied the girl. "Sorry I can't stay longer, Mortimer. I'd love to hear Mr. Backus talk about you and your pictures. You know a heap about art, don't you, Mr. Backus?"

"You ought to hear my friend Schiffmacher," volunteered David.

"He's been to Paris."

"Haven't you?" Miss Lelton exclaimed, with a mock astonishment



"BUT THAT SYLVIA SHOULD HAVE TOLD—IT'S AN INFERNAL LIE!"

which was not lost on the disgusted Mortimer.

"Nay, nay, Pauline," chuckled David. The phrase pleased him. There was a Bohemian ring to it. "Nay, nay, Pauline," he repeated.

"You are speaking to Miss Lelton," expostulated Mortimer passionately.

David's pink face turned ashen.

"Oh, never mind that!" said Sylvia in unconcealed delight. "I must be trotting. You may see me out, if you like, Mortimer."

The artist went with Miss Lelton to the street door. He was too vexed to be gratified at her use of his first name. They shook hands at the threshold. No, he would not come to the cab and be introduced to her brother. He had a brother of his own, thank you. Sylvia danced down the steps in a whirl of *frou-frou* and merriment.

III.

WHEN Mortimer returned to the parlor, David was sitting in his patent rocking-chair and his feet, grotesque in pointed red slippers, were cocked on the table.

"Say, I didn't intend to make that break in there, Mortie," he mumbled. "You know I——"

"I know that you're preposterous, David. I can't stand it. You must keep out of the studio, that's all."

David rose and leaned heavily against the mantel. "I'm terrible fond of the drawings," he said, with an apologetic cough. "I like to watch 'em. I don't have much else to think about."

At any other time Mortimer might have yielded to the clumsy appeal. Now, however, he was stung by the jeer of Sylvia's laughter, and he confronted his brother almost savagely.

"You were impudent to a lady," he snapped.

"Why, I only—I thought——"

"You insulted the lady I hope to marry."

"To—marry?" David's face contorted like squeezed rubber. "To marry? Not that——"

"Miss Sylvia Lelton, yes."

"Good Lord!" puffed David, and dropped into the chair.

"Why not?" stormed Mortimer. "Just because she isn't as smug as you are? Just because she doesn't spend her evenings in a patent rocking-chair? Thank fortune she's not that vulgar kind! Thank fortune she knows I'm not that kind, either, although you are my brother! And I don't like you hanging about to—to——"

"To queer you? Is that it, Mortie?"

"If you put it that way," assented the artist, angry now at himself.

"I've seen this coming," said David gravely. "If you want to split up, I'm ready." He considered a moment, stroking his mustache. "I'd hate to stand in your way, Mortie. But about this Miss Lelton. Who is she? I've seen her brother. He doesn't look exactly responsible, somehow."

"Responsible!" sneered the other. "You talk like a commercial agency. Such questions are so typical of you, David. They mean absolutely nothing to me."

"Well, nobody seems to know anything about the girl."

"Good heavens!" gasped Mortimer. "Have you been making inquiries? You?"

David waved a limp hand protestingly, and lumbered to the door.

"I'll just put on my shoes and chase out somewheres to dinner," he said. "Mortie, this marriage, now—your happiness depends on it, hey?"

"Of course."

"That's enough for me, old boy. I ain't going to bother you. I'll find a boarding-house to-morrow."

"Oh, keep out of the studio, that's all," growled Mortimer.

"But there's Schiffmacher. I promised him——"

"The devil take Schiffmacher and you, too!"

"All right, Mortie," agreed David soothingly.

The man's bovine placidity put the final touches to Mortimer's self-reproach. The younger brother dined in solitary state, and walked the streets afterwards, trying vainly to smoke away his exasperation. At all events, he would never have another such scene. This was the end of it. He had spoken too plainly to be misunderstood even

by David. In this reflection there was not much consolation, but it was all the comfort which Mortimer Backus could gather to take to bed with him.

IV.

ALTHOUGH Mortimer's sleeping-room was immediately adjacent to the studio, the talking therein which awakened him seemed to be a thousand miles away. He roused himself unwillingly, until the recognition of David's voice flashed into his sleepy brain.

"Hush, now!" said David softly, beyond the closed door. "If Mortie knew he'd just about die. I won't tell him. You give me that and sneak out, same way you came."

There followed a quick, shuffling rush and the suppressed hiss of an oath. Mortimer jumped out of bed, laughing unpleasantly, and threw open the studio door. The lights were full up. The floor was strewn with sketches from an overturned easel. Beside the model throne cowered David and a sheepish-looking stranger.

"Good evening, Mr. Schiffmacher," called the artist. "Introduce me, David, won't you? Your friend, I'm sure, will pardon my pyjamas."

The stranger seemed confused. Mortimer appreciated his guest's chagrin, and smiled with elaborate politeness.

"You're unresponsive, Schiffmacher," he commented. "Won't you shake hands? Well, suit yourself. I don't wish to inconvenience you, but you really must go. You see, I'm compelled to lock the studio against possible interlopers, and——"

"Oh, I'll go swift enough!" muttered the fellow, and he took a step towards David, who was between him and the open window.

"Say good night, David dear, to your friend," went on Mortimer. "Say good night to Mr. Schiffmacher—or perhaps I don't correctly recollect his name?"

"That's right. It's Schiffmacher," gulped David. "He's going, and he promises you'll never see him again."

The younger Backus roared with laughter.

"But he—Schiffmacher—must give me something before he goes," added

David doggedly. "He's got something in his pocket. Something of mine, Mortie. You needn't see it."

Mortimer surveyed his brother with a puzzled stare. The third man took advantage of it. To the artist's amazement, the visitor wriggled sideways and sped to the window rabbit-fashion. For a surprised second Mortimer was motionless, but David pounced heavily on the fugitive and brought him to the floor, where they both sprawled like clowns on sawdust. Mortimer hesitated between mirth and astonishment, until a familiar little chamois-skin bag rolled out on the rug under the intruder's squirming shoulder.

"What the devil's this?" Mortimer cried, picking up the pouch.

David could not at once reply. He was fully occupied in maintaining his position on his adversary's chest.

"Why, it's the jewels—the Zapricoli jewels!" said Mortimer, and David nodded breathlessly.

"Well, this is the limit of everything," continued Mortimer. "It seems you are not only unable to follow my instructions about keeping away from this studio, but you must needs bring sneak-thieves here as well. You old idiot! And you dare to talk to me about the character of my friends! What do you think of yours, eh? Oh, get up! I'll look out for this Schiffmacher of whom you're so proud," and he reached for the crank of the telephone which hung on the wall.

"What you going to do?" asked his brother.

"Get policemen, of course."

"Hold on a minute, Mortie!"

David staggered to his feet and grabbed a formidable cutlass from a pile of properties in the corner. The sullen captive propped himself on an elbow.

"See here, old boy," stammered David. "This—this Schiffmacher's gone wrong for once—but it's my fault, just as you say, Mortie. Can't you let him go? No harm's done, and he'll promise you'll never see nor hear of him again. I'll take the blame if you'll let him off. Maybe he was only playing a joke on me, pretending to take those jewels."

"Oh, it looks like a joke, doesn't it?" demanded Mortimer hotly.

He twisted the telephone crank, but before he could take the receiver from the hook the man on the floor spoke.

"Say, it's up to me," he said, eying the artist shrewdly. "My name's not Schiffmacher. At present it's Lelton—Louis Lelton."

Mortimer's fingers seemed to freeze in mid-air. David groaned and collapsed on the steps of the model throne.

"I'm caught with the goods," resumed Lelton. "But remember one thing. If the police pinch me, they'll pinch my partner, too. I'll attend to that. And our record isn't first class at headquarters."

"Your—partner?" echoed Mortimer.

"Sure. She was here this afternoon, and put me on to the graft."

"Sylvia? You liar!"

"He's Miss Lelton's brother. I know how it cuts," blurted David, and moved to Mortimer's side.

The younger man could feel his brother's hand at his elbow, as if to beg the favor of steadying him.

"But that Sylvia should have told—it's an infernal lie!" he repeated.

"Come, be wise," said Louis Lelton glibly, much encouraged by the success of his trump card. "Where'd I find the key of the box? Under the image of the lad with the scythe. How many trays down was the chamois-skin bag? Three. Who told me? Hey?"

"Sylvia didn't know you intended to—"

"Oh, she didn't, eh?" retorted the thief. "Let me call up a number and do the talking while you listen at the 'phone. I'll get proof for you out of her own mouth. I dare you to!"

Mortimer stared, and then mechanically shook his head. The rogue's manner was convincing. Nobody but Sylvia had known the whereabouts of the key and of the jewels. Mortimer tried in vain to think that it was too cowardly to refuse Lelton's proposed test with the telephone. He felt helpless, beaten, and he shook his head again.

"Call up sixteen thirty-three and just say 'Niagara' twice," said Lelton. "You'll hear her asking if I've pulled

it off. You won't? Good. You're stuck on the girl, and I don't blame you. Here's my bargain. Give me a free run now, and I won't bother you again. Get in the police—and Sylvia goes with me."

Mortimer, moving like an automaton, turned his back. Lelton understood, and sidled toward the window.

"You're not especially grateful to me, Backus, for leaving you a fair field with the woman," he observed, with an evil grin. "She's not my sister, anyway. She's my——"

David sprang forward, and Lelton, cutting short his swagger, did not pause to complete the sentence. The rascal disappeared into the courtyard.

"Oh, I can't believe this!" said Mortimer, half to himself. "How can I believe it? Sylvia and that—that——"

"You'll have to believe it, I'm afraid," interposed David gently. He was closing the window, and he kept his eyes carefully away from the other's twitching face. "You'll have to believe it, Mortie," he reiterated. "I thought maybe I might keep it from you, but—well, what could I do? There's other true things about that girl which I guess you needn't know now."

The artist stumbled against a table and opened a portfolio slowly.

"I thought you loved her more'n you did me," went on David. "But I guess the fact is you don't really care for her. If you did, I don't guess anything would stop you, even now. I knew she was worthless and bad, but there was your happiness—I calculated to spare you all I could—and you wouldn't have believed me alone, anyhow. Hello, what are you tearing up that picture for?"

"You're a good brother to me, Davie," said Mortimer, as he watched the fragments of a crayon drawing flutter to the rug. "You're a better brother than such a weak, sensitive fellow as I deserves. If you'll let me live with you, Davie——"

He extended his hand shyly.

"Why, that's all right!" cried David affecting a sudden activity. "By George, it's dreadful late! To bed, my lord, to bed!"

And Mortimer laughed with a heart full of gratitude.

The Bounty of the River.

HOW MAI GANGA, THE HOLY STREAM, DEMONSTRATED ITS POWER.

BY MAYNE LINDSAY.

I.

THE sunset stood above the river. The hills, violet and aloof, ran up in little woody ridges from the stream, on the eastern side of which Tresham's servants had pitched his camp. They had taken possession of a plateau that overhung a rapid full of opal eddies, a vantage-point from which a man might look sheer into the water, or see plainly, when the moon was full, the jungle creatures on the other side come trooping down to drink.

In spite of problems that would not unravel themselves, and the fret of a conscientious magistrate's life, Tresham's brow cleared as he faced the chosen prospect. He and his wife had ridden for three hours through the Timli forest without seeing more than the cut of the "ride" before them; it was good to come out to their own camp, rising in a peaceful place, and to a broad horizon.

Mrs. Tresham tucked her arm into his, understanding him. There was a familiar chorus of noises behind them—the thud of a wooden mallet on the tent-pegs, the bubble of camels, the crackle of twigs under the *khansama's* cooking-pots; and she had lived long enough in India for these things to bear her a kindly message. She turned her head at the click of a pony's hoofs among the trees; she wanted just that to complete the moment's contentment.

A little boy, attended by a running groom, trotted into the clearing. He nodded to his mother, saluted his father with the exact detail of a policeman's precision, and dismounted ahead of them, at the brow of the plateau.

"I wonder what mischief Tony is brewing now," Tresham commented, flickering into a smile at the bustling importance of the rider. "He looks as

if he had the affairs of the empire on his mind."

"I am afraid he is older than his years," Mrs. Tresham said. "It is not good for a child of seven to be entirely with grown-up people. When he goes home he must live with children of his own age."

She sighed, and the careless moment vanished; Tony's going home was a trouble that was never far distant from their minds, and that grew, instead of dwindling, with the years.

They watched the small figure, very black and stumpy against the afterglow, advance to the edge of the plateau. The groom was ordered back, and trailed away with the pony. Tony peered long over the edge of the rise, bowed his head reverently, touched his forehead with his palm, and laid his hands together, fingers outstretched and touching, before his breast.

"Bless my soul, I believe the boy is worshipping the river—doing *pooja* to it! The little heathen! This isn't the outcome of your Biblical instruction, Fanny, surely?"

"Tony!" Mrs. Tresham cried, after a moment of stupefaction. She was horrified. She carried the gentle faith of a country vicarage with her, and life in exile had not disturbed it. "Tony, come here at once."

Tony turned at her voice, and moved, not too willingly, toward them.

"What do you want, mother?" he said. "Is it something special? You 'sturbed me just then, you know."

"What were you doing?"

"It is a long time since I saw Mai Ganga. It is a very holy river. There are great blessings to be given by it."

The little boy spoke slowly; he was obviously translating the Hindustani thought into English.

"Who told you that?"

"Ganesh," Tony said, a wonder in his eyes at his mother's ignorance. "The anger of Ganga is terrible, too. He uprose once and swept the streets of Dinwar, the city that lies there"—he nodded upstream—"and so he will do again when men displease him. What is Dinwar like, mother? Ganesh says the temples are very old and very beautiful, and that it is a place full of holy folk."

"This is all dreadfully wrong," Mrs. Tresham said, looking from her husband to the speaker in open distress. "Anthony, Ganesh must be spoken to. Tony, you don't understand. The river is just the same as any other river; it could not possibly give blessings or punish people."

"Ganga is great," Tony retorted. He saw the trouble in his mother's face, and seemed to understand that, for some reason beyond his ken, he had made her unhappy. "Never mind, dear," he said, and linked himself, without a stretch, into her free arm. "You weren't born here; you couldn't expect to know all about everything. Shall I ask Ganesh to tell you? He really knows a great deal."

"That will do, my son," Tresham said, seeing that matters were at a deadlock. "Perhaps mother knows more than Ganesh. Let him be for the present, Fanny. You'll only addle his small brain if you attempt to argue the question to-night. It isn't quite as shocking as it looks to your pious soul. Come and take a walk up and down the bank before dinner. Tony, if you will keep quiet and not chatter, you may come, too."

He wheeled, and mother and son turned with him. Tony discreetly held his tongue, conscious that it was too near bedtime to be contentious. Mrs. Tresham walked between them silently for a minute or two, acutely aware of the small hand holding to her sleeve, and the strange medley of its owner's religious inclinations. Tresham, whose thoughts were never very wide from his work, began to talk, as much to put a case clearly in his own mind as to admit his wife to a view of its complexity.

"There is going to be trouble for me

if this Shapur business is not soon settled. The commissioner's letter to-day is distinctly disagreeable, and I am pretty sure there is more in the machinery-wrecking than meets the eye. It isn't a prejudice of their own, for the poor devils must know that new mills mean work and prosperity for their district; it is outside influence—priests' influence—and it jumps with the prevailing superstition. Dinwar wants no near neighbors to rise up and detract from its importance as the local capital; and that is what Shapur will do if it becomes a brisk manufacturing town instead of a stagnant little riverside village. No, they never did it of their own volition, I'll stake my reputation on that. I don't believe they did it at all."

"Do you mean the Shapur people who are supposed to have destroyed Mr. Campbell's water-wheels? Has it happened again?"

"Again!" Tresham strode forward so impetuously that Tony broke into a trot. "It happens every time the machinery gets back into full swing. It means a thorough dislocation of business, and if it goes on, Campbell will throw up the sponge, and plant his works elsewhere. We want them so much here, too! And they know it! They profess ignorance—profess, of course, regret; but the talk that the river resents desecration gains ground with them. They are more and more inclined to look on water mills as evil affairs that simple folk should avoid."

"Has Mr. Burgess any idea?" Mrs. Tresham interpolated.

"Burgess is a man of cast iron opinions, not to be altered by anything but flat evidence to the contrary. He has satisfied himself that there are some Shapur malcontents at work, and so he sits over Shapur with his policemen in a ring, like a cat at a mousehole. He can't understand why the outrages go on just the same; but they *do*, and he hasn't an idea of changing his plan of campaign. He's a dear, good, conscientious chap, but his brains are not worth considering, and I have to bear the blame for his stupidity."

"Couldn't you ask the commis-

sioner for another superintendent of police?"

"And so confess my own incapacity? There's a hint of transferring me as it is. No, no, I must fight it out alone. As far as the theories go, I have mine cut and dried as well as Burgess, but I am open to any conviction that he may bring me. I can't say that he has thrown much light on the subject in the past fortnight—or before."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"No individual upon whom I can place my finger, my dear, or I would run the risk of collaring an innocent man. My belief is that the wheels have been destroyed, and will be destroyed again, by a gang of depredators who are coached and paid by the Dinwar priests. They are covered by Campbell's Hindu watchmen, and they have some uncommonly shrewd directing influences behind their movements. It is a pretty theory; the trouble is to translate it into certainty. Dinwar is smugly law-abiding, to the eye; its pious Hindus are deeply grieved to hear of the misfortunes that have happened to their friends at Shapur. The only doubtful circumstance is the faintest possible suggestion that I have found in my interviews with them, that Ganga may be vexed by Mr. Campbell's trespass on its territory."

"Ganesh said that," Tony chimed in from his mother's elbow.

"Said what?"

Tresham stood still and looked round. It was twilight now, and the sunset had died from red to mauve, from mauve to the soft silver of evening. Tony looked like an alert, intelligent gnome as he peered up at his father.

"He says that Ganga is very angry with Campbell *sahib*, and that is why his works are carried away by the stream. Campbell *sahib* has harnessed the river to the devil that goes clack-clack inside his houses, and the thing is not to be borne. It is common talk."

"Is it? Hum! Ganesh had better choose less dangerous opinions to air in my camp. Go to bed, Tony—bless my soul, you ought to have been there half an hour ago—and send Ganesh to me when he has undressed you."

Tony tried hard to see the faces above him, and made out trouble in one quarter, and grim disapproval of his communication in the other.

"What are you going to do to him, father? He has not done any wrong. He is an honorable man, and you are his father and his mother. Why should you be angry?"

"I'm not angry. Yes, I am, but not exactly in the way you think. Look here, there must be no more chatter with Ganesh about things neither you nor he understand. What mother and I say together is not to be repeated."

"Of course not," Tony said with dignity. "Servants' talk is different. But I don't think I'll repeat what Ganesh says to me again, either. It isn't quite playing the game, is it?"

"Not quite," Tresham agreed gravely. "Go to bed, you old-fashioned imp."

He bent down and kissed the small face, not without a certain pride in his heart. The boy shaped well; he had the makings of a man in him.

II.

TONY went to bed with an air of chilly abstraction which his bearer found impervious to outside influence. He was silent while his gaiters were unbuttoned, silent while his clothes were brushed, silent even when the dog-boy brought three fox terriers and a spaniel for their nightly inspection.

"The *chota sahib* is unwell?" Ganesh queried, standing attentive before the small figure sitting up in its low bed. The dogs had bustled away, tugging at their chains, to supper in front of Tresham's tent.

"I am quite well. Be quiet, Ganesh; I am thinking. If a man greatly desired something—oh, I forgot! I promised not to talk to you about these things. You have my leave to go."

He cuddled down to his pillow, and Ganesh retired. Mrs. Tresham, coming in five minutes later, found him unusually docile, and was sorely tempted to seize the opportunity. She forbore, however, and Tony said his prayers with a saintliness that lifted a moiety

of depression from her heart. When she had left him he lay awake for fully five minutes, staring at the roof of the tent, his brain hard at work. Then he turned on his side and dropped asleep, smiling, pleased with the resolution to which so much deep thinking had led him.

He awoke several hours later. For a moment he lay in a delicious drowsiness, his eyes shut, listening to the trumpet snore of the watchman in the lee of his tent. Presently, however, his eyes opened. He sat up; there was work to be done. What was it that he had resolved upon in the long, long thinking time after his mother went away?

He rested his chin on his knees, wide awake now, and threshed the matter out. Father was in trouble. Ganga had permitted the *badmashes* (evil fellows) to break up Mr. Campbell's beautiful new water-wheels, and the commissioner *sahib* blamed father for it. This was intolerable. Memories of past indulgences from an apparently genial old gentleman could not soften Tony's indignation.

"I wish I might have asked Ganesh just a teeny-weeny little question," Tony meditated. "I wish I knew how you have to behave when you want Ganga to do something for you. Nobody else can help. I am certain, because it is Ganga that lets it be done. If I 'splained that the wheels meant no harm! But then I don't know exactly the right way to speak to a very holy river."

He dropped out of bed, on to the cotton carpet laid over fresh-strewn rushes, and groped for his dressing-gown and slippers. The watchman, cozily huddled in his blanket under the outer fly of the tent, snored more loudly than ever.

"Father will fine Puckarradin eight annas to-morrow, if he knows he has been asleep when he should be watching," Tony said, peering through the tent-flap at a still world. "But I am glad, for otherwise it is I who should have to give him eight annas out of my money-box, to keep him from sending me back to bed."

He slipped out cautiously, and stood

under the great trees, all the camp asleep about him; the black wall of the forest shutting off untold mysteries behind it, and before, the wonderful Indian moon steeping all things in magic, and turning plateau, and river, and the far-off jungle into fairyland. It was very beautiful, and Tony had not been taught to be afraid of the night. He gave a little jump of delight at finding that he had it all to himself, and he darted into the full glory of the moonlight.

The big black shadows gave him up, a small prancing being, who had to lay hands over his own mouth to suppress a skirl of exultation. Soon, however, he came to the riverside, calmed himself into a walk, and tiptoed gingerly to the brow of the bank, remembering that he was out upon a serious business.

The river heaved an uneasy bosom below him; it ran tumultuously down the rapid like a flood of molten silver, wonderful beyond the liveliest imagining. It was certainly a very mighty stream; Tony's small pagan soul thrilled at its grandeur. He was, for the moment, the humblest, the most respectful of its worshipers, standing to solicit favor from a power that was able both to hear and understand him.

"Oh, Ganga-ji!" Tony whispered, awe-stricken, and the rush of water carried his words with it. "Oh, Mai Ganga! If it be that Campbell *sahib's* water-wheels may be broken no more, and that the commissioner *sahib* be forced to eat dirt—much dirt, oh, mighty river! The wheels are good; they turn other wheels that make work for lowly men; Campbell *sahib* is a very kind man, and keeps no devils. And if it were possible to reveal the *badmashes* that have done this evil thing, so that all may know the wisdom of Tresham *sahib*, my father——"

He stopped suddenly, uncomfortably aware of gooseflesh. There was something coming down the middle of the river. It was a black speck upon the silver; he did not doubt that it was the great river god in person, disturbed from a far ice cavern by the clamor of an importunate small boy.

A very human terror overlaid Tony's enterprising spirit. He gazed with starting eyes at the mysterious object, and in a twinkling his eager legs had whisked him back to the shadow of the trees. He was thoroughly convinced that the consequences of foolhardiness were upon him. He was by himself in the middle of the night, while all the rest of the world was deep asleep. For all that, however, his curiosity, or perhaps a fascination more largely compounded of fear, kept him from turning tail altogether. He flattened himself behind a tree; it was worth risking something to see that which should follow.

The speck grew, became hydra-headed, swelled out of vagueness into positive features—and disillusion. It was not the river-spirit swimming majestically upon the face of wide waters; it was nothing but a native craft, such as Tony had seen a hundred times, rocking down stream on inflated skins, a trailing leg or two to steer it, and four people, three lean and naked, and one very fat and creasy, squatting on its frail platform.

Disappointment rose like a genie from a bottle. For a moment or two it overshadowed other sensations. The raft spun into the rapids, and went bobbing through them; the moonlight lit up the voyagers' faces. Where was it Tony had seen the fat man before? His face, blandly smiling, not, as now, seamed with a hundred wicked little wrinkles, belonged to quite a near memory. Yesterday? The day before? Ah—at the head of the Dinwar people who had waited upon father in his last camping-place. Ganesh had pointed him out for one of the holy men; and Tony, studying him with interest, had wondered why holiness made him so fat, when the wandering *yogis* were only skin and bone.

He stared and stared until creepiness fled before the thrill of discovery. This was not an accident. Ganga was not deaf or angry; he knew—and here Tony's ears and fingers tingled with rising excitement—how best to answer a petition. The matter soared suddenly beyond all doubt, clear as the

moonlight upon the river to a precocious understanding. These folk were out upon no peaceful business while honest men lay in their beds. They were—who else should they be?—the mill-wreckers spinning over the river on their way to further wickedness. And, oh, if father were quick—if he went this minute—now—he could ride down the bank and catch them for himself!

Tony sped up the camp like a small white flash. Half a minute later Tresham woke with the shrilling of a familiar voice in his ears.

"Father! Father! The *badmashes* that broke up Campbell *sahib's* wheels are on the water now! They are going down from Dinwar to do it again, I do believe. Please get up quickly; they haven't turned the corner yet."

"Tony! You here?" Tresham started up, not too amiably. "What are you doing out of your tent?"

But Tony was not to be diverted by a side issue.

"It is most truly true," he said, so earnestly that the magistrate, almost mechanically, began to slip into his clothes. "They went by on a *sanai* this very second. Oh, father, do go quick and catch them, and then the commissioner *sahib* will know that you are right!"

The tent-flap rose and fell; Tresham, without more ado, had gone to see for himself if this were somebody's nightmare, or a most amazing reality. Mrs. Tresham, who had not fully grasped the situation, saw Tony move as if to follow him.

"Get into bed at once, child," she said, and the note of authority made the small boy turn back dutifully, and scramble into his father's vacant place. "What does all this disturbance mean?"

"Why, mother," Tony said cheerfully, feeling the warm sheets a comfort to his toes, "I told you Ganesh knew. I just went and asked Ganga to help father, and I'm sure he will."

And Ganga did, for Tresham caught the offenders in the act, and got much credit for solving the mystery and ending the trouble.

PRIZE TOPICAL POEMS

The Result of the Competition for April

THE LAMENT OF THE OLD BUC- CANEERS.

(First Prize Poem.)

SAID the shade of Henry Morgan to the
shade of Captain Kidd:

"Oh, we lived about three hundred years
too soon;

Though we pirated with pleasure,
Just to get a little treasure,
Now they beat us to a very different tune.

"There are modern buccaneers who make
their money out of ships,
Though not just the same as we did on
the main;

For their method isn't gory,
Yet it's quite as full of glory,
And it doesn't bring the fear of ball and
chain!

"Once we lived upon the water in a rest-
less, reckless way,
Daring knives, and guns, and winds, and
waves, and rocks;
Now landlubbers get the treasure,
In a more extensive measure,
While they calmly live on water—in the
stocks.

"When we raked the Spanish galleons in
the Caribbean Sea,
Little thought we, as we stowed our
wealth galore,
Men would work a little take-off
By another sort of rake-off,
And make larger coffers cough up all
the more!

"As for war, and fire, and pillage, when
we sacked the Spanish towns,
We admit it was a rather wanton way;
But the town-boss, without sacking,
Has a more substantial backing,
For he owns the town, and makes the
people pay.

"True, we never cared for method when
the money was in sight,
And we never let the trusty cutlass rust;
And we never, never wrangled
When a foe was to be strangled;
Now they do it more genteelly, with a
trust!

"Now they talk a lot of margins—well,
we had some narrow calls,
And the dangers paid for all the treas-
ures borne;

But the margin's not so risky
When the "lamb" so gay and frisky
Answer to the call, and come up to be
shorn.

"Talk of captains of industry! We can
put them all to rout,
For in history-making we have had our
share;

But for lucky speculation,
And for great accumulation,
We weren't in it with the modern mil-
lionaire!"

W. E. Gilroy.

THE NEW HYGIENE.

(Second Prize Poem.)

THERE'S a new-fangled science that sets
at defiance

All efforts to have any good of our
wealth.

In eating or drinking, in working or
thinking,

Whatever we do, it is bad for our
health.

We must not eat toffee; we must not
drink coffee;

In cocoa there's paresis, poison in tea.
Disease germs just swarm in the room
that we're warm in,

And drafts of cold air mean a grave-
digger's fee.

There's nothing that's healthful, there's
nothing that's clean.

If we heed all the rules of the new hy-
giene!

Raw food is pernicious; if cooked, not
nutritious;

Fruit makes us too bilious, and sugar
too fat;

Vegetarian diet runs down those who
try it,

And meat's only fit to be thrown to
the cat.

If we fry it we spoil it; 'tis deadly to
boil it,

And nothing should ever be roasted or
stewed;

All canned stuff's infected; fish must be
rejected,
And all breakfast foods with suspicion
be viewed.
It's a safe proposition that man will
grow lean
If he eats by the rules of the new hy-
giene!

One tells us 'tis risky to drink any
whisky;
Another, teetotal régime will deride;
Wine causes hysteria; milk's full of
bacteria;
Of lager beer many a victim has died.
The typhoid bacillus that's likely to kill
us
Is found in the water we draw from
the well,
While that from the river is bad for the
liver,
And fouled are the springs that they
bottle and sell.
If all this is true, it is plain to be seen
There is naught fit to drink in the new
hygiene.

In sports we grow colder, for golf has its
shoulder,
Lawn-tennis its elbow, and football its
knee;
While automobiling and all kinds of
wheeling
Will give us the face that is fright-
ful to see.
We must not dress thickly—that makes a
man sickly;
We must not dress thinly—we may
catch the grip.
And—here's the most awful—a kiss is
unlawful,
Especially when it is pressed on the lip.

Oh, few will our joys be in life, if we
mean
To abide by the rules of the new hygiene!
Ross Lawrence.

THE ORIGINALS.

(Third Prize Poem.)

I DREAMED that when Gabriel blew on his
horn,
He called for originals first,
And mighty indeed was the host which
arose
To answer his clarion burst.

"George Washington's personal serv-
ants!" he cried;
And then, as he sounded his trump,
Full ten thousand gentlemen ebony-hued
Awoke from their sleep with a jump.

"Original Mayflower pilgrims!" he
called;
And then, at the summons so clear,
Just ninety-eight shiploads of Puritans
grim
Came forth with a deafening cheer.

"The man who lashed Farragut bold to
the mast!"
Loud sounded the trumpet's command;
And three hundred sailors, of various
grades,
Stepped forth at attention to stand.

Then Gabriel, seeing the task was too
great,
Declared: "We adjourn, if you please,
Until I can find, to assist with the work,
A few more original me's!"

McLandburgh Wilson.

EDITORIAL COMMENT—Sixteen hundred and twenty-three competitors entered our topical verse competition closing on the 15th of February. The first prize went to Toronto, Ontario; the second to Paterson, New Jersey; the third to New York. Thus does Canada once more give proof that she is a land of song. These contests, be it remembered, are open to the world, with the sole proviso that the poems submitted must be in the English language.

We wish to repeat that much of the verse that we receive is open to the criticism that it is not sufficiently topical. A topical poem, according to our definition, is one that refers in a humorous or satirical way to some leading topic or topics of popular and timely interest. Competitors should bear this clearly in mind. It is useless to send us verses that are not humorous or satirical, and that do not deal with some subject that is worth noting as a present-day development.

OUR NEXT COMPETITION—The sixth contest of the series will close on Thursday, April 14. The first prize will be ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS; the second fifty dollars; the third, twenty-five dollars. Any poem which, though not winning a premium, is found available for publication, will be purchased at a fair price. Envelopes containing verses should be marked "Topical Poem Competition," and addressed to the office of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York. Each contestant should be careful to enclose a stamped envelope for the return of unsuccessful poems.

A Deal in Dates.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF TOM HARDWICK, SHERIFF OF MONTEBASCO COUNTY.

BY FRANK N. STRATTON.

I.

THE sheriff of Montebasco County pulled up his horse, leaned wearily upon the saddle-horn, and contemplated the lonely dugout, whose lowly, sod-thatched roof was scarcely distinguishable from its parent plain.

"Beats all," he muttered, "that anybody'd live in such a lonesome, desolate——"

He stopped short as his restless eyes caught sight of the woman emerging from the bed of the sluggish stream below him. As he urged his horse toward her the woman dropped the bundle of drift-wood, folded her arms, and awaited his approach.

"So you've found us at last," she said sullenly.

The sheriff repressed an exclamation of surprise.

"Guess I have," he replied slowly. "Is Bob here?"

The lines in the woman's pinched face grew tenser.

"Yes, he's here—what's left of him," she answered.

"Wasn't lookin' for him; but I've just missed bigger game, an' I might as well take something back home. Reckon he'll come without the warrant. He'll have to, or——"

"He'll give you no trouble," the woman interrupted. "He's out there—under those rocks."

She stretched a bony arm toward an oblong heap of stones half hidden by the drifted snow.

"There are wolves here, also," she said grimly. "But those prey only on the dead."

A quick pressure of the spur against the horse's flank turned the sheriff's back toward the bitter wind, his face from the bitter eyes. For just an instant he bared and bent his head, and

the bitterness died out of the woman's eyes. She glanced at the drooping horse.

"You've been long in the saddle, and must be chilled through," she said quietly. "Come into the house."

As she swung the bundle to her back the sheriff seized it, laid it across his saddle, and followed the woman silently. A little boy, thin-faced and hollow-eyed, ran timidly to his mother as she entered.

"Better put your horse in the shed," the woman suggested, as she replenished the dying fire. "There's a little prairie hay left, I think."

The sheriff spent more time in intervals of profound meditation than in caring for the horse. When he reentered the solitary room, the woman and the child waited for him at a rough table.

"Corn bread, rye hominy, and water isn't much to offer a guest," the woman said, with a little, mirthless laugh; "though there's plenty of the water."

The sheriff ate silently and sparingly. When the child, having eagerly devoured its portion, glanced appealingly motherward, the sheriff, ignoring the maternal frown, filled the empty plate from his own.

"Had a plenty at Gulch Point," he murmured apologetically, "an' I like to see the youngster eat."

The woman shot a quick glance at him, half grateful, half resentful.

"Gulch Point," she repeated. "That's a mighty tired horse to have come only from Gulch Point!"

The sheriff grinned sheepishly, leaned back, and watched the voracious "youngster."

"What ailed Bob?" he asked softly, after a while.

A little tremor came into the woman's voice.

"I don't know. Fever, I guess—and worry."

"Didn't the doc know?"

"We had no doctor. Doctors want money—and Robert thought he'd soon be well. Besides, we wanted no one to see us—you know why."

"But you had help—when——"

The sheriff gave a quick gesture in the direction of the heap of stones. The woman folded her hands in her lap and bowed her head.

"Just me and little Robbie," she said gently. "And—the Book."

The sheriff coughed, fumbled at his belt, and turned toward the fire. The child dropped his spoon into the empty plate, rested his head against the damp wall behind him, and heaved a little sigh of satisfaction.

"Thought you'd gone to Minnesoty, where Bob come from," the sheriff observed. "How'd you come to stop at this God-fersaken place?"

"One of the horses died here, and we hadn't money to buy another. We built the dugout and the shed, thinking we might push on, somehow, when spring came. After Robert went I had to sell the other horse and the wagon to get food."

"What d'ye 'low to do now? Spring's 'most here."

"I don't know. I might teach again—if there are any schools out here."

"Looky here, Mrs. Cruthers, you'd better come back——"

"And ask charity!" the woman exclaimed. "No! If we hadn't lost the farm it would be different."

"It would be different if Bob hadn't tried to borrow money on the farm when it wasn't his any longer."

"He didn't!" the woman cried fiercely.

"Oh, I reckon the grand jury knowed what they was doin' when they fetched in that indictment."

The woman gripped the edge of the table, and leaned toward her guest.

"What does that indictment say?" she asked breathlessly.

"It says a plenty. Cuttin' out the 'thens' and 'theres' an' 'aforesaid,' it says that Bob tried to get money under false pretense. An' Flint an'

Harmsley do tell a mighty ugly story. I didn't think it of Bob. Knowed he was green an' easy frustrated, but thought he was straight."

The wan eyes of the woman gleamed and glittered in the dim room.

"Tell me what those men said," she demanded hoarsely. "I never understood why we should run away, but Robert insisted, and never would tell me why."

"Why, when Bob couldn't renew the mortgage, an' couldn't borrow to pay it—the panic bein' on, you know—Harmsley offered to loan him the money. But he wouldn't accept an ordinary mortgage. So you an' Bob made Harmsley an absolute deed; remember signin' it, don't you?"

"Yes; but I never knew why."

"Well, then Bob an' Harmsley signed an agreement——"

"In duplicate?"

"Don't know; ought to have been, if Bob had any sense. Agreement was that Harmsley would deed the farm back if Bob paid the thousand dollars, with twelve per cent, on or before last October——"

"When?"

"First of last October—October 1, 1896. Record of Harmsley's contract, in the recorder's office, says so; read it myself. Well, Bob didn't pay, an' consequently the farm was Harmsley's for good, 'cording to the contract. Then, about the middle of last October, Flint offered to loan the thousand at eight per cent, not knowin' the situation, an' Bob arranged to get the money on that farm that wasn't his; did get Flint to advance him a little—to skip out with, I reckon, in case Flint caught on before he got it all, which Flint did. That's all, an' that's enough—in this State."

The woman had crossed the room, and was unlocking an old and battered trunk. She lifted out and carried to the table a huge and well-worn Bible, from among whose pages she drew a paper, frayed and stained.

"Tell me what this is," she said, an exultant ring in her voice.

The sheriff stirred the embers of the fire to brighter light, stooped, and glanced hastily over the document.

"It's a duplicate, sure enough. In Harmsley's handwriting, an' signed by him an' Bob—just like the one Harmsley holds."

"Is it? Look again."

Again the sheriff of Montebasco County stooped, then suddenly straightened up with a puzzled, suspicious look on his bronzed face.

"If Bob had this, why did he——"

"He lost it. The next day after I signed that deed he told me he'd lost an important paper, and it must have been that. I found it—only last week—inside the lining of his old coat."

"Did Harmsley know it was lost?"

"Yes, I'm almost sure Robert told him. Harmsley was friendly toward Robert. He warned him, later, that Flint intended to prosecute—advised him to run."

The sheriff of Montebasco County muttered an exclamation, dropped into his seat, and stared at the fire. The little boy crept into his mother's arms, and she swayed her body to and fro, crooning a lullaby, as she watched the sheriff curiously.

"Frien'ly toward Bob!" muttered the sheriff to himself. "Yes; oh, yes! That's why he asked me to hold the warrant for a while—so's Bob would have time to go, an' stay gone. Of course he showed Bob his copy—Harmsley's copy—an' the record!"

The woman ceased her lullaby, and interrupted the sheriff's cogitation.

"I've thought that if those figures are right, and Mr. Harmsley's are wrong, maybe he'd give me a chance to get the farm back by next October, as it says. But if he wouldn't—I couldn't pay lawyers, and the thousand dollars and interest, as I'd have to, even if I should win."

A sarcastic smile played over the bronzed face.

"Oh, yes; Harmsley would do what was right—for Harmsley!" Then, as he looked up and saw the expression on the woman's face, a soft light shone in the keen gray eyes. "You've studied an' worried a good deal over this," he observed reflectively.

The woman buried her face in the child's curls.

"Worried? Night and day—day and night! There's a mistake somewhere. I can't understand it. Do you?"

The two vertical furrows between the shaggy eyebrows of the sheriff of Montebasco County deepened and lengthened as he rose to his feet, slipped the paper into his inside pocket, and buttoned his coat.

"I think I do," he growled. "I ain't sure, but I reckon I do. I'm goin' to find out."

The woman sprang up, distrust and alarm in the thin, gaunt face.

"You can't take that paper!" she cried. "It's all I have to prove Robert's innocence!"

The sheriff frowned.

"Can't you trust me?" he asked gruffly.

"Trust you—trust the man who dogged us to this place? I trust no one now. Give me that paper!"

She placed the drowsy child in the chair, and advanced upon the sheriff resolutely. He handed the paper to her, and she thrust it into the bosom of her threadbare dress. Then she followed after him to the door, and stood there, watching him with suspicious eyes, as he bridled and mounted the horse. He rode up to her, and halted.

"Go to Gulch Point every week," he said, "and ask for mail. It's a long tramp—nigh ten mile—but you may get something that will clear—him."

He pointed again to the mound of stones. She looked up searchingly into his face.

"I'll go," she said quietly.

"Then let me see the date in that document again. I may have to swear to it."

The woman drew back, took the paper from her bosom, opened it, and held it up, out of the sheriff's reach. Quick as a flash he bent from his saddle and snatched it from her hand.

She was still following him when he glanced back before galloping into the distant foot-hills.

II.

WHEN the sheriff of Montebasco County entered the office of Alexander

Harmsley, dealer in real estate and shaver of notes, and closed and locked the door behind him, Mr. Harmsley wheeled in his chair at the flat-topped desk and looked up inquiringly.

"A little private business, Aleck," explained the sheriff, "an' I don't want to be interrupted."

"At your service, sheriff," replied Mr. Harmsley briskly. "What can I do for you?"

The sheriff leaned back in the chair at the opposite side of the desk and regarded Mr. Harmsley cordially.

"My term's 'most up, you know, Aleck, an' I don't care to run again. Concluded to settle down to farmin'. Been lookin' around a little, an' rather like that Cruthers place. What's your figures?"

Mr. Harmsley summoned his most gracious smile, and caressed his respectable whiskers thoughtfully.

"Fifty per acre—four thousand dollars—and dirt cheap at that."

"Pretty high, Aleck. It don't stand you in more'n a thousand or so, you know."

Mr. Harmsley produced a cedar box on which was depicted an exceedingly burly gentleman engaged in the occupation of holding up the world.

"Have a cigar, Tom. Don't smoke, myself."

"Too busy makin' other people smoke, eh, Aleck?" the sheriff observed pleasantly, as he struck a match. Mr. Harmsley chuckled.

"If you don't happen to have the ready cash, Tom, I can give you time on that—"

"Oh, I guess I won't need much time in this deal."

"Oughtn't to, as long as you've been in office—with the graft there is in it," remarked Mr. Harmsley, winking significantly while the sheriff grinned.

"How's th' title?"

"To the Cruthers farm? Straight as a string. Gilt-edged."

"Cruthers claimed, you know, that the time for redemption didn't expire till next October. I ain't buyin' no lawsuits. If he should come back—"

"Come back? With you holding that warrant? Not much. You don't

know Cruthers. And the statute of limitation don't run while he's concealed, you know."

"That's right. An' I reckon your contract's ironclad."

"It's recorded; read it."

"Recorders have made mistakes. I want the place, but I'd have to see the original contract. Four thousand dollars is four thousand dollars, Aleck."

Mr. Harmsley frowned, meditated, walked slowly to the great steel safe, unlocked a private drawer, drew forth a folded and labeled paper, and tossed it upon the desk. The sheriff unfolded it leisurely.

"Excuse me for bein' so partic'lar, Aleck, specially with an old friend, but I've heard that Cruthers said—"

"Damn what Cruthers said! He's done."

"Yes, I reckon he is," remarked the sheriff, scanning the paper. "Done—to a golden brown!"

Mr. Harmsley darted a quick, suspicious glance across the desk, and laughed, faintly and unpleasantly.

"You make devilish odd remarks sometimes, Tom; remarks that might cause talk if overheard."

"That's why I locked the door," observed the sheriff dryly. He was holding the paper up, so that the light shone through it, and his weather-beaten face was growing stern and rigid. Harmsley scowled, and reached an arm across the desk.

"You're insulting, Hardwick—and too damned suspicious. Give me that paper. The place is not for sale. I've changed my mind."

"As well as the figures, eh, Aleck?"

"What are you talking about?" roared Harmsley.

The sheriff had produced another paper, and was comparing the two through keen, half-closed eyes.

"About forgery, Aleck," he answered pleasantly. "That's what a jury would call it. It's really an artistic job, Aleck, but you scratched a little too deep on that seven; an' when you filled in the six, the ink was blacker an' thicker, an'—steady there! Drop that, quick!"

Harmsley's hand came up from out

the drawer. He was looking down the muzzle of the revolver of the sheriff of Montebasco County.

"Now let me hear you push that drawer shut—with your knee, Aleck, with your knee! That's all right. Now you may sign this, if you don't mind. Just a matter of form, you know—perfectin' the title of Mrs. Cruthers to her farm. Bein' the sheriff, I can acknowledge your signature."

Harmsley's fat face was livid with rage and terror as he stared at the deed that lay before him.

"This is blackmail!" he protested. "Nothing less than blackmail!"

"Oh, no, Aleck. It's justice—something less than justice—for I ought to give you up to the State's attorney, along with these two papers, an' the

letter you foolishly wrote to your fellow conspirator, Flint, which I scared him into givin' me an hour ago. Are you goin' to sign, Aleck?"

Harmsley's shaking hand reached for a pen.

"You're a devil," he groaned. "If I sign, how do I know you'll——"

"You've got the word of Tom Hardwick, sir. But don't let anything I say influence your judgment, Aleck. If you'd rather take your chances—what an easy writer you are, Aleck! So smooth an' graceful. Thanks! Any time you want to make another little deal in dates like this one, Aleck, you can count me in—an' don't you forget it, either! So long, old boy. I've got to hustle to get this recorded an' into the next mail north."

CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.

WITH an azure snood in her sunny hair,
Her soft feet gleaming pink and bare,
Frolicsome Spring goes by;
Mid briars and hazel along the stream
Anemones and claytonias gleam,
Where her cast-off sandals lie.

Reckless truant, she does not care
If the willows wear strands of her golden hair,
Or wild plums flash with the pearls
In the necklace they stole from her dainty throat,
As she dances along to climes remote
Where the sifting snow still whirls.

Where the dusky woods have a sunny cleft,
Fringe from her violet gown is left;
And on mosses in every glade
Are rings or chains of the buttercup's gold.
Wherever she passes our eyes behold
Sweet signs of the wilful maid.

Crab-apple blossoms! The very name
Fills our soul with a tender flame
No other flower can bring;
For their color and fragrance were once a part
Of the blood that beat in the joyous heart
Of the gracious madcap, Spring!

Adela Stevens Cody.

EDITOR'S NOTE—We desire to call special attention to the serial stories by Stanley Weyman and Anthony Hope now being published in this magazine. "The Abbess of Vlaye," by Mr. Weyman, began last month, and is continued, with a synopsis of the first instalment, on page 50 of the present issue. No reader of MUNSEY'S should miss this stirring historical romance.

Anthony Hope's "Double Harness," which is continued on page 83, with a synopsis of the earlier chapters, is another remarkable story. Its theme is that greatest problem of modern life, the marriage question. Messrs. Hope and Weyman stand high among the leading novelists of the day, and these two serials are as good work as they have ever done.

The Rise and Fall of Free Trade.

BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON,

CHAIRMAN OF THE TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND VICE-CHAIRMAN OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S COMMISSION.

TWO GENERATIONS AGO FREE TRADE WAS ESTABLISHED IN BRITAIN WITH CONFIDENT PREDICTIONS THAT IT WOULD SPEEDILY SPREAD OVER THE WORLD, ENDING WAR AND CREATING UNIVERSAL GOOD-WILL AND PROSPERITY—TO-DAY, REPUDIATED BY THE OTHER NATIONS, ITS PROMISES DISCREDITED, ITS HOPES DISAPPOINTED, IT SEEMS TO BE TOTTERING TO ITS FALL IN ITS ONE GREAT STRONGHOLD.

FOR a hundred years the great civilized powers of the world, save Great Britain only, have moved with hesitating steps toward the stricter forms of protection.

I say "hesitating," because nations have halted in the march, have even turned backward for a space, until their leaders received fresh mandates from the peoples to press forward in the policy commended to them by experience. In 1816, in 1846, and lastly in 1894 the United States temporarily reduced its tariffs, though only to strengthen them the more a little later. Germany moved slowly until she found a Bismarck to urge the necessity of sweeping measures for commercial defense. With France and Russia, though in a less degree, fiscal uncertainty sometimes prevailed; but the end was the same. And when the twentieth century dawned, Great Britain alone among the powers still clung to the creed she learned in the early years of Queen Victoria. Even the colonies of her empire were protectionists—believers in the principles that had been so long rejected by the mother-land.

THE FETISH OF FREE TRADE.

A year ago, if you had stepped into the streets of London, had seized upon the first man you met in the crowd, and had asked him his opinion upon the chance of introducing a system of protection into his country, in nineteen cases out of twenty he would have

laughed in your face. Down in the depths of his heart he might be hiding a feeling of envy for the prosperity that he saw following his protected rivals; he might, indeed, have been prepared to join a party that called for fiscal reform. Yet he would have laughed all the same.

He might, perhaps, have grumbled about the successful attacks that other nations were making upon British industry and commerce; he might have told you that he thought "the country was going to the dogs if something wasn't done." But he would have said, frankly enough, that as far as protection was concerned the situation was hopeless, seeing that no great statesman and no great political party would dare to challenge the virtues of free trade.

It is not three years ago since my London paper, the *Daily Express*, printed a series of articles which dealt adversely with the British fiscal system. I was then solemnly warned by friends of wide political experience that I was making a grave mistake. The public, they told me, would never stand an attack upon free trade. I should lose all my readers; I should be known as a visionary and a crank. That is a good example of what was the state of public opinion.

To what did this fetish of free trade owe its origin in Great Britain? Why was it regarded as a moral maxim, a hereditary policy, almost a sacred belief, to touch which is, in a manner, sacrilegious? Those are questions which an American might well ask.

The free trade policy primarily won the confidence of the British through the personal ability, the honesty, and the noble idealism of the men who created it—John Stuart Mill, Richard Cobden, and John Bright. It was nourished by prosperity and grew strong with age. Fathers told their sons of financial successes obtained under its guidance; grandfathers praised the splendid reputations of the politicians who urged it upon the nation; novelists drew pictures of a starving people saved by the reforms of Cobden. No one questioned the accepted policy; no one examined the arguments of its originators; no one considered whether Great Britain would not have been as prosperous without it. Only within the last eight months has the nation ceased to believe blindly and begun to ask for solid arguments.

THE FOUNDERS OF BRITISH FREE TRADE.

To return to the founders. Mill may be called the first British political economist; first in time, first in profound learning. Cobden and Bright were fascinating personalities. They were great orators, Bright, indeed, having scarcely an equal in the political history of the century. They were filled with schemes for bringing peace and good will to men. They had strong convictions, for which they were willing to make any personal sacrifice. When the Crimean War broke out, Bright, by his impassioned orations against it, lost his seat in Parliament. Both were stalwart supporters of the North in the American Civil War, holding slavery to be a crime before God and man. They looked hopefully for a time when war should cease; and tariff battles they held to be provocative of more deadly hostilities.

There is a sadness in the study of the promises which Cobden made to the people. He believed in the most preposterous impossibilities; and by the open sincerity of his convictions, by the strength of his personality, he induced others to believe in them. All nations, he said, would follow Great Britain's example if she adopted free trade. Each country would then produce those things which her soil, climate, and peo-

ple could produce to the greatest advantage. War would cease, because under this system of free exchange a nation could never afford to quarrel with neighbors upon whom she depended for certain necessities.

In his campaign against the corn laws, which extended from 1838 to 1846, he repeatedly affirmed that if the tax were taken off wheat, not an acre the less would be grown in the British Islands. Bread would be cheap, and all the workers of the nation would benefit. The industries of countries which still clung to protection could never compete with free traders in the open markets of the world. He assured the electors that exports pay for imports; therefore if by a tariff a nation reduced her imports from her neighbor, her exports to that neighbor would likewise fall. In self-defense she would be compelled to lower that tariff.

In 1860, when Cobden was allowed to negotiate a commercial treaty with France, he put his theories to practical exemplification. Three-quarters of the duties that Great Britain had levied upon French products were abolished, the remainder were lowered to a minimum. In return, he accepted an assurance from France that she would not levy upon our manufactures a duty of more than thirty per cent *ad valorem*! Yet he was uncommonly proud of the deal. Poor, great-hearted idealist! He died a bankrupt five years later, but the nation paid his debts.

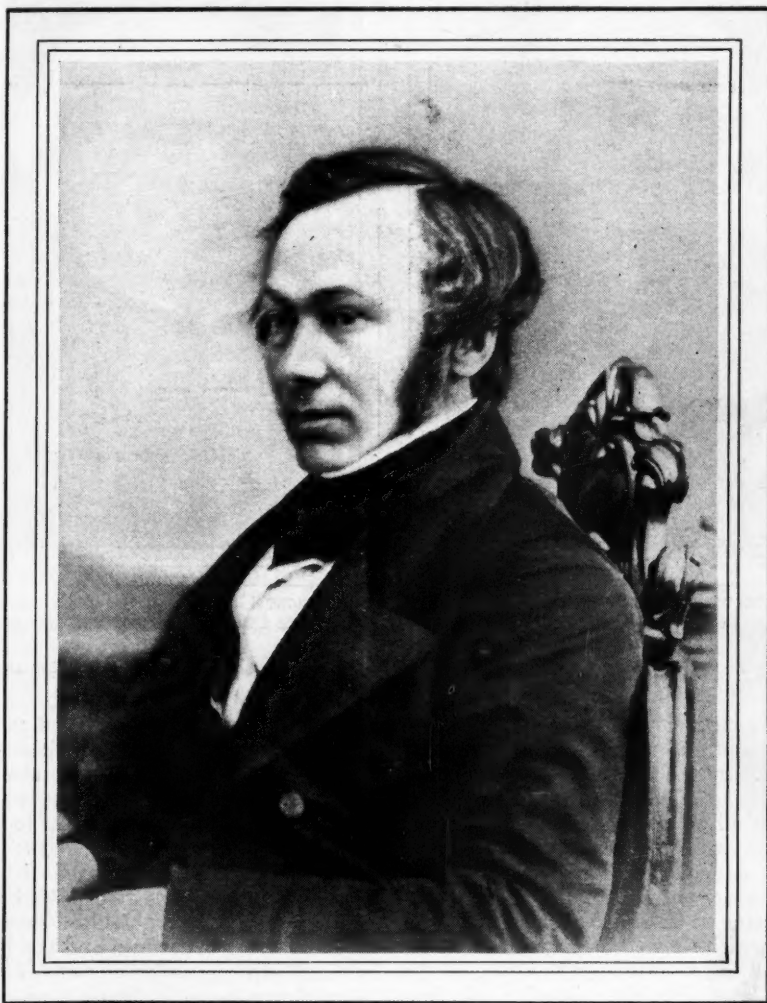
THE FAILURE OF COBDEN'S PROPHECIES.

It is no pleasure to break a fly upon a wheel. Yet for the understanding of the question we must glance at the falsification of these Utopian assurances. No nation has followed the example of Great Britain in adopting a free trade policy. There has been no perceptible diminution in the number of wars. America has refused to remain a purely agricultural country because Great Britain had the start of her in manufactures. The English corn-lands have been reduced by exactly one half. The old wheat-fields have been turned to indifferent pasture, and the laborers have either flocked to the towns or emigrated.

In 1846 the price of bread in England

was fifty-four shillings and eightpence per quarter; after Cobden had repealed the corn laws, the average price for the

Two examples may be given of the free trade theory that exports pay for imports; that they rise and fall to-



RICHARD COBDEN (1804-1865), THE GREAT APOSTLE OF FREE TRADE AND OF THE ABOLITION OF WAR—COBDEN LED THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE BRITISH CORN LAWS, WHICH WERE REPEALED IN 1846.

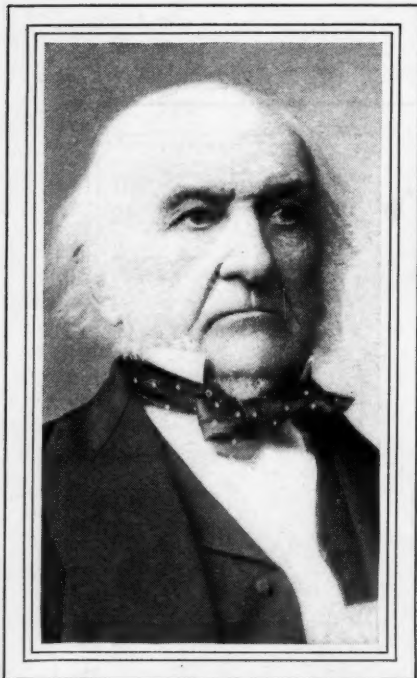
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

next ten years was fifty-five shillings and fourpence per quarter. No immediate cheapening of the loaf, you will see. The suggestion that the United States and Germany—protected nations—have been beaten by free trade Great Britain in the neutral markets of the world is too ludicrous to discuss.

3 M

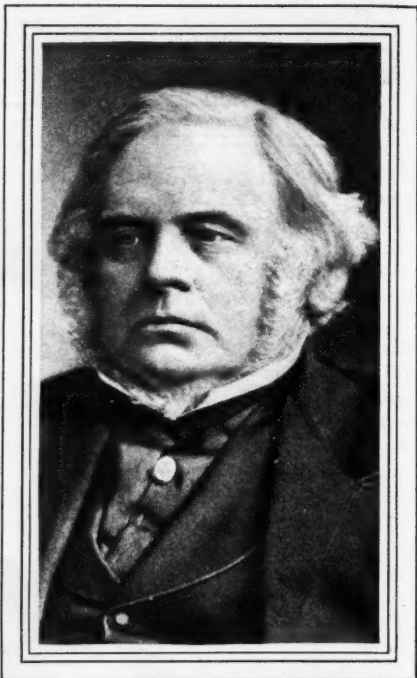
gether, in spite of tariffs. In 1846, Britain's exports exceeded her imports by sixty-six millions of pounds; last year British imports exceeded her exports by one hundred and sixty-eight millions of pounds.

Again, before the preposterous treaty with France Great Britain exported to



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE (1809-1898), WHO IN 1845 WENT OVER TO FREE TRADE TOGETHER WITH PEEL.

From a photograph by Rowlands, published by Eyre & Spottiswoode, London.



JOHN BRIGHT (1811-1889), THE GREAT ORATOR OF THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE BRITISH CORN LAWS.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

her six million pounds' worth of goods and imported twelve million pounds' worth. In 1895-'99 the average stood as follows: Great Britain to France, fifteen millions; France to Great Britain, fifty millions. Alas, poor Cobden!

Let us leave for a moment the brilliant oratory of Bright and the splendid character of Cobden. Let us forget the spell which they cast upon the people—a spell that resulted in the repeal of the corn laws and the adoption of free trade. Let us look into cold facts.

THE CONDITION OF BRITAIN IN 1846.

"Taxing the people's bread" has an ugly sound; never more so than in periods of depression. The Anti-Corn Law League was founded in a period of depression—of temporary depression to which many causes contributed. There were bad harvests in England, a potato famine in Ireland—corn rose in price. Under such distinguished leaders the

movement spread rapidly. The manufacturers entered upon it with enthusiasm, largely because with cheaper bread they hoped to pay less wages. They subscribed enormous sums to help Cobden in his campaign.

Let it also be remembered that in those days there was a strong feeling of jealousy between the labor-employing manufacturers of Britain and the landowning, wheat-producing aristocracy. What if free imports of corn send down the price of bread, it will only injure the rent-roll of the peers—so argued the manufacturers. The removal of the duties did not, as we have seen, immediately lower the price of bread; but that was not discovered save by experiment.

The cry for the repeal of the corn laws did not rise from a starving people. In Mr. Morley's "Life of Cobden," he writes that the great body of intelligent mechanics stood aloof from the move-

ment. He admits that it was a manufacturers' movement, and he says:

I must confess that in the outset, at any rate, most of us thought that we had a distinct class interest in the matter.

The leaders of the working classes were actually opposed to the Anti-Corn Law legislation. They were demanding votes, and representation in Parliament; they regarded the movement as a scheme for satisfying them without granting what they asked. That is a curious factor in the situation; for to-day Cobden and Bright are held by many in Great Britain to have saved the famine-stricken masses in 1846.

The free trade party in Great Britain are forever crying out that their policy must be judged by its immediate works; that whatever may be happening to-day, at least the repeal of the corn laws, followed by the removal of duties on foreign manufactured goods, resulted in a period of unexampled prosperity.

That may be true. But what we Britishers are now asking is whether we should not have done a great deal better without it. It was the time of inventions, and we were first in the field. Under protection we had accumulated capital, we had established industries, we were ready to begin. Gold was discovered in California and Australia, railways were being pushed forward, steamers, ever growing in size, were ours upon the sea. Wars—the misfortune of others—aided us. The mighty struggle in America, the short but ruinous fighting between France and Germany, gave Great Britain singular opportunities. She could hardly fail to prosper.

COBDEN'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE COLONIES.

One word concerning the old free traders of England. They had no conception of empire. Cobden wrote:

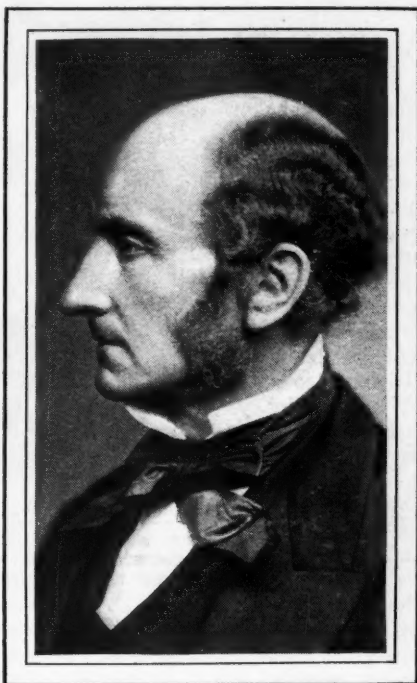
The colonial system with all its dazzling appeals to the passions of the people can never be got rid of except by the indirect process of free trade, which will gradually and imperceptibly loosen the bonds which unite the colonies to us by a mistaken notion of self-interest.

Again, speaking of Canada and the mother country, he said:

In my opinion it is for the interest of both that

we should as speedily as possible sever the political thread by which we are as communities connected.

It is with those sentences, sentences which at the present day would draw a roar of hatred and derision from any political meeting in the British Empire, that I will leave the past and turn to the present. For it is the blindness of the free traders to the interests and aspirations of the British colonies that has furnished Mr. Chamberlain with the



JOHN STUART MILL (1806-1873), WHOSE BOOKS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY ARE AMONG THE CHIEF ASSETS OF THE BELIEVERS IN FREE TRADE.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

strong lever with which he now strives to raise the load of prejudice, of unreasoning confidence, of solid, unthinking fiscal conservatism which, under the title of free trade, is draining the strength from that patient, courageous, slow-moving old gentleman, John Bull.

There has never been a great statesman in political life who did not realize the value of sentiment, of idealism. You may gather the influence of those qualities in listening to the speeches of

the leaders of men. They may pass from logical argument to logical argument amid murmurs of applause; but when there falls from them some noble phrase, some suggestion of self-sacrifice to aid the oppressed, some heroic plan for the salvation of their countrymen, the audience leaps to its feet in a sudden burst of cheering.

A year ago sentiment lay with the free traders; to-day it is in the hands of Mr. Chamberlain. It is his imperial policy that has shaken the nation from its self-satisfied lethargy. It is his dream of an empire united, strong, eager for the right, that has amazed and confounded those to whom Cobden and Bright are still abiding deities.

I do not say that Mr. Chamberlain's imperial policy would alone have won the day; but I believe that its addition to the hard logic of facts and figures by which alone the necessity for protection can be proved in any country, has given the enthusiasm, the courage, and the endurance to a movement which, either sooner or later, cannot fail of success.

And let this point be explained. Mr. Chamberlain's combined policy of protection at home and preferential trading with the colonies is aimed at no other nation. It does not suggest hostility to the United States, nor a challenge to Germany. But just as inter-State trading has been established among you, just as the German Zollverein has abolished internal tariffs among the Teuton kingdoms and principalities, so Mr. Chamberlain believes that by mutual preferences between

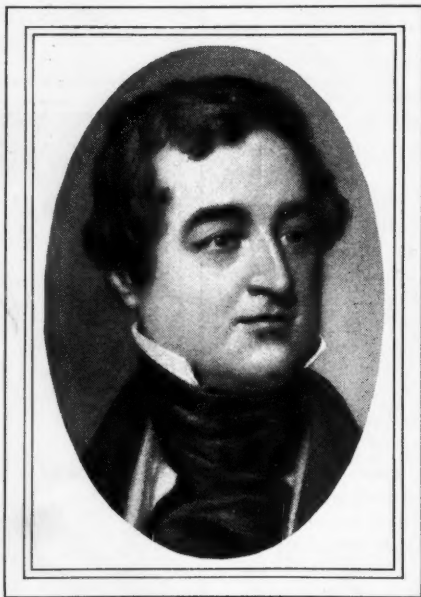
Great Britain and her colonies he may unite the empire with more tangible ties than those of sentiment, with more abiding confidences than can be brought about by toasts at patriotic banquets.

THE AWAKENING OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The modern history of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign is brief, almost as brief as the explosion of a mine.

The average Englishman had for years watched with a growing dissatisfaction the decline of his export trade to protected countries. He had felt the evil effects of goods "dumped" upon his markets at cost price, or under it, by foreign rivals who were overstocked. He could not retaliate; he was helpless, for to legislate would have been to attack the free trade fetish, whose position seemed impregnable.

Towards the colonies he bore the kindest feelings. He was proud of those magnificent possessions, independent in all but name, peopled by the strong, clear-eyed peoples who have gathered fresh health and strength under skies more bright than those that hang above the smoking cities of the little mother island. Had not his kin gone forth to the ends of the earth and "conquered the same by the sword and the flame, and salted it down with their bones"? Had they not, in the time of the empire's need, given unequaled regiments to aid her in the grim South African struggle? The jubilees of Victoria the Good had seen the premiers of the colonies met together. Their troops had marched side by side with the Brit-



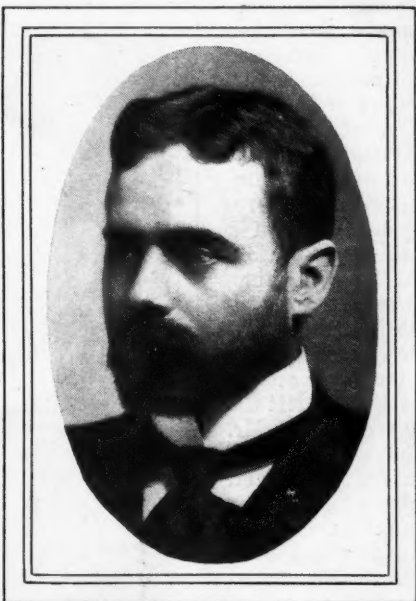
SIR ROBERT PEELE (1788-1850), WHO AS PRIME MINISTER, IN 1846, PROPOSED AND CARRIED THE REPEAL OF THE BRITISH CORN LAWS.

From the engraving by Sartain.

ish infantry in the great state processions. Mother country and colonies were drawing together, but their bond of union remained that of sentiment alone.

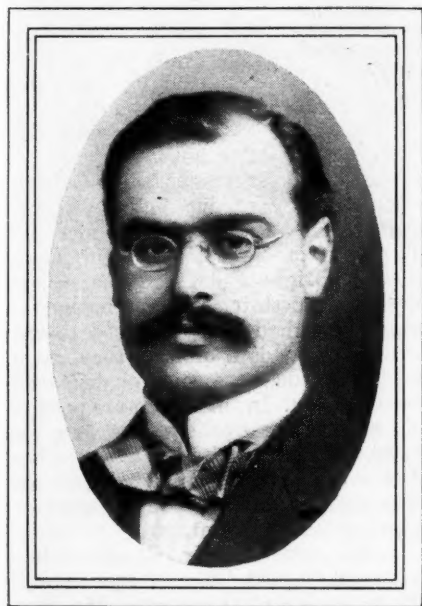
Things were happening—little things that showed the way the wind was blowing. There were colonial conferences that urged the desirability of a mutual preference. But the difficulty was plain. The colonies were protectionists. They could easily admit the manufactures of Great Britain under a lighter tariff than they exacted from foreign nations; but how could free trade England repay them? She had a duty on wines and a shilling duty on corn—repealed this year, by the way—but that was scarcely sufficient. With a tariff, a mutual preference might be arranged; without it, the agreement would of necessity be one-sided.

Despite this, however, Canada decided, as far back as 1898, to grant a preference to certain manufactures from the mother-land. Germany, alone



SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P., AUTHOR AND PUBLICIST, ONE OF THE EARLIEST AND MOST ACTIVE SUPPORTERS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S POLICY.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



C. ARTHUR PEARSON, PROPRIETOR OF THE LONDON DAILY EXPRESS AND CHAIRMAN OF THE TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE—MR. CHAMBERLAIN DESCRIBES MR. PEARSON AS "THE GREATEST HUSTLER I HAVE EVER MET."

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

of foreign nations, attempted interference. If Canada did not see the error of her ways, she said, she would punish her by an increased duty on the imports she passed through the Teuton ports. And then Joseph Chamberlain stepped into the ring.

On May 15, 1903, in a speech at Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain recited the causes of Germany's action, demanded an inquiry into Great Britain's whole fiscal system, and pointed out the necessity for a preference to the colonies if the British Empire was to keep together. Next morning the nation awoke to find that there had appeared a great statesman with sufficient courage to challenge the free trade fetish before which it had bowed so long. It was a time of unparalleled excitement. In Parliament, most of the members took seats upon the fence, refusing to come down on either side. The question was not debated, however, by common agreement. Mr. Chamberlain himself declared that he would not again speak on the subject until the session ended.

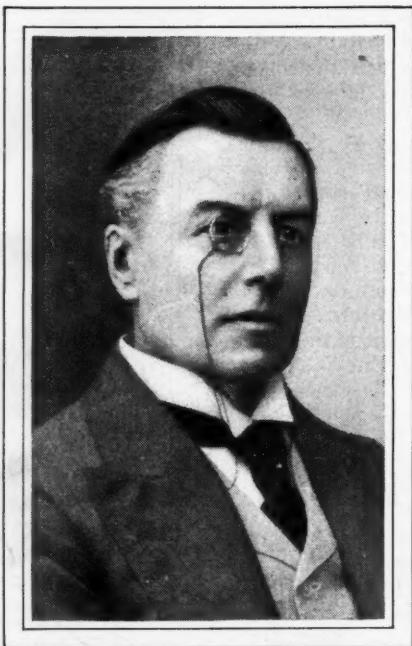
With the end of the session came sur-

prising developments. Mr. Chamberlain resigned his position as secretary of state for the colonies that he might fight out his battle unhampered by the responsibilities of a cabinet position. At the same time three uncompromising free traders, including the chancellor of the exchequer, left the government. Mr. Balfour, the premier, declared himself in favor of mild retaliation—an admirable word with no particular meaning. As a retaliation, he continued officially to lead the Conservative and Unionist parties.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S GREAT CAMPAIGN.

On October 8, Mr. Chamberlain commenced his great campaign, passing from city to city throughout Great Britain preaching his policy of fiscal reform. It was a campaign unequalled in British political history. He had no assistance from those cabinet ministers who sympathized with him, for he spoke as a private member of Parliament, in no way representing the government of the day. Yet it was a triumphal progress.

The solitary combatant, who had staked his whole political future upon the cause in which he believed, awoke the sympathy of his audiences. His statement of the case for a tariff on imports was clear, logical, and convincing; his noble references to the colonies, his dream of what the empire might become, the practical proposals which showed how his dream might in truth be realized, aroused the wildest enthusiasm. "King Joe" his adversaries



JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, WHO LEFT THE BALFOUR CABINET TO CONDUCT A CAMPAIGN FOR RECIPROCITY WITH THE BRITISH COLONIES AND PROTECTION AGAINST FOREIGN NATIONS.

From a photograph by Draycott, Birmingham, copyrighted by Miss Morris, published by the London Stereoscopic Company.

named him. There was more truth than sarcasm in that appellation.

Mr. Chamberlain's speeches were violently criticized by opponents. Upon one point their denunciations were especially directed, and that was his proposed duty of two shillings a quarter on corn.* The purpose of the duty was to make it possible to give a preference to wheat-growing colonies. Yet it was not to affect the weekly bills of a family, for the existing duties on tea and sugar, on coffee and cocoa, would be reduced. The existing taxation on food was to be rearranged, but not increased.

That was no argument to the Cobden brigade. They produced wild legends of Britain starving in 1846 under the old corn laws. They invoked the memories of Bright and Gladstone. They reveled in misstatements and exaggerations. If it had been proposed to tax corn five pounds a quarter they could not have made more noise, or displayed more concern. In this they were politically wise. Many working men were induced to believe that a large rise in the price of the loaf was intended, and not unnaturally they arrayed themselves against the movement.

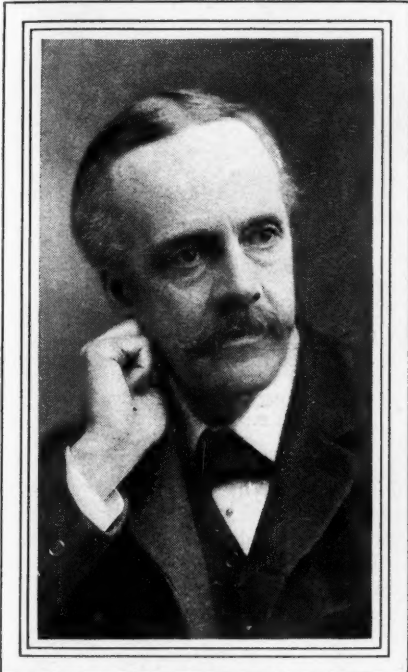
In the midst of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign the old Duke of Devonshire, official leader of the Liberal Unionist party, resigned his place in the cabinet. It was not an earth-shaking event, though the duke was under the mis-

* American readers should remember that "corn," in English usage, means wheat, rye, oats, and barley, but not maize.

taken impression that he had alarmed the nation. Yet it complicated the political situation. The old parties became more involved. There were Liberals who joined themselves to Mr. Chamberlain, and Unionists who, though they declared themselves against him, did not coalesce with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his Radical follow-

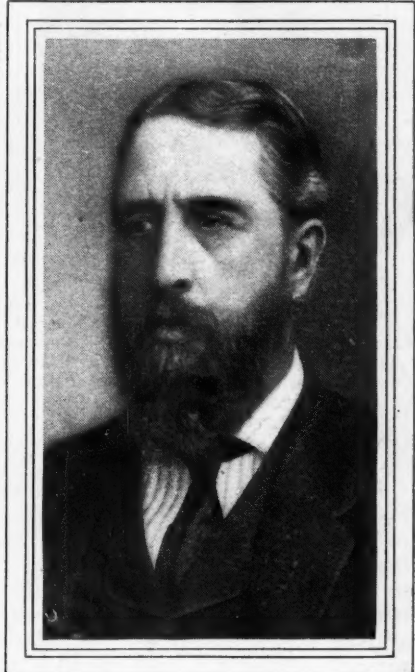
while the free traders postponed. The Tariff Reform League was rapidly organized. Money was subscribed, speakers went forth from its great offices in London, literature was widely distributed. In Birmingham the Imperial Tariff Committee devoted itself to fiscal missionary work in the English Midlands.

Mr. Chamberlain's next move was to



ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN, WHO HAS EXPRESSED SYMPATHY WITH MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S IDEAS, BUT HOLDS THAT THE TIME HAS NOT COME TO PUT THEM INTO ACTION.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, FORMERLY LEADER OF THE LIBERAL UNIONIST PARTY, WHO RESIGNED FROM THE BALFOUR CABINET IN OCTOBER LAST AND IS A STRONG SUPPORTER OF FREE TRADE.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

ers who held by free trade. In the midst of these warring parties stood Mr. Balfour, with those Conservatives who preferred to wait awhile before committing themselves to anything more serious than a mild retaliation, in which there was no mention of the colonies.

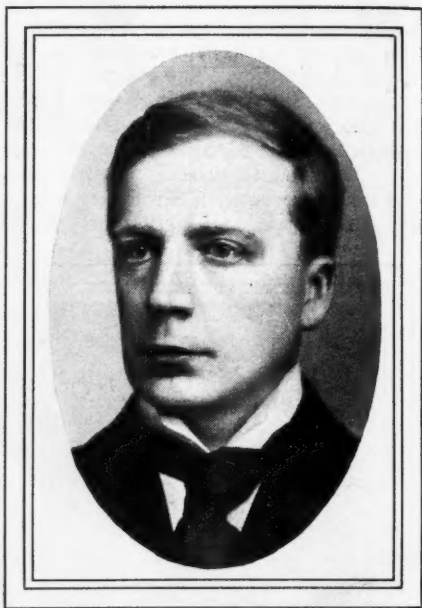
In two things did fortune favor Mr. Chamberlain. He was attacking, the others were defending. In politics, as in war, the advantage lies with the former. Moreover, Mr. Chamberlain drew about him a body of business men who acted,

collect a commission of business men who were to consider the practical details of the proposed tariff. Its members are identified with all the important industries of Great Britain, including agriculture; and the interests of India and the colonies are also represented. For the first time in the nation's history it is a body of successful business men, and not of government officials, who are to lay down the lines upon which the fiscal policy of the country might be based.



HERBERT H. ASQUITH, HOME SECRETARY UNDER MR. GLADSTONE AND LORD ROSEBERRY, AND ONE OF THE ABLEST AND MOST ACTIVE OPPONENTS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

From a photograph by Thomson, London.



WILLIAM A. S. HEWINS, PROFESSOR OF MODERN ECONOMIC HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, AND ONE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S STRONGEST SUPPORTERS.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

So matters now stand. The armies have joined battle; the struggle is likely to be prolonged. Yet this I prophesy—that whether sooner or later, well within the span of five years Mr. Chamberlain will have won the nation to his side, granted only—and this is an important proviso—that health and strength remain to him. With Mr. Chamberlain absent the battle would be longer, though the ultimate issue would be just as certain.

The fall of free trade in Great Britain would seem to be practically the

ending of its history in the world at large. Its advocates in other countries have always had before them a working model to which they could point as a proof, or at least an evidence, of the soundness of their beliefs. That model, it may now be said, is admitted to have proved a failure. When the fact is recognized by the changed policy of the British nation, the free traders will be forced to wait until such time as universal free trade is adopted—which will doubtless be contemporaneous with the arrival of the millennium.

FRIENDSHIP AND FAITH.

WE differ sore in doctrine, dogma, creed ;
To you, my faith may rankst unfaith be,
Yet cognate still in simple, human need,
We may be one in love's great mystery !

I care not for to-morrow, but must cleave
With strong intent to my supreme to-day ;
With steadfast faith you round to-morrow weave
Rare dreams that shed a nimbus o'er your way.

What matters it to me, friend, or to you,
If broad or narrow the philactery,
If ever to the deeper things and true
We plight our troth with changeless constancy ?

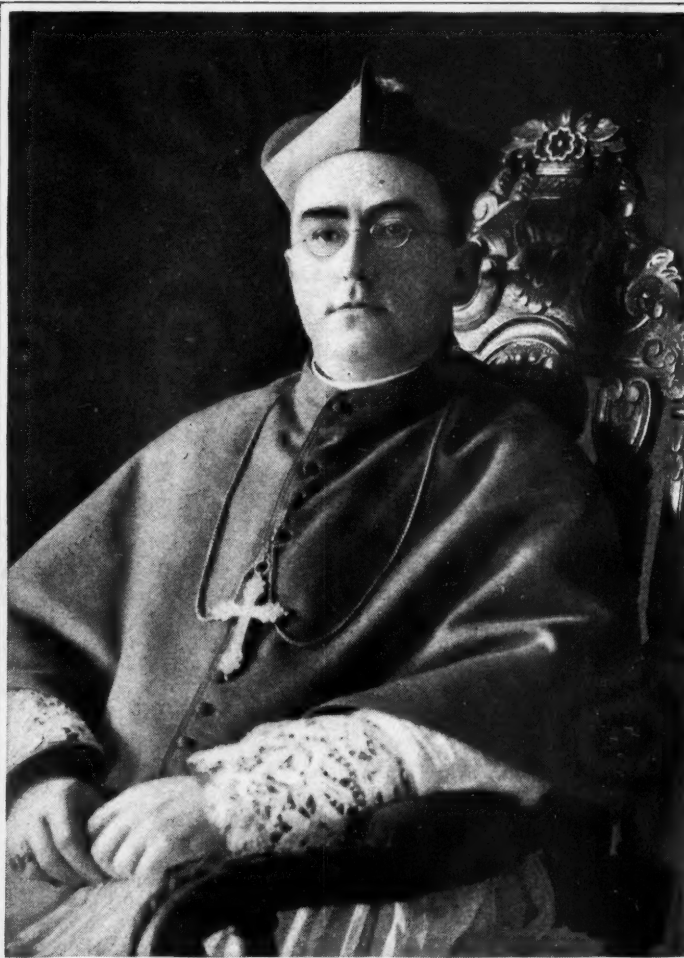
Eva Williams Malone.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A Great New Cathedral.

It is not too much to say that London's new Roman Catholic cathedral,

which was dedicated in the closing week of last year, is one of the most notable architectural products of recent times. It is a building of imposing proportions,



THE MOST REV. FRANCIS BOURNE, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, WHO WAS ENTHRONED IN LONDON'S GREAT NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL ON THE DAY OF ITS DEDICATION, THE 29TH OF DECEMBER LAST.

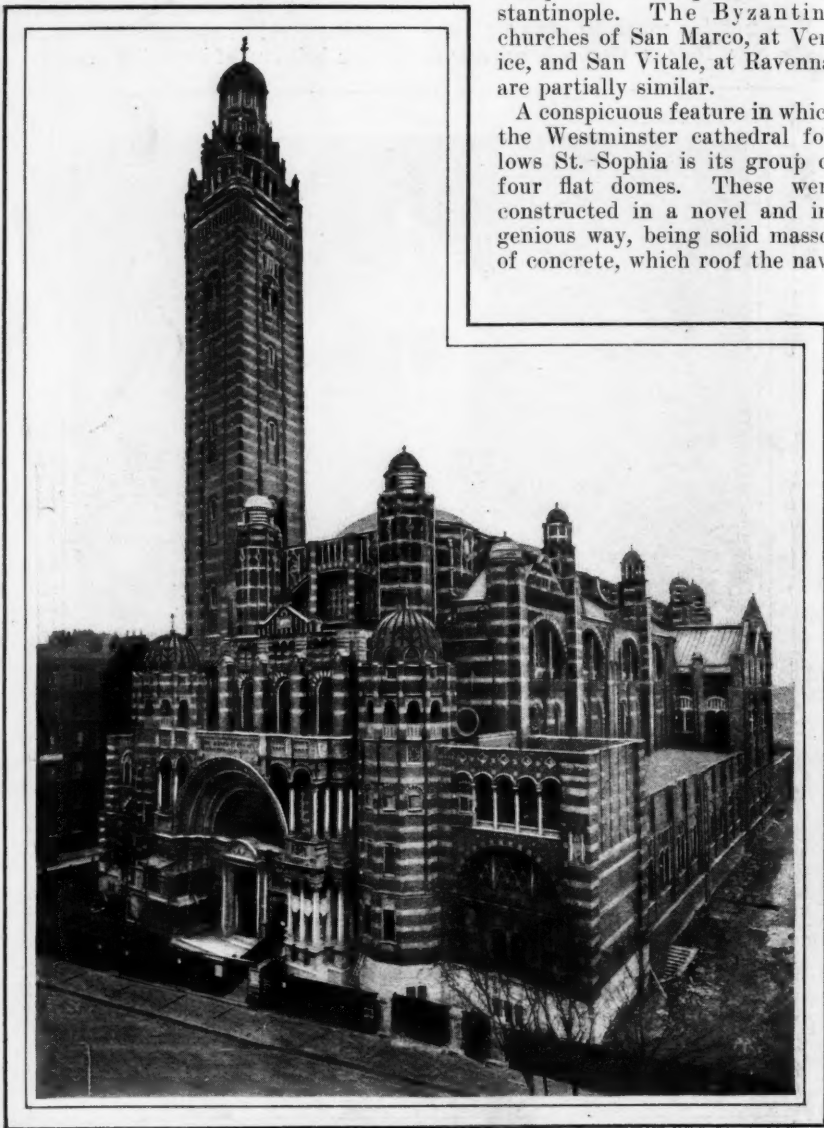
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

its nave being both loftier and wider than that of any other English cathedral, while its tall campanile adds a novel and striking landmark to the great city on the Thames.

In style, it is a complete departure from the prevalent types of modern

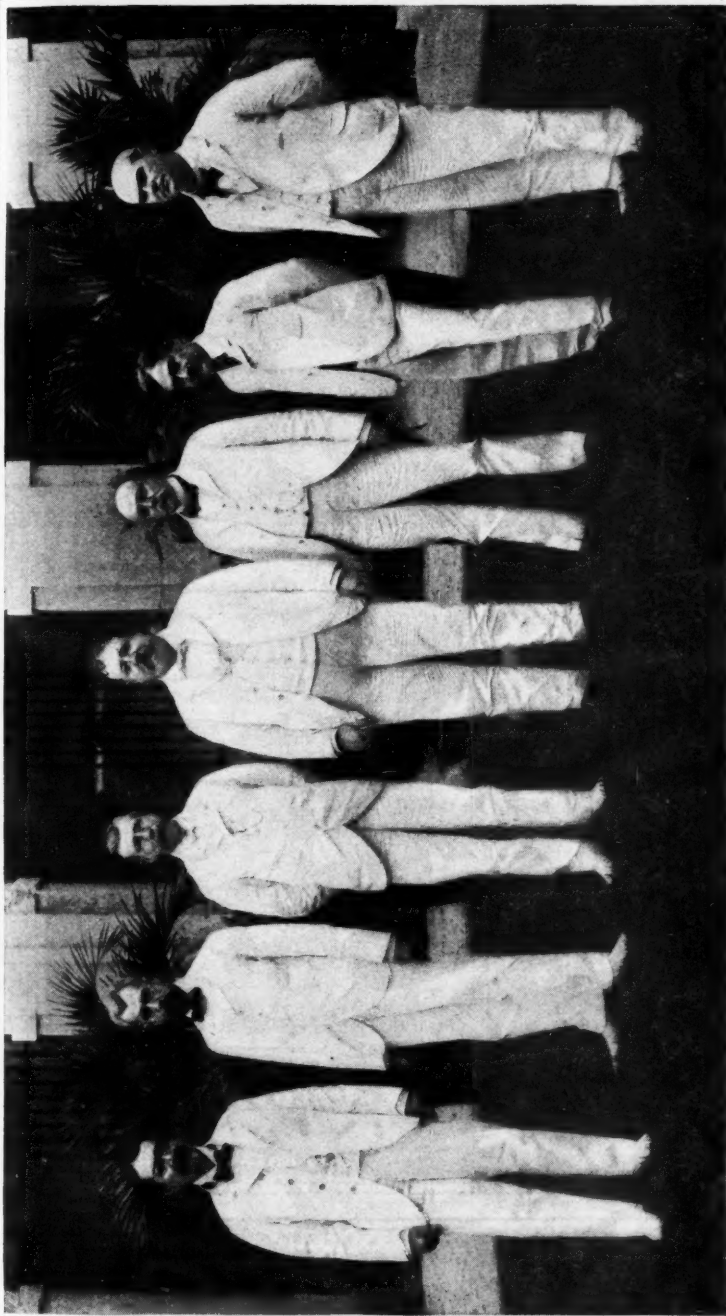
church architecture. Its designer, John F. Bentley, who died a few months before the dedication, called it "early Christian Byzantine." There is no other structure of the sort in England; there are few in western Europe. The most famous model of the style is the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. The Byzantine churches of San Marco, at Venice, and San Vitale, at Ravenna, are partially similar.

A conspicuous feature in which the Westminster cathedral follows St. Sophia is its group of four flat domes. These were constructed in a novel and ingenious way, being solid masses of concrete, which roof the nave



WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL, THE GREAT NEW METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC COMMUNION IN ENGLAND, THE FIRST CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IN LONDON SINCE THE REFORMATION.

From a photograph by T. Hubert, copyrighted by Thomas Martin, London.



GENERAL LUKE E. WRIGHT, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINES, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, THE GROUP INCLUDES GENERAL JAMES F. SMITH, SECRETARY OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION; BENITO LEGARDA; JUDGE HENRY C. IDE, VICE-GOVERNOR; JUDGE TAFT, THE RETIRING GOVERNOR, NOW SECRETARY OF WAR OF THE UNITED STATES; GOVERNOR WRIGHT; TRINIDAD PARDO DE TAVERA; AND JOSE LUZURIAGA. COMMISSIONER DEAN C. WORCESTER, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, WAS NOT PRESENT WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN.

From a photograph by Knight, Manila.



RUSSIA AND JAPAN AT WASHINGTON—COUNT CASSINI, THE CZAR'S AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY AND PLENIPOTENTIARY TO THE UNITED STATES.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1904, by Clinedinst, Washington.

like huge inverted bowls, each weighing seven hundred tons. The material of the building is red brick, banded with gray stone, which may possibly sound inappropriate for such an edifice; but brick is extremely durable,



RUSSIA AND JAPAN AT WASHINGTON—KOGORO TAKAHIRA, THE MIKADO'S ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO THE UNITED STATES.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1904, by Clinedinst, Washington.

stands London smoke better than stone, and saves greatly in expense. The moderate cost of the new cath-

edral is indeed remarkable, the main building—exclusive of the side chapels, which are gifts from private donors

—having reached practical completion at an expenditure but little above a million dollars. There is still a great field for decoration of the interior, but this can be done gradually, as funds are secured. It is hoped that the inner walls will ultimately be wholly covered

unite his own installation with the dedication of the grand new church.

The Rulers of the Philippines.

The engraving on page 43 shows nearly the complete personnel of the



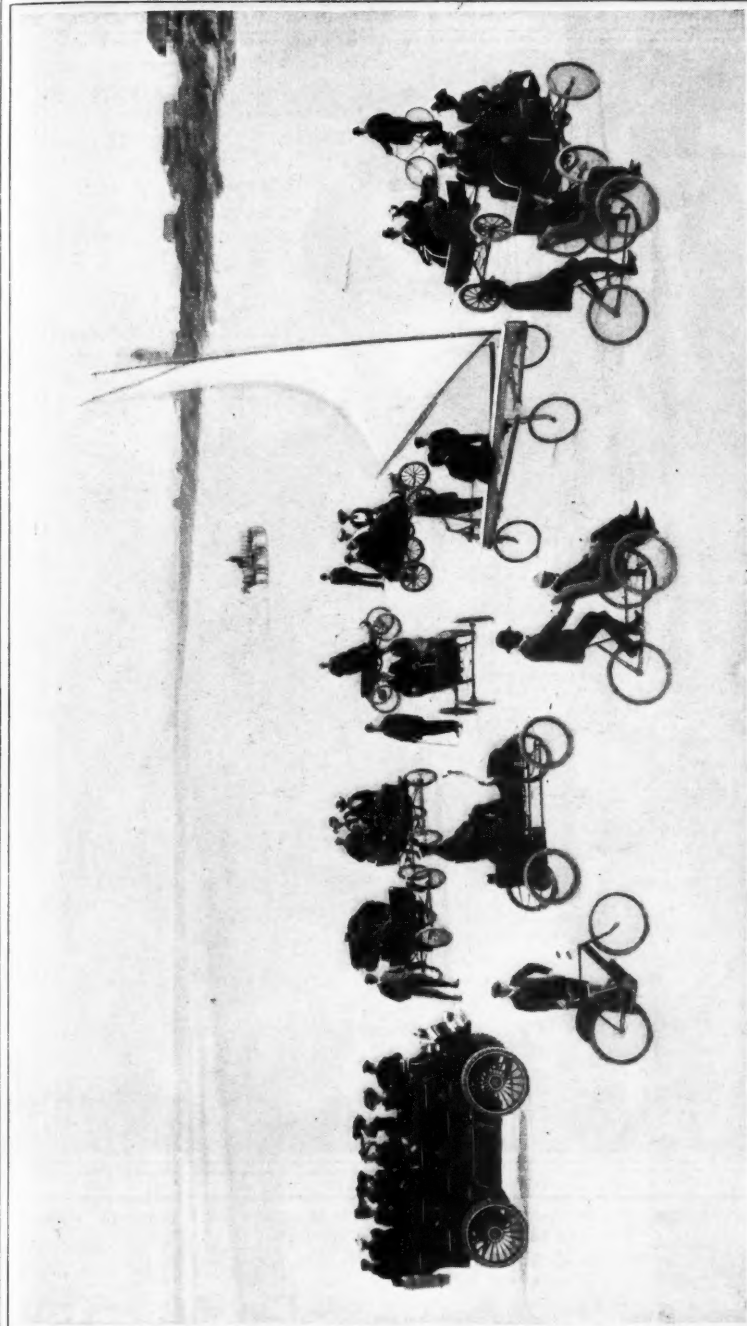
WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR., AND THE NINETY-HORSE-POWER RACING AUTOMOBILE WITH WHICH HE MADE A MILE IN THIRTY-NINE SECONDS, EQUIVALENT TO A SPEED OF NINETY-TWO MILES AN HOUR, AT ORMOND, FLORIDA, ON THE 27TH OF JANUARY.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

with marble and mosaic work, when the effect will be impressively rich.

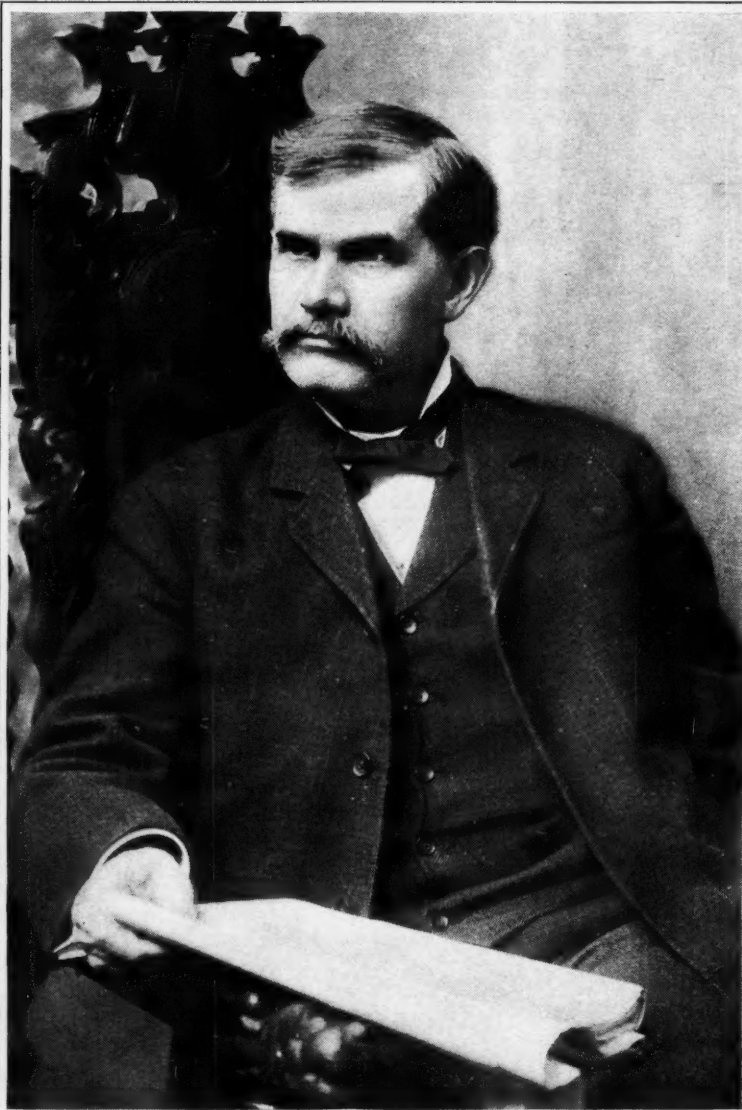
The movement for the building of the cathedral was started under Cardinal Manning, though that famous prelate's enthusiasm for charitable and educational labor was such that he was inclined to grudge the diversion of money into any other channel. His successor, Cardinal Vaughan, took up the work and carried it nearly to completion; but his death, last June, left it to the present Archbishop of Westminster, the young and energetic Dr. Bourne, to

commission that presides with almost autocratic power over the political destinies of Uncle Sam's eight million Filipino wards. It was taken in the grounds of the Malacanan Palace at Manila, the official headquarters of the civil government, shortly before Governor Taft's return to the United States. At Mr. Taft's left hand stands his successor, General Luke Wright, who was inaugurated on the first of February. All the other members of the commission, American and native, are in the group except Professor Dean



A SCENE ON THE BEACH NEAR ORMOND, FLORIDA, WHERE THE HARD, LEVEL SAND FORMS A FINE NATURAL RACE-TRACK FOR BICYCLES AND MOTOR VEHICLES, AND WHERE SOME IMPORTANT AUTOMOBILE RACES WERE RUN DURING THE WINTER.

From a photograph by Harris.



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, CONGRESSMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI, AND LEADER OF THE DEMOCRATIC MINORITY
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1903, by Clinedinst, Washington.

Worcester. As we go to press, it is understood that the vacancy caused by Mr. Taft's retirement to become Secretary of War will be filled by Cameron Forbes, of Boston.

Governor Wright's inaugural address is made pleasant reading by the confident tone in which it speaks of both the present and the future of the Philippines under American rule. He said

that the recent development of the islands had been most gratifying. He recited the signal success of the policy of inviting the cooperation of the Filipinos, who, though represented in all branches of the government, had very rarely abused their trust. He concluded with a special appeal for the sympathy and support of all the people of the Philippines. His audience, according to the cabled reports, responded with a display of good feeling that augurs well for the success of the new governor's rule.

Democracy's New Leader.

Last year, when Mr. Gorman returned to the United States Senate and resumed his leadership of the Democratic portion of that body, the veteran from Maryland was hailed as the Moses whose genius for command would reunite the more or less disorganized forces of the minority and guide them to their old place of power and prestige. Little was said, at that time, of the young and comparatively unknown Mississippian who held the corresponding position in the House of Representatives.

To-day the situation has changed. Senator Gorman's old parliamentary hand has won no new triumphs. His campaign against the Panama policy of the administration rent his following more hopelessly than ever, and resulted in a humiliatingly sweeping defeat. On the other hand, John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, has shown consistent tact, good judgment, and skilful generalship. He has made himself recognized in Washington, if not as the coming man, at least as a coming man in the uppermost field of national politics.

It is said that Speaker Cannon recently visited Mr. Williams in the room assigned to the leader of the minority.

"You're well fixed here, Williams," said the genial statesman from Illinois. "It's a nice snug room—good view—fine place to work out schemes for annoying the majority, eh?"

"Like it, Joe?" said Williams amiably. "I'm glad of that. It will be yours a year from next December."

The Speaker is reported to have laughed a little uneasily at this bold and confident prophecy. Its verification

may partly depend upon the Mississippi Congressman himself, and his success in steering the policy of his party.

The Reappearance of "Dr. Jim."

Never, perhaps, has the oft-quoted saying that Africa is the land of the unexpected been more surprisingly exemplified than by the recent reappearance of Leander Starr Jameson. Just eight years ago "Dr. Jim" came before the public eye as the leader of the famous raid into the Transvaal. It was so disastrous a failure that it made him ridiculous, and so unfortunate were its results that it stamped him with apparently indelible odium. Arrested by the Boers, he was handed over to the imperial authorities, taken to London, tried, convicted, and imprisoned. Later, when the South African war broke out—partly as a result, the world said, of his sinister work—he offered his services to the British government, and they were declined. Never did a career seem more hopelessly ruined.

Yet now we hear of Jameson as having been chosen to lead the Progressive party in Cape Colony, as having been elected to the legislature, and, finally, as having been called to the premiership. Furthermore, it is said that there is no bitterness against him among the opposition, which represents the Dutch element in the colony, and that he has a fair chance to deal successfully with the problems that have grown from the hostility of the two races.

This new chapter of "Dr. Jim's" history is indeed a surprising one. It unquestionably proves that he is no mere adventurer, but a man of real strength, a man who can command the affection and allegiance of other men. His friends go further, and say that he possesses sterling character, high ideals, and rare magnetism, and that his political promotion—which has come to him unsought, and which he accepts as a trying duty—will make him a powerful factor for good in South Africa.

It has often been said that one who makes no mistakes makes nothing. Few men have ever made such a signal mistake as Jameson's and then had such a chance to expiate it.

THE ABBESS OF VLAYE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France" and "Count Hannibal."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

DES AGEAUX, lieutenant-governor of Périgord, is bidden by King Henry IV of France to put down a peasant uprising in the province of the Angoumois and restore order there in six weeks or suffer degradation in rank. Des Ageaux lacks men and money for the enterprise, but he sets out incognito to look over the ground, and when night falls he seeks shelter in the château of the Vicomte de Villeneuve, an impoverished old nobleman, who is living in seclusion with his son Roger, who is slightly hump-backed, and his daughter Bonne, both of whom he despises and derides. His other son, Charles, whom he has driven from home by his taunts, has incurred the old man's dire hatred by joining and becoming one of the leaders of the revolted peasants—the Crocans. The only one of his children whom Villeneuve deems a credit to him, or for whom he has any affection, is his other daughter, Odette, who is the Abbess of Vlaye, and who is away from home when Des Ageaux—or Des Vœux, as he now calls himself—pays his visit to the château. On the night after the lieutenant-governor's arrival, Roger and Bonne are holding a conference with Charles, who has entered surreptitiously, when the *vicomte* is heard approaching. Charles has barely time to escape through a window ere he appears on the scene, and Roger and Bonne are saved from discovery only by a clever trick on the part of Des Ageaux.

IV.

IN an upper room on the wall of Angoulême there was at that time a "dark man" who followed the stars, and cast horoscopes, and was reputed to have foretold the death of the first Duke of Joyeuse as that gallant nobleman passed southwards to the field of Coutras. If Bonne de Villeneuve, a little earlier, had consulted him—following a fashion much in vogue in those days—she might have put faith in such of the events of that night as the magic crystal showed her, until it came to mirror, faint as an evening mist beside the river, her thoughts after the event. Had it indicated that, as she lay quaking in her bed, she would be thinking neither of the brother whose desperate venture wrung her heart, nor of Roger, her dearer self, but of a stranger whose name she had not known six hours, and of whose past she knew nothing, she would have paused, refusing credence. She would have smiled at the phantasm of the impossible.

Yet so it was. Into the quiet pool of her maiden heart had fallen the stone that sooner or later troubles the sweet waters. As she lay thinking with wide-open eyes, her mind, which should have been employed with her brother's peril, or her own escape, or her father's rage

and its possible consequences, was busy, instead, with the stranger who had dropped so suddenly into her life, and had begun on the instant to play a sovereign part. She recalled his aspect as he looked in on them, cool and confident, at their midnight conference. She heard his tone as he baffled her father's questions with cunning answers. She marveled at the wit which in the last pinch had saved her from discovery. He seemed to her a man of the world, such as had not hitherto come within the range of her experience. Was he also the perfect knight of whom she had not been woman if she had not dreamed?

What, she wondered, must his life have been, who, cast among strange surroundings, bore himself so masterfully! What chances he must have seen, what dangers run, how many men, how many cities visited! He might have known the court, that strange *mélange*, to her innocent mind, of splendor and wickedness and mystery and valor. He might have seen the king, shrewdest of captains, bravest of princes; he might have encountered eye to eye men whose names were history.

Her curiosity once engaged, she constructed for him first one life, then another, and then yet another—all on the same foundation, the one fact which he had told them, that he was a poor gen-

*Copyright, 1903, by Stanley J. Weyman—This story began in the March issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

tleman of Brittany. She considered his ring, and the shape of his clothes, and his manner of eating, which she found more delicate than her brothers'; and she fancied, but she told herself that she was foolish to think it, that she detected, under his frigid bearing, a habit of command that duller eyes had failed to discern.

She was ashamed, at last, at the persistence with which her thoughts ran on him; and she tried to think of other things, and so thought of him again, and awaking to the fact smiled—but without blushing; partly because, whatever he was, he stood a great way from her; partly because it was only her fancy that was touched; and partly, again, because she knew that he would be gone by midday, and could by no possibility form part of her life.

Nevertheless, it was not until her hour for rising came that anxiety as to her brother's safety and her father's anger eclipsed him. Then, uncertain how much the *vicomte* knew, how near the truth he guessed, she forgot her hero, and thought exclusively of her father's resentment.

She might have spared her fears. The *vicomte* was a sour and embittered man, but neither by nature or habit a violent one. Rage had for an hour rendered him capable of the worst; capable of the murder of his son, if, having an arm in his hand, he had met him; capable of the expulsion of his daughter from his house. But the fit was not natural to him; it was not so that he avenged the wrongs which the world had heaped upon him—since Coutras. He fell back easily and at once into the black, cynical mood that was his own. He was too old and weak, he had too long brooded in inaction, he had too long wreaked his vengeance on the feeble, to take strong measures now, whatever happened.

But some hours elapsed before Bonne knew how things would be. It was not her father's custom to descend before noon, for with his straitened means and shrunken establishment he went little abroad; and he would have died rather than stoop to the rustic tasks which Roger pursued, and of which Bonne's small, brown hands were not altogether ignorant. She had not seen him, an hour or more before noon, when she repaired to a seat in the most remote corner of the garden, taking with her some household work on which she was engaged.

The garden of the château of Ville-neuve—the garden proper, that is, for the

dry moat which divided the house from the courtyard was planted with pot-herbs and cabbages—formed a square equal to the length of the house. It lay along the face of the building remote from the courtyard, and was only accessible through it. Its level, raised by art or nature, stood some eight feet above the level of the surrounding country, of which, for this reason, it afforded a pleasant and airy prospect. The wall which surrounded and buttressed it—and on the inner side stood no more than three feet high—rose from a moat, a continuation of that of which we have just spoken.

The pleasure thus secured on all sides from intrusion consisted, first, of a paved walk or terrace, which ran under the windows of the château, and on the outer side was bordered by a row of ancient mulberry trees; secondly, and beyond this, of a strip of garden ground planted with gooseberry bushes and fruit trees, and bisected by a narrow walk which led from the house to a second terrace formed on the outer wall. This latter terrace lay open toward the country, and at either end, but was hidden from the prying eyes of the house by a line of elms, polled and cut espalier fashion. It offered at either extremity the accommodation of a lichen-covered stone bench, which tempted the old to repose and the young to reverie.

The easternmost bench enabled a person seated sideways on it—and so many had thus sat that the wall was hollowed by their elbows—to look over the willow-edged river and the tract of lush meadows which its loop enclosed on that side of the château. The western seat had not this poetic advantage, but by way of compensation afforded sharp eyes a glimpse of the track—road it could not be called—which after passing the château wound through the forest on its course to Vlaye and the south.

From childhood, the seat facing the river had been Bonne's favorite refuge. Before she could walk, she had played games in the dust beneath it. She had carried to it her small sorrows and her small joys, her fits of nursery passion, her moods as she grew older. She had nursed dolls on it, dreamed dreams, and built castles; and in a not unhappy, though neglected, girlhood it had stood for that sweet and secret retreat, the bower of the budding life, which remains holy in the memory of worn men and women. The other bench, which commanded a peep of the road, had been

more to her elder sister's taste; nor was the choice without a certain bearing on the character of each.

Bonne had not been five minutes at work before she heard footsteps on the garden-path. The sun, near its highest, had driven her to the extreme inner end of the seat, where the elm in full summer leaf straggled widely over it, growing low, as elms will; and she knew that, whoever came, she would see before she was seen.

It turned out as she expected. M. des Ageaux presently lounged on to the terrace, and, shading his eyes from the sun's rays, gazed on the prospect. She judged that he thought himself alone, for he took a short turn this way and that. Then, after a casual glance at the seats—empty, as he doubtless judged, though she from her arbor of leaves could watch his every movement—he wheeled about, and, facing the château, seemed to satisfy himself that the wall of elms sheltered him from sight.

His next proceeding was, to her, mysterious. He drew from his breast a packet, of parchment or paper, unfolded it, and laid it flat on the wall before him. Then he stooped, and, after poring over it, glanced at the prospect, referred again to the paper, and again to the lie of the country, and the course of the river, which flowed on his left. Finally he measured off a distance on the map. A map it was, beyond doubt.

Some shadow of a doubt fell on Bonne's spirits as she watched him. Nor did his next movement dispel the feeling. Folding up the map, he replaced it in his breast, and, leaning over the wall, scrutinized the outer surface of the brickwork. Apparently he did not discover what he sought, for he raised himself again, and, with eyes bent on the tangle of nettles and rough herbage that clothed the bottom and sides of the moat, he moved slowly along the terrace toward her. He reached, without seeing her, the seat on which she sat, knelt on it with one knee, and, leaning far over the moat, allowed a cynical chuckle to escape him.

She fought the faint and unwelcome suspicion that asserted itself. He had behaved so honorably that she was determined not to believe aught to his discredit. But her folly, if foolish she was, must not imperil another. She made a mental note that there was one thing she must not tell him. Very quickly the thought passed through her brain; and then—

"Why do you laugh?" she said.

He wheeled about so sharply that in another mood she must have laughed; so much she had the advantage of him. For an instant he was so taken aback that he did not speak.

"Why did you startle me?" he asked then, his eyes smiling.

"Because—yes, my brother came in that way."

"I know it," he answered, smiling; "but I do not know why you startled me, *mademoiselle*, a minute ago."

"Nor I," she retorted, smiling faintly, "why you were so inquisitive, M. des Vœux."

"I am going to tell you that," he said. He seated himself on the bench so as to face her, and, doffing his hat, held it between his face and the sun. He was not a man very amenable to the charms of women, and he saw in her no more than a girl of rustic breeding, comely and gentle, and something commonplace; but a good sister whose aid with her brother he needed. "I am going to tell you," he said, "because I am anxious to meet your brother again and to talk with him."

She met his eyes still, but her own were clouded.

"On what subject," she asked, "if I am not too curious?"

"The Crocans."

On her guard as she was, the word put her out of countenance. She could not hide her dismay, and after one half-hearted attempt she did not try to hide it.

"The Crocans!" she said. "But why do you come to me?" Her color came and went. "What have we to do with them, if you please?"

"Your brother has been banished from his home for some offense," the lieutenant answered. "Your father forbids the mention of the name Crocans. It is reasonable to infer that the offense is connected with them; in a word, that your brother has done what any young man having generous instincts and a love of adventure might do. He has joined them! I do not blame him."

"You do not blame him?" she murmured. Never had she heard such words of the Crocans—except from her brother. "You mean that?"

"I say it and mean it," the lieutenant replied. He spoke without emotion; emotion was not his forte. "Nor am I alone," he went on, "in holding such opinions. But the point, *mademoiselle*, is this. I wish to find a means of com-

municating with them. He can aid me, and probably will be willing to do so. For certain, if the worst come to the worst, I can aid him."

Bonne's heart beat rapidly. She did not—she told herself that she did not distrust him. Had it been her own secret that he was seeking, she would have delivered it to him freely. But the manner in which he had borne himself while he thought himself alone, the possession of the map, and the shrewdness with which he had traced her brother's movements and surprised a secret that was still a secret from the household, frightened her. Her very inexperience bade her pause.

"But first, I take it, you need his aid?" she murmured.

"I wish to speak with him."

"Have you seen my father?"

He opened his eyes and bent a little nearer. "Do you mean, *mademoiselle*—"

"I mean only," she said gently, "that if you express to him the views on the Crocans which you have just given me, your opportunities of seeing my brother will, I fear, be scant."

He laughed. "I have not opened them to him," he said. "I have seen him, and whether he thinks that he was a little more *exigeant* last night than the danger required, or desires to prove to me that midnight alarms are not the rule at Villeneuve, he has not, as I expected, given me notice to go. His invitation to remain is not, perhaps"—he smiled slightly—"of the warmest; but if you, *mademoiselle*, second it—"

She muttered—without a blush—that it would give her pleasure.

"Then no difficulty on that point will arise," he proceeded.

She stooped lower over her work. What was she to do? He wanted that which she had decided she must not give him. What was she to do?

She was so long in answering that he dubbed her awkward and mannerless. It was a pity, too; for she was a stanch sister and had shown herself resourceful; and in repose her face, though browned and sunburnt, was not without grace. He came to the point.

"May I count on you for this?" he said bluntly.

"For—what?"

"That as soon as you can, you will bring me face to face with your brother?"

She looked up and met his gaze.

"As soon as I think it safe to do so,"

she said, "I will. You may depend on me."

He had not divined her doubt, nor did he discern her quibble.

"Could I not go to him to-day," he said, "if he be still in the neighborhood?"

She shook her head.

"I do not know where he is," she said, glad that she could say so much with truth. "But if he show himself, and it be safe, I will let you know. Roger—"

"Ha! To be sure, Roger may know!"

She smiled.

"Roger and I are one," she said. "You must not expect to get from him what I do not give." She said it naively, with just so much of a pout and a smile as showed her at her best; and he hastened to say that he left himself in her hands. She blushed through her sunburn at that, but clung to her quibble, telling herself that this was a stranger, the other her brother, and that if she destroyed Charles she could never forgive herself.

He saw that she was disturbed, and changed the subject.

"You have always lived here?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, "but I can remember when things were otherwise with us. We were not always so broken. Before Coutras—but you have heard my father on that, and will not wish to hear me."

"*Monsieur le vicomte* was present at the battle?"

"Yes, he was in the center with the Duke of Joyeuse. He escaped with his life; but we lay in the path of the pursuit after the flight, and they sacked the house, and burned the hamlet by the ford—the one you passed—and the two farms in the bend of the river—the two behind you. They swept off every four-legged thing, every horse and cow and sheep, and left us bare. One of the servants who resisted was killed, and—and my mother died of the shock."

She broke off with an uncontrollable shiver, and was silent.

"Perhaps you were at Coutras, M. des Vœux?" she said, looking up, after a pause.

"I was not of the party who sacked your house," he answered gravely.

She knew then that he had fought on the other side; and she admired him for the tact with which he made it known to her. He was a soldier, then. She wondered, as she bent over her work, if he

had fought elsewhere; and under whom, and with what success. Had he prospered or sunk? He called himself a poor gentleman of Brittany, but that might have been his origin only; he might be something more now.

In the earnestness of her thoughts she turned her eyes on his ring; and she blushed brightly when, with a quick, almost rude movement, he hid his hand behind him.

"I beg your pardon!" she murmured. "I was not thinking."

"It is I should beg yours," he said quietly. "It is only that I do not want you to come to a false conclusion. This ring—in a word, I wear it, but it is not mine. That is all."

"Does that apply also," she asked, looking at him ingenuously, "to the pistols you carry, M. des Vœux? Or should I address you—for I saw last evening that they bore a ducal coronet—as *monsieur le duc*?"

He laughed gaily.

"They are mine, but I am not a duke," he said.

"Nor are you M. des Vœux?"

Her acuteness surprised him.

"I am afraid, *mademoiselle*," he said, "that you have a mind to exalt me into a hero of romance, whether I will or no."

She bent over her work to hide her blush.

"A duke gave them to you, I suppose?" she said.

"That is so," he replied sedately.

"Did you save his life?"

"I did not."

"I have heard," she returned, looking up thoughtfully, "that at Coutras a gentleman on the other side strove hard to save the Duke of Joyeuse's life, and did not desist until he was himself struck down by his own men."

"He looked to make his account by him, no doubt," the lieutenant answered coldly. "Perhaps"—with a scarcely perceptible bitterness—"the duke, had he lived, would have given him—a pair of pistols!"

"That were a small return," she said indignantly, "for such a service!"

He shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject.

"What are the gray ruins," he asked, "on the edge of the wood?"

"They are part of the old abbey," she answered, without looking up, "afterwards removed to Vlaye—of which my sister is abbess. There was a time, I believe, when the convent stood so close to the house that it was well-nigh one

with it. There was some disorder, I believe; the diocesan obtained leave to have it moved, and it was planted on lands that belonged to us at that time."

"Near Vlaye?"

"Within half a league of it."

"Your sister, then, is acquainted with M. de Vlaye?"

"Yes."

"But you and your brothers?"

"We know him and loathe him—only less than we fear him!"

She regretted her vehemence a moment later; but he merely nodded.

"So do the Crocans, I fancy," he said.

"It is rumored that he is preparing something against them."

"You know that?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Without being omniscient," he answered, smiling. "I heard it in Barbezieux. It was that, perhaps," he continued shrewdly, "that you wished to tell your brother yesterday."

She almost told him, in spite of her resolutions, where on the next day he could find her brother. But she clung to her decision; and a minute later he rose and moved away in the direction of the house.

When they met at table, the *vicomte's* sudden impulse to hospitality, which was something of a puzzle to her, began to clear.

It had its origin in nothing more substantial than his vanity, which was tickled by the opportunity of talking to a man who, with some pretensions to gentility, could be patronized. A little, too, the old man thought of the figure he had made the night before. It was possible that the stranger had been unfavorably impressed. That impression the *vicomte* thought he could remove, and to that end he labored, after his manner, to be courteous to his guest. But as his talk consisted, and had long consisted, of little but sneers and gibes at the companions of his fallen fortunes, his civility found its only vent in this direction.

The guest, indeed, would gladly have had less of his civility. More than once, though he was not fastidious, his cheek colored with shame; and willingly would he, had that been all, have told the *vicomte* what he thought of his witticisms. But the lieutenant had his course arranged. Circumstances had played for him in the dangerous game on which he was embarked; and he would have been unworldly indeed, had he been willing to cast away, for a point of feeling—

he who was no knight errant—the advantages he had gained.

Not that he did not feel strongly for the two whose affection for each other touched even him. Roger's deformity appealed to him the more, as he fancied that he detected in the lad a spirit which those who knew him better, but knew only his gentler side, did not suspect. And the girl, who had grown from child to woman in the rustic stillness of this moated house—which not so long ago had rung with the tread of armed heels, and been gay with festive robes and tourneys, but now was sinking fast into a lonely farmstead—she, too, awakened some interest in the ambitious man of the world, who smiled to find himself embedded for the time in a life so alien to his every-day experiences.

Concern he felt for the one and the other; but such concern as weighed light, after all, in the balance against the interests he held in his hands, or even his own selfish interest.

It soon appeared that the *vicomte* had another motive for hospitality, in the desire to dazzle the stranger by the splendors of his eldest daughter and her establishment.

"There is still one of us," he said with transparent vanity—"I doubt if, from the specimens you have seen, you will believe it—who is not entirely as God made her! Thank the Lord! Who is neither clod nor clout, sir, but has as much fashion as goes to the making of a modest gentlewoman."

His guest looked gravely at him.

"I look forward much to seeing her, *monsieur le vicomte*," he said.

"Aye, you may say so! For in her you will see a Villeneuve, and the last of the line!" the *vicomte* answered, with a scowl at Roger. "Neither a lout with his boots full of hay-seeds—pah!—nor a sulky girl with as much manner as God gave her, and not a jot to it! Nice company I have, *M. des Vœux*," he continued bitterly. "Did you say *Des Vœux*? I have never heard the name."

"Yes, *monsieur le vicomte*."

"Nice company, I say, for a Villeneuve in his old age! What think you of it? Before Coutras, where there was an end of the good old days—"

"You were at Coutras?"

"Aye, to my cost, a curse on it! Before Coutras, I say, I had at least their mother, who was a Monclar from Rouergue. She had a tongue, at any rate, and could speak. And my daughter the abbess takes after her; though maybe

more after me, as you will think when you see her. She will be here, she says, to-morrow, for a night or two." This for the fifth time that evening.

"I am looking forward to seeing her," the guest repeated gravely—also for the fifth time.

But the *vicomte* could not have done with boasting, which was doubly sweet to him, first because it exalted the absent, and secondly, because it humiliated those who were present.

"Thank God, she at least is not as God made her!" he said again, pleased with the phrase. "At court last year the king noticed her, and swore she was a true Villeneuve, and a most perfect lady without fault or blemish!"

"His majesty is certainly a judge," the listener responded, the twinkle in his eye more apparent than usual.

"To be sure! Who better? But, for the matter of that, I am a judge myself. My daughter—for there is only one worthy of the name," the *vicomte* continued, with a withering glance at poor Bonne—"is not hand in glove with every base-born wench about the place, trapezing to a christening in a stable as readily as if the child were a king's son! Aye, and as I am a Catholic, praying beside old hags' beds till the lazy priest at the chapel has naught left to do for his month's meal! Pah!"

"Ranks are, no doubt, of God's invention," *Des Vœux* said quietly, with his eyes on the table.

The *vicomte* struck the board angrily.

"Who doubts it?" he exclaimed. "Of God's invention, sir? Of course they are!"

"But I take it that they exist, in part at least, as a provision for the exercise of—" *Des Vœux* hesitated, unwilling—he read the gathering storm on the *vicomte's* brow—to give offense.

Strangely enough, he was saved from the necessity. As he paused the door flew open, and a serving-man—not one of the two who waited on the table, but an uncouth creature, shaggy and field-stained—appeared gesticulating on the threshold. He was out of breath, apparently he could not speak; while the gust of wind which entered with him, by blowing sideways the straggling flames of the candles, and deepening the gloom of the ill-lit room, made it impossible to discern his face.

The *vicomte* rose—they all rose.

"What does this mean?" he cried in a rage. "What is it?"

"There's a party ringing at the gate.

my lord, and—and won't take no!" the man gasped. "A half dozen of spears, and others on foot and horse. Solomon sent me to ask what's to do, and if he shall open."

"There's a petticoat with them," a second voice answered. The speaker showed his face over the other's shoulder.

"Imbeciles!" the *vicomte* retorted, fired with rage. "It is your lady the abbess, come a day before her time! It is my daughter! And you stay her at the door?"

"It is not my lady," the second man answered timidly. "It might be some of her company, my lord, but 'tis not her. And Solomon——"

"Well? Well?"

"Says that they are not her people, my lord."

The *vicomte* groaned. "If I had a son worthy the name!" he said; but there broke off, looking foolish. For Roger had left the room, and the stranger also. They had slipped by the men while the *vicomte* questioned them, and run out through the hall and to the gate—not unarmed. Villeneuve, seeing this, bade the men follow them; and when these, too, had vanished, and only four or five frightened women who had crowded into the room at the first alarm remained with himself and Bonne, he began to fumble with his sword. To add to the confusion, he called fussily for this and that, and bade them bring him his arquebus, and not to open—not to open till he came!

In truth years had worked imperceptibly on him. His nerves, like many things about him, were not what they had been—before Coutras; and he was still giving contrary directions, and scolding the women and bidding them make way for him, since it seemed there was not a man to go to the gate but himself, when approaching voices broke on his ear and silenced him.

An instant, and one or two men appeared among the women in the doorway, and the little crowd fell back wondering, to make room for a low, dark man, bare-headed and agitated, with disordered hair and glittering eyes, who, thrusting the women to either side, cried—not once, but again and yet again:

"Room! Room for the Countess of Rochechouart! Way! Way for the countess!"

At the third repetition of this—which he seemed to say mechanically—his eyes took in the scene, the table, the room,

and the waiting figure of the scandalized *vicomte*; and his voice broke.

"Saved!" he cried, flinging aloft his arms and reeling as if he would fall. "My lady is saved! Saved!"

And then, behind the low, dark man, who, it was plain, was well-nigh beside himself, the *vicomte* saw the white, shrinking face of a small, slight girl, little more than a child; whose eyes were like no eyes but a hunted hare's, so large and bright and affrighted were they.

V.

SHEER amazement held the *vicomte* silent. The Countess of Rochechouart, of the proud house of Longueville, which in these days yielded place to scarce a house in France—the Countess of Rochechouart to be seeking admittance at his door! And at this hour of the night! She who was of the great heir-esses of France, whose hand was weighted with a hundred manors, and of whose acquaintance the abbess had lately boasted, as a thing of which even a Villeneuve might be proud—she to be knocking at his gate in the dark hours! And seeking help! The countess—his head went round.

He was still gazing speechless when the short, dark man who had entered with her fell on his knees before the girl, and, seizing her hand, mumbled upon it, wept over it, babbled over it, heedless alike of the crowd of gazers who pressed upon him, and of the master of the house, who stared aghast.

The *vicomte's* amazement began at that to give place to perplexity. The abbess, had she been here, would have known how to entertain such a guest; but Bonne and Roger—they were naught. Yet he must do something. He found his voice.

"If I have, indeed," he said—for he was still suspicious of a trick, so forlorn and childish seemed the figure before him—"if I have indeed the honor," he repeated stiffly, "to address the Countess of Rochechouart, I—I bid her welcome to my poor house."

"I am Mlle. de Rochechouart," the girl murmured faintly. "I thank you."

It was apparent that she could say no more. Her face was scratched and bleeding, her hair was loose, her riding-dress, stained to the throat with dirt, was torn in more places than one. There were other signs that, frail as she was, she had ridden hard and desperately; ridden to the end of her strength.

But the *vicomte* thought not of her, but of himself, as was his custom; not of her plight, but of the figure he was making before his people, who stared open-mouthed at the unwonted scene.

"Time was, *mademoiselle*," he replied, drawing himself up, "before Coutras, when I could have offered you"—with a bow—"a more fitting hospitality. Time was when the house of Villeneuve, which has entertained four kings, could offer a more fitting reception to—hem—to beauty in distress. But that was before Coutras! Since Coutras, destined to be the grave of the nobility of France, I—what is it?"

"I think she is faint, sir," Bonne murmured timidly. With a woman's eye, she saw that the countess was swaying, and she sprang forward to support her. "She is ill, sir," she continued hurriedly and more boldly. "Permit me, I beg you, sir, to take her to my room. She will be better there—until we can arrange a chamber."

Already the child, half fainting, was clinging to Bonne, and but for her must have fallen. The *vicomte*, taken aback by his daughter's presumption, could only stare.

"If that be so," he said grudgingly, "certainly. But I don't understand. How comes all this about? Eh? How"—he found that the girls did not heed him and turned and addressed the attendant—"how, I say, you, sir, comes your mistress here? And in this plight?"

But the dark man, as deaf to the question as his mistress, had turned to follow her, seeming to have no more notion of being parted from her than a dog that finds itself alone with its master among strangers. Bonne, at the door, discovered his presence at her elbow; and she paused in some embarrassment. The *vicomte* saw the pause, and, glad to do something—he had just ordered off the women with fleas in their ears—he called loudly to the man to stand back.

"Stand back, fellow!" he repeated. "The countess will be well tended. Let two of the woman be sent to her to do what is needful."

But the countess, faint as she was, heard, and spoke.

"He is my foster-father," she murmured, without turning her head. "If he may lie at my door, he will heed no one."

Bonne, whose arm was around her, nodded a cheerful assent, and, followed

by two of the women, the three disappeared in the direction of the girl's chamber. The *vicomte*, left to digest the matter, sniffed once or twice with a face of amazement, and finally awoke to the fact that Roger and Des Vœux were still absent. Fortunately, before he had done more than give vent to peevish complaints, they entered.

He waited, with his eyes on the door; to his surprise no one followed them—no steward, no attendant.

"Well," he cried, withering them with his glance, "what does this mean? Where are the others? Is there no one in the countess' train of a condition to be presented to me? Or how comes it that you have not brought him, booby"—this to Roger—"to give me some account of these strange proceedings? Am I the last to be told who come into my house? But God knows, since Coutras—"

"There is no one, *monsieur le vicomte*," the lieutenant answered.

The *vicomte* glared at him. "How? No one?" he retorted pompously. "Impossible! Do you suppose that the Countess of Rochecouart travels with no larger attendance than a poor gentleman of Brittany? You mean, sir, I take it, that there is no one of condition; though that is so contrary to rule that I can hardly believe it. A Countess of Rochecouart, and no gentlemen in her train! She should travel with four at the least."

"I only know that there is no one, *monsieur le vicomte*."

"I do not understand!"

"Neither do we," the lieutenant of Périgord returned, somewhat out of patience. "The matter is as dark to us as it is to you, *monsieur le vicomte*. It is plain that the countess has experienced a serious adventure; but beyond that we know nothing, since neither she nor her attendant has spoken. He seems beside himself with joy, and she with sheer fatigue."

"But the spears?" his host retorted sharply. "The men on horse and foot who alarmed the porter?"

"They vanished as soon as we opened. One I did delay a moment, and learned—though he was in haste to be gone—that they fell in with the lady a half mile from here. She was then in the plight in which you have seen her, and it was at the prayer of her attendant, who informed them of her quality, that they escorted her to this house. They learned no more from him than that the lady's

train had been attacked in the woods between this and Vlaze, and that the man got his mistress away, hid with her, and was making for this house when the horsemen met them."

"Incredible!" the *vicomte* exclaimed, stalking across the hearth and returning in excitement. "Since Coutras I have heard no such thing! A Countess of Rochecouart attacked on the road, and put to it like a common herd-girl! It must be the work of those cursed—peasants! It must be so! But then, the men who brought her to the door and vanished again, who are they? Travelers are not so common in these parts. You might journey three days before you fell in with a body of men-at-arms to protect you on your way."

"True," Des Vœux answered. "But I learned no more from them."

"And you, Master Booby?" the *vicomte* said, addressing Roger with his usual sarcasm. "You asked nothing, I suppose?"

"I was busied about the countess," the lad muttered. "It was dark, and I heard no more than their voices."

"Then only you saw them?" the *vicomte* exclaimed, turning again to Des Vœux. "Did you not notice what manner of men they were, sir, how many, and of what class? Strange that they should leave a warm house-door at this hour. Did you form no opinion of them? Were they"—he brought out the word with an effort—"Crocans, think you?"

The lieutenant replied quietly that he took them for the armed attendants of a gentleman passing that way; and the *vicomte*, though ill-content with the answer, was obliged to put up with it.

"Yet it seems passing strange to me," he retorted, "that you did not think their drawing off a little beside the ordinary. Who travels at this hour of the night, I would like to know?"

The lieutenant made no answer, and the *vicomte* too fell silent. From time to time, serving-women had passed through the room—after the awkward fashion of those days, the passage to the inner apartments was through the dining hall—some with lights, and some with fire in pans. The draft from the closing doors had more than once threatened to extinguish the flickering candles. These flittings produced an air of bustle and a hum of preparation long unknown in that house, and certainly more to the taste of the menials than the master. At each interruption the *vicomte* pished and

psbawed, glaring as if he would slay the offender. But the women, emboldened by the event and the presence of strangers, did not heed him; and after some minutes of silent sufferance his patience came to an end.

"Go you," he cried to Roger, "and bid the girl come to me."

"The countess, sir?" the lad exclaimed in astonishment.

The *vicomte* swore.

"No, fool!" he replied. "Your sister! Is she master of the house, or am I? Bid her descend this instant, and tell me what is forward and what she has learned."

Roger obeyed, and his father, sorely fretting, awaited his return. Two minutes elapsed, and three; and the *vicomte*, who, in spite of all his talk about Coutras, had an overweening sense of his importance, was about to break out in fury when Bonne, followed by Roger, entered.

It was clear at a glance that the girl was frightened; less clear that mixed with her fear was another emotion.

"Well," the *vicomte* cried, throwing himself back in his great chair and fixing her with his angry eyes, "what is it? Am I to know nothing—in my own house?"

Bonne controlled herself by an effort.

"On the contrary, sir, there is that which I think you should know," she murmured. "The countess has told me the story. She was attacked on the road; some of her people, she thinks, were killed, and all were scattered. She herself escaped barely with her life."

The *vicomte* stared.

"Where?" he said.

"An hour from here, sir."

"Toward Vlaze?"

"Yes, sir."

"And she barely escaped?"

"You saw her, sir."

"And who—who does she say dared to commit this outrage?"

Bonne, her small, brown hands clenched, did not answer. Her eyes sought her brother's and sank again. She trembled. The *vicomte*, though not the keenest of observers, detected her embarrassment. He fancied that he knew its origin, and the cause of her hesitation.

"Aye, who?" he repeated in a voice of triumph. "You don't want to say. But I can tell you. I read it in your face. I can tell you, disobedient wench, who alone would be guilty of such an outrage. Those gutter-sweepings"—his

face swelled with rage—"made up of broken lackeys and plowboys, whom they call Crocans! Eh, girl, is it not so?" he continued savagely. "Am I not right?"

"No, sir," she murmured, without daring to look up.

His face fell.

"No?" he repeated. "No? I don't believe you. Who, then? Don't lie to me! Who, then?"

"M. de Vlaye," she whispered.

The *vicomte* sank back in his chair.

"Impossible!" he cried. Then, in a much lower tone, he repeated: "Impossible! You dream, girl. M. de Vlaye has done some things not quite—not regular, but—but in cases entirely different. To people of—of no consequence! This cannot be!"

"I fear it is, sir," she whispered, without raising her eyes. "Nor is that—the worst."

The *vicomte* clenched his fingers about the arms of his chair and nodded the question he could not frame.

"It was with the abbess, sir—with my sister," Bonne continued in a low tone, "that the countess was to stay to-night. I fear that it was from her that he learned where and how to beset her."

The *vicomte* looked as if he was about to have a fit.

"What?" he cried. "Do you dare, unnatural girl, to assert that your sister was privy to this outrage?"

"Heaven forbid, sir!" Bonne answered fervently. "She knew naught of it. But——"

"Then why——"

"But it was from her, I fear, that he learned where the child—she is little more, sir—could be surprised."

The *vicomte* glared at her without speaking. The lieutenant, who had listened, not without admiration of the girl's sense and clearness, seized the opening to intervene.

"Were it not well, sir," he said, his matter-of-fact tone calming the *vicomte's* temper, "if *mademoiselle* told us as nearly as possible what she has heard? And, as she has been somewhat shaken, perhaps you would permit her, *monsieur le vicomte*, to sit down. She would then, I think, be able to tell us more quickly what we want."

The *vicomte* gave a surly assent, and the lieutenant himself placed a stool for the girl where she could lean upon the table. Her father opened his eyes at the attention; but something in the younger man's face silenced the sneer on his lips, and he waited until Bonne began.

"The countess lay at Pons last night, sir," she said in a low but audible tone. "There the lady who was formerly her *gouvernante*, and who still rules her household, fell ill. The plague is in western Poitou, and though the countess would have stayed, her physician insisted that she should proceed. Accordingly, she left the invalid in his charge and that of her esquire; two women who had had the disease remained, and three or four men-servants for their protection; while the countess pursued her way through Jonsac and Barbezieux with a train of no more than fourteen persons, of whom eight were well-armed."

"This is what comes of traveling in such a fashion," the *vicomte* said contemptuously. "I remember when I never passed the gates without—but that was before Coutras!"

"She now thinks that the *gouvernante's* food was tampered with, and that the whole was arranged. Be that as it may, her company passed our ford about four hours after noon, and an hour later reached the ascent which passes out of the valley a league this side of Vlaye. They were midway on the ascent when half a dozen shots were fired. Several of their horses were struck, and the rest seized by a number of men who sprang out of the undergrowth. In the panic those who were at the rear attempted to escape by the way they had come, but found themselves cut off by a second party. The countess alone, who rode in the middle with her steward, escaped through the devotion of a brave servant who thrust his horse across the leader of the bandits and brought him down—at the cost of his own life, she believes. Fulbert, her steward, saw the opportunity, seized her rein, and, plunging into the undergrowth, by good luck reached the bottom of the hill, where, hidden by the wood, he gained a start of a mile. He knew, however, that her strength would not hold out, and at the first sound of pursuit he alighted in a thick coppice, drove on the horses, and crept with her through the underwood. He had remarked the entrance to the château, and hoped to take shelter here, but passed in the darkness, and walked into the midst of a party of men encamped at the ford. For a moment he thought all lost, deeming them the band that had waylaid the countess——"

"And who were they?" the *vicomte* asked, unable to restrain his curiosity. "Eh? They were camping at the ford?"

"Some riders belonging to the house-

hold of the Lieutenant of Périgord, sir, on their way to join him in his government. They were so honest as to guard the countess hither——"

"And go again? The good Lord!" the *vicomte* cried irritably. "Why?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Go on, then. Why do you break off? But enough!" The *vicomte* looked at the other listeners with an air of triumph. "Where is Vlaye in this? Because it was within a league or so of his castle, you put it on him, you baggage?"

"No, sir, indeed!" Bonne cried anxiously. "But Fulbert, the steward, knows M. de Vlaye well, and recognized him. He wore a mask, it seems, but when his horse fell the mask slipped, and Fulbert saw his face and knew him. More——"

"Well?"

"One of the band rode a bald-faced black horse, which the steward saw in M. de Vlaye's troop at Angoulême two months back, and to which he says he could swear among ten thousand."

The *vicomte* swore as one among a still larger number.

"And what is this to do with me?" he fumed. "What is this to me? Time was, before Coutras, when I might have been expected to keep the roads, and stay such things! But now, body of Satan, what is it to me?" No one spoke, and he looked about him angrily, resenting their silence. "What is it?" he snarled. "What are you keeping back?"

"Nothing, sir," Bonne answered.

"Then what would you?"

"If," Bonne ventured desperately, "M. de Vlaye should come to-morrow with my sister—with the abbess, sir, as is his custom—and find the countess here, will she be safe?"

The *vicomte's* mouth opened; and slowly consternation settled down upon his features.

"*Mon dieu!*" he muttered, "I had not thought of that. But here—no, he would not dare! He would not dare!"

"He went very far to-day, sir," Bonne objected, gaining courage from his face. "So far that he must go farther to insure himself from the consequences."

The lieutenant coughed.

"If his object," he said, "be to force a marriage with the countess——"

The *vicomte* with an oath cut him short. "A marriage?" he said. "A marriage? When he and my daughter—but who said aught of the kind? Who said aught of a marriage?" The lieutenant did not answer, and the *vicomte*,

after growling in his beard, turned to him. "Why," he demanded in a tone which, though ungracious, was no longer violent, "why do you say that that was his object?"

"Because," the lieutenant answered, "I happen to have heard that M. de Longueville, who is her guardian, has his hands full at this moment. His wife and children are prisoners with the Spaniards, and he is moving heaven and earth and the court to procure their release. He has no thought to spare for the countess, his cousin; and were she once married, however violently, I doubt if he or any would venture to dispute her possessions with a Vlaye, whose resources they would treble. Such knights errant," he continued dryly, "are not very common, *monsieur le vicomte*. Set M. de Vlaye's strength at three hundred men-at-arms——"

"Four!" the *vicomte* let drop, despite himself.

"Then double the four—as such a marriage, however effected, would double them—and I doubt"—with a courteous bow—"if even a Villeneuve would find it easy to avenge a wrong!"

The *vicomte* fidgeted in his seat.

"You seem to know a vast deal about it, sir!" he said, with ill-feigned contempt.

"I should feel it an honor," the lieutenant answered politely, "to be permitted to join in the defense."

"Defense!" the *vicomte* exclaimed, staring at him in astonishment. "You go fast, sir! Defense? What do you mean?"

"If M. de Vlaye learn that the countess has taken refuge here, I fear it will come to that."

"Pooh! Impossible! Defense, indeed! What are you dreaming of?"

But the lieutenant continued to look grave, and the *vicomte*, after muttering incoherently awhile and drumming on the table with his fingers, condescended to ask with a sneer what he would do, in the circumstances.

"I should keep her presence from his knowledge," the lieutenant answered. "I have no right, I know," he continued in a more conciliatory tone, "to give counsel to one of your experience, *monsieur le vicomte*; but I see no choice save to do what I suggest, or to pull up the drawbridge."

The *vicomte* sat up straight. Pull up the drawbridge? Was he dreaming, he who had sat down to sup without a thought of misfortune? He, with four

hundred yards of wall to guard, and some seven pikes to hold it—to defy Vlaye and his four hundred ruffians? Body of Satan, he was not mad! Defy Vlaye, whom he feared, even while he sneered at him as an adventurer, and in whose star even while he sneered he believed—or would he have dreamed of allying to him his daughter? Pull up the drawbridge? Never!

"I am not mad," he said coldly; but his hands trembled.

"Then, *monsieur le vicomte*, it remains to keep it from him."

"How? You talk at random!" answered the exasperated man. "Can I close the mouth of every gossip in the house? Can I cut out every woman's tongue? How can I keep out his men, or stop their ears over the wine-pot?"

"Could you not admit him only?"

"And proclaim from the housetop," the *vicomte* retorted with contempt, "that I have something to hide?"

The lieutenant did not at once reply, and it was plain that he was puzzled by this view of the thing.

"Certainly that has to be borne in mind," he said.

"To be sure it has!" the *vicomte* answered brusquely, glad to have the opportunity of setting down this over-zealous adviser.

But the satisfaction of triumph faded quickly, leaving him face to face with the situation. He cursed Vlaye for placing him in the dilemma. He cursed the countess—why could she not have taken refuge elsewhere? Last of all he cursed his guest, who, after showing himself offensively able to teach him his duty, failed the moment it came to finding an expedient.

But a suggestion came from a quarter whence, at any rate by the *vicomte*, it was least expected.

"May I say something?" Roger ventured timidly.

His father glared at him.

"You?" he exclaimed. And then he growled ungraciously: "Say on!"

"We have cut half the grass in the long meadow," the lad answered. "And to-morrow we ought to be both cutting and making, while it is fine. Last year, as we were short-handed, the women helped. If you were to order all but Solomon to the field to-morrow—it is the farthest from here, beside the river—there would be no one to talk or tell, sir."

The lieutenant struck his leg in approbation.

"The lad has it!" he said. "With

your permission, *monsieur le vicomte*, what could be better?"

"Better?" the *vicomte* retorted, throwing himself back in his chair. "And open my own gate with my own hands?"

"Solomon would open. And he could be trusted."

"Receive my daughter without man or maid? Show myself to strangers without my people? Appear like one of the base-born, beggarly plowmen with mud in their veins, with whom you love to mix? What mean you, sirrah, by such a suggestion? Shame on you, unnatural fool!"

"But, *monsieur le vicomte*," the lieutenant remonstrated, "if you will not do that——"

"Never! Never!"

"Then"—more stiffly—"it remains only to pull up the drawbridge. For I presume," he continued, his tone taking insensibly a note of disdain, "you do not propose to give up the young lady, or to turn her from your door."

"Turn her from my door?"

"That being at once to help M. de Vlaye to this marriage, and to drag the name of Villeneuve in the mud! But"—breaking off with a bow—"I am sure that the honor of your family is safe in your hands, *monsieur le vicomte*."

"It is well you said that!" the *vicomte* cried, his face purple, his hands palsied with rage. "It is well you broke off, sir, or I would have proved to you that my honor is safe with me. Body of Satan, am I to be preached to by every—every brainless lad," he continued, prudently diverting his tirade to the head of the unlucky Roger, "who chooses to prate before his elders? *Mon dieu*, there was a time when children sat mute instead of preaching. But that was before Coutras"—bitterly—"when most things came to an end!"

This time Des Ageaux had the shrewdness to be silent; and he garnered the reward of his reticence. The *vicomte*, rant as wildly as he might, was no fool, though vanity was hourly putting foolish things into his mouth. He was not blind—had he not "since Coutras" always on his lips?—to the changes which time had wrought in the world; and he knew that face to face with his formidable neighbor, he was helpless.

Nor was he in the dark as to Vlaye's character. The adventurer had so far respected him; and in presence and at a distance had behaved with an observance and a regard that to the decayed gentleman were flattering. But the

vicomte had seen the fate of others who crossed the Captain of Vlaye. He knew how impotent the law had proved to save them; how slack their friends—in a word, how quickly the waters had rolled over them. And he was astute enough to see, with all his conceit, that as it had been with them, it might be with him, if he stood in M. de Vlaye's way.

On the other hand, had he been mean enough to deliver up the countess, he dared not. In the first place, to do so was hazardous; she had powerful friends, and whether she escaped or married her captor, she might not forgive him. In the second place, he did not lightly resign the plan, which he had conceived, of uniting his favorite daughter to the rising adventurer. True, M. de Vlaye's position was anomalous; but a day, a bribe, a turn of the cards, might legalize it, and place him high in court favor. And then—

But the *vicomte's* train of thought ran no farther in silence. With an oath and an ill grace, he bade them do as they would.

"Things," he cried, "are come to a pass, indeed, when guests——"

"A thousand pardons, *monsieur le vicomte!*"

"And children dictate what is to be done and what left undone!" He looked older as he spoke. "But since Coutras, the devil has all, I think!"

VI.

DANGER that by night sends forth a vanguard of fears, and quells the spirits before it delivers the attack, pursues a different course by day; seeking to surprise rather than to intimidate. Seldom had June sun shone on a fairer scene than that which the lifting of the river mists delivered to the eyes of the dwellers in the château on the following morning; or on one more fit to raise the despondent courage.

The tract of meadow land which, enclosed by the river, formed on the side, remote from the public way, the only cleared ground about the house, lay in breezy sunshine. Patches of shadow, flung on the sward by groups of the surrounding trees a little higher than the ordinary, did but heighten the effect. The woods which on every side enclosed this meadow land, here with a long, straight wall of oaks, there with broken clumps of trees, sparkled where the sun lighted their recesses, with unnumbered dew-drops, or with floating gossamers, har-

bingers of a fair day. The occasional caw of a rook flying fieldward over the open, or the low, steady coo of the pigeons in the great stone cote beside the gate, added the last touch of peace to a scene so innocent that it forbade the notion of danger. It was hard to believe that amid surroundings like these, and under this sky of blue, man's passions were, in parts not distant, turning an earthly heaven to a hell.

Access to these meadows was by a sled-road, which, starting from the great gate, wound round the wall of the courtyard, and then, turning its back on the house, passed by a small stone bridge over the cut which had once supplied the moat. From the bridge the track ran across the meadows to the abandoned farms, which stood half a mile from the château and on the river, at its inmost bend. The only building among these which retained a roof was a steep-roofed wooden barn still used to contain waste fodder and the like.

It was from this bridge, a narrow span of stone, that Bonne stood gazing on the scene, her hand raised to shade her eyes from the sun. The whole of the *vicomte's* household—with the exception of a deaf cook and of Solomon, who could be trusted—were gone, some with delight as welcoming any change, and some with whispers and surmises, to the hayfield, whence their shrill voices and laughter were borne by the light breeze to the girl's ears.

Nothing had been heard of the train of the Countess of Rochechouart, and how to conceal her during the hours of danger had sorely perplexed both the *vicomte* and his advisers. His pride would not permit him to inform her of the coming visit, or of the precautions which it rendered needful. Yet without admitting her to the secret of his inability to protect her, it was not easy to confine her to one room; since, with the elasticity of youth, she had risen little the worse for her adventures.

The council sat long, and in the end the better course seemed to be to invite her to the hayfield. As it fell out, a small matter gave to the proposal a natural turn. Her riding-dress—and more of her dress than that—was so stained and torn as to be unwearable. And Bonne could not help her, for the girl, though perfectly formed and of a soft prettiness, was cast in a smaller mold. Here, then, was a countess without so much as a stocking, had not Bonne thought of a little waiting-girl of about the same shape and size, whose holiday attire was

borrowed, and found to be a charming fit—at least, in the eyes of Roger, who, because the countess was shy and helpless, had become, after a sort, her protector.

On first descending in her borrowed attire, *mademoiselle*, whose timidity was at standing odds with her rank, had been on the point of tears; as infants cry when they think themselves the objects of ridicule. A very little and she had fled. But a moment later, whether she read something that was not ridicule in the lad's eyes, as she walked up and down the terrace, or youth stirred in her and raised a childish pleasure in the masquerade, she preened herself, blushing, and presently was showing herself off. So that at the first word she fell in with the notion of completing her make-believe by spending the day in the hay.

Fortunately Fulbert, the steward, who attended her steps like a dog, and like a dog glared suspicion on all who approached her, raised no objection; and about three hours before noon the move was made. Bonne had gone with *mademoiselle* as far as this bridge, where she now stood; and thence had sent her forward with Roger and Fulbert, on the plea that she must herself attend to household cares. Nevertheless, as the three receded in the sun's eye, she lingered awhile, looking thoughtfully after them.

The dainty creature, tripping in her queer travesty between her wild-looking foster-father and Roger's misshapen form, seemed like a fairy between two gnomes. Bonne watched and smiled; and presently the smile became a tear—for Roger's sake. She had other and more pressing cares, other and heavier burdens this morning; but her heart was warm for him. She had been mother as well as sister to him, and the reflection that his deformity—once she had heard a peasant call him "goblin"—would probably forever set him apart and deprive him of the joys of manhood, touched her with sudden grief—even as she stood.

The tear was still on her lid when she heard a step behind her, turned and saw Des Ageaux—to her Des Vœux. He read trouble in her clear, youthful face, fancied she was in fear, and paused to reassure her.

"Why so sad, *mademoiselle*," he asked, "when she"—with a good-humored nod in the direction of the countess—"who has so much more to fear, trips along gaily? She is another being to-day."

"I have others to fear for," Bonne replied quietly.

"Your brother?"

She fancied that he was about to press her to bring him to Charles; and to change the subject she avowed her trouble. Why, heaven knows; for though her quiet presence of mind the previous evening had won a meed of admiration from him, he had made no sign.

"I was not thinking of him," she confessed. "I was thinking of Roger. I was thinking how sad it is—for him."

He understood her.

"You make too much of it," he said lightly. "He has health and strength, and a good spirit when your father is not present. His arm is long and will always keep his head. Have you never heard what M. de Gourdon, governor of the March, who is—who is like your brother, you know—once said of himself? 'My back?' quoth he to one who mentioned it. 'My friends mind it not, and my enemies have never seen it!'"

She flushed, and a soft light came into her eyes. "Oh, brave!" she cried. "Brave! And you think that Roger—"

"I think that Roger may some day make himself feared. And he who is feared," the lieutenant continued, with a half cynical, half whimsical smile, "has ever love on his other hand—as surely as dog follows the hand that feeds him."

The words had barely left his lips when, by an odd coincidence, a wolf-hound, whose approach they had not noticed, darted upon them, and, leaping up at the lieutenant's face, nearly overthrew him. Bonne recoiled, and with a cry looked round for help. The next instant she perceived that it was with joy, not with rage, that the dog was beside himself; for again and again, with sharp, shrill cries of pleasure, it leaped on the lieutenant, striving to lick his hands, his face, his hair.

In vain he bade it "Down, down, dog!" In vain he struck at it. It set its paws against his breast, and, though often repulsed, as often with slobbering mouth and hanging tongue sought his face.

When he had a little calmed its transports, and got it to heel—though still it quivered with joy—he turned to her, and for once showed an embarrassed countenance.

"It is a dog," he said, "a dog of mine that has followed me."

"I see that," she replied, smiling with something of mischief in her looks.

"It must have followed me—"

"A full mile this morning," she said, stooping and patting the hound; which

with a dubious condescension permitted the greeting. "It is both fed and dry. And its name is——"

He looked at her, but did not answer.

"Does this often happen to you?" she continued, feeling on a sudden a strange freedom with him. "To talk of dogs and they appear? Have you the habit, when your horse falls lame, of tying your dog to a tree and placing a sufficiency of food and water by it? To last it two days?" And then, when he did not answer her: "Who are you, M. des Vœux?" she said in a different tone. "Whence do you come, and what is your business?"

"Have I not told you," he answered, "that I wish to communicate through your brother with the Crocans? That is my business."

"But you did not know when you came to us that I had a brother," she replied sharply; "or that he had joined the Crocans, or that we were like to be in these straits! So you did not come for that. Why did you come?" She confronted him with clear eyes. "Are we to count you friend or enemy? Be frank with me, and I will be frank with you."

He looked at her with the first gleam of real admiration in his eyes; but he hesitated. In the candor of a young girl who, laying aside coquetry and feminine advantage, speaks to a man honestly as to a comrade, there lies a charm new to him who has not known a sister. It is still more new and surprising to him whose wont has lain among the women of a court—women whose light lives and fickle ambitions mark them of those who are but just freed from the seraglio.

He smiled at her, openly acknowledging, by his silence and his air, that he had a secret; acknowledging, also, and in the same way, that he held her equal. But he shook his head, still smiling.

"In a little time I will be frank with you, *mademoiselle*," he said. "It is true I have a secret, and at this moment I cannot tell it safely."

"You do not trust me?"

"I trust no one at this moment," he answered steadily.

It was not the answer she expected. She had thought he would quibble. She was impressed by his firmness. But she did not betray her feeling.

"Good," she said, with the least possible lifting of her head. "Then you must not expect to be trusted, or that I shall bring you to my brother!"

"But you promised, *mademoiselle*."

"That I would do so when I could do

so—safely," she retorted, with mischievous emphasis. "It is your own word, sir; and I shall not feel that I can do so safely until I learn who you are. I suppose, if my brother were here, you would tell him?"

"Possibly."

Her color rose.

"You would tell him! And you will not tell me!" she cried indignantly.

"Now you are angry," he replied, smiling. "How can I appease you?"

She was not really angry; but she turned on her heel, willing to let him think it.

"By hiding yourself until this is over," she answered.

And leaving him standing on the bridge, where he had found her, she made her way back to the house, where the only man left on guard was Solomon in his hatch beside the gate. He was an old servant, a garrulous old soldier with a high, shrill voice, and of great renown for the enormous fables he had ever on his lips—particularly when the *vicomte* reverted to the greatness of the house before Coutras. As she entered, Bonne paused to speak to him.

"Have you seen a strange dog, Solomon?" she asked.

"This morning, my lady?" he exclaimed in his shrill voice. "Strange dog? No, not I! Has one frightened you? Dog! Few dogs I see these sad days," he continued glibly, with a gesture scornful of the present. "Dogs, indeed! Times were when we had packs for everything, for bears and wolves and deer and hares and vermin and"—pausing in sheer inability to think of any other possible pack—"aye, each a pack, and more to them than I could ever count, or the huntsman either!"

"Yes, I know, Solomon. I have heard you say so, at least. But you have not seen a strange dog this morning?"

"The morn! No, no! But last night I mind one—was't a deer-hound?"

"Yes, a deer-hound."

"Well, then I can tell you," he said with a mysterious nod. "And no one else can. It was with the riders who brought the young lady. But I'm mum!" He winked. "Not a word will they get out of me. Secrets? Aye, I'm the man can keep a secret. Why, I remember, talking of secrets and lives—and often they are all one——"

"But what became of the deer-hound?" she asked, ruthlessly cutting him short. She knew him.

(To be continued.)



THE PENITENCE OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Company after the painting by Nattier.

STORIES OF THE SAINTS.

BY JAMES LAWRENCE SMITH.

RECORDS AND TRADITIONS, HISTORICAL OR LEGENDARY, FROM WHICH CHRISTIAN LITERATURE AND ART HAVE DRAWN THE INSPIRATION FOR SOME OF THEIR MASTER WORKS.

IN the good old time, if one may believe its chroniclers, it was irreligion that required excuse. Nowadays it is piety that assumes a half apologetic air to the world. Yet even a merely esthetic standard ought to reverse these attitudes. For in works of art and in graceful customs alone, to say nothing of things more solemn, the religious ages and the religious countries so far surpass the irreligious as to make comparison ridiculous.

In the countries not professedly religious, for instance, the Easter morning salutation concerns a hat or a frock—or perhaps the price of eggs. It is where the old beliefs still live that the

people solemnly and joyously tell one another that “Christ is risen,” and answer “He is risen indeed!” And between the inspiration and the charm of the latter greeting and the former, there is no greater gulf fixed than between the work of those artists whose genius was stimulated by religious thought and that of those who are forced to depend on less exalted spurs to their imagination.

When Puritanism exorcised the angels along with the devils, and bade the Roman Catholic saints follow the pagan gods and goddesses into outer darkness, it struck a blow at art in its zeal for unmixed religion. It took



ST. GABRIEL THE ARCHANGEL, WITH THE LILIES OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

From the painting by Carlo Dolce.

from the artist the subjects which required the highest exercise of his imagination as well as of his skill, and left him those which compare about as favorably with the banished saints as the Easter "Hallo, how are you this morning?" of the average household compares with the "Christ is risen" of the Italian peasants.

About the saints there were legends to inspire painters, just as there was inspiration for the Greek sculptors in the divinities of the old religion which

Christianity superseded. St. Michael is not a less gloriously picturesque figure than Apollo. St. Gabriel, the archangel from heaven, is a more solemnly beautiful one than Mercury, the messenger from Olympus. St. Agnes with her lamb is more appealing even than that daughter of the gods who, gathering daffodils, was snatched to a dark magnificence—Proserpina, child of Ceres.

Indeed, there are "higher critics" who will tell you that the saints of the early church are but the gods or demi-

gods of the pagans transposed—that St. George, his foot upon the dragon, his lance uplifted, is but the Roman Catholic version of Apollo overcoming the dragon, of Perseus rescuing Andromeda from the sea-monster, of Bellerophon combating the Chimera. To them—the higher critics, the students of mythology, the annotators of resemblances—St. Cecilia is one of the nine muses, to

whose prestige as a patron of art has been added also the glorious gift of martyrdom. To them St. Catherine of Alexandria is Minerva softened, dignified, purified.

THE ARCHANGELS GABRIEL AND MICHAEL.

In the purely Christian aspect of the subject, St. Michael and St. Gabriel are of almost equal importance. St. Ga-



ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL TRIUMPHANT OVER THE POWERS OF DARKNESS.

From the painting by Guido Reni.

briel's great mission was the announcement to the Virgin Mary that she was to become the mother of Jesus. He is



ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by F. Ittenbach.

the great herald of Heaven, and this was the sublimest of his messages:

"Hail, thou that art highly favored!
Blessed art thou among women!"

It was a favorite theme among the

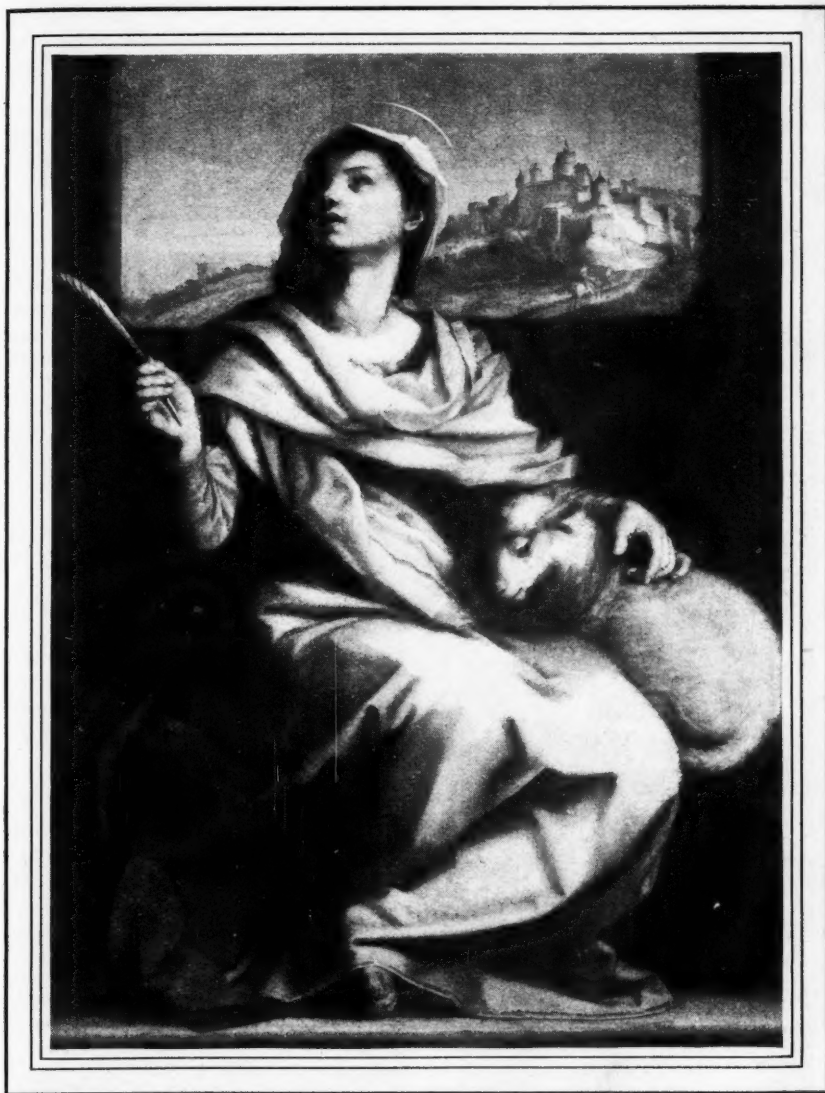
great painters, the portrayal of the moment when the angelic visitor announces to the pure maiden her wondrous future. In the earlier pictures he is represented as a majestic creature, bearing a scepter in his left hand while the right is extended in benediction toward the drooping, submissive figure of the Virgin. As the dignity of Mary became magnified in the church, however, a change gradually crept upon the spirit of the picture. Instead of being the divine ambassador to a humble soul, Gabriel becomes rather the devotee of the Queen of Heaven, and Mary, from the shrinking, half tremulous listener, becomes more the sovereign lady accepting homage. In these latter pictures, instead of carrying the scepter, Gabriel bears a lily, the symbol of the Virgin to whom he speaks.

If Gabriel, the archangel to whom was given the great glory of foretelling the birth of the Saviour of mankind, is in a sense the patron saint of Christendom, St. Michael is the patron of the whole race. He is the conqueror of man's arch-enemy. His was the task of casting from heaven the rebellious Lucifer. He is the leader of the victorious armies of God.

In the pictures of St. Michael, the dragon over whom he triumphs is not the plain and simple beast of St. George or of Siegfried. It is designed to represent Sin rather than either Lucifer, the bright fallen one, or any chimerical terror. Consequently the head is generally not a dragon's, but a fiend's, with bestially human features.

THE PATRON SAINT OF ENGLAND.

St. George's dragon was another sort of monster. It was more closely allied to the dragon of classic mythology—a cave-inhabiting, virgin-devouring beast. St. George, by the way, for all his adoption as the patron saint of England, and for all his frequency upon the old inn-signs of that country, was an eastern saint. He was born in Cappadocia, in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, who had a particular dislike for Christians. George was the son of Christian parents, however. He was also a tribune. Journeying one time to join his legion—surely he must be par-



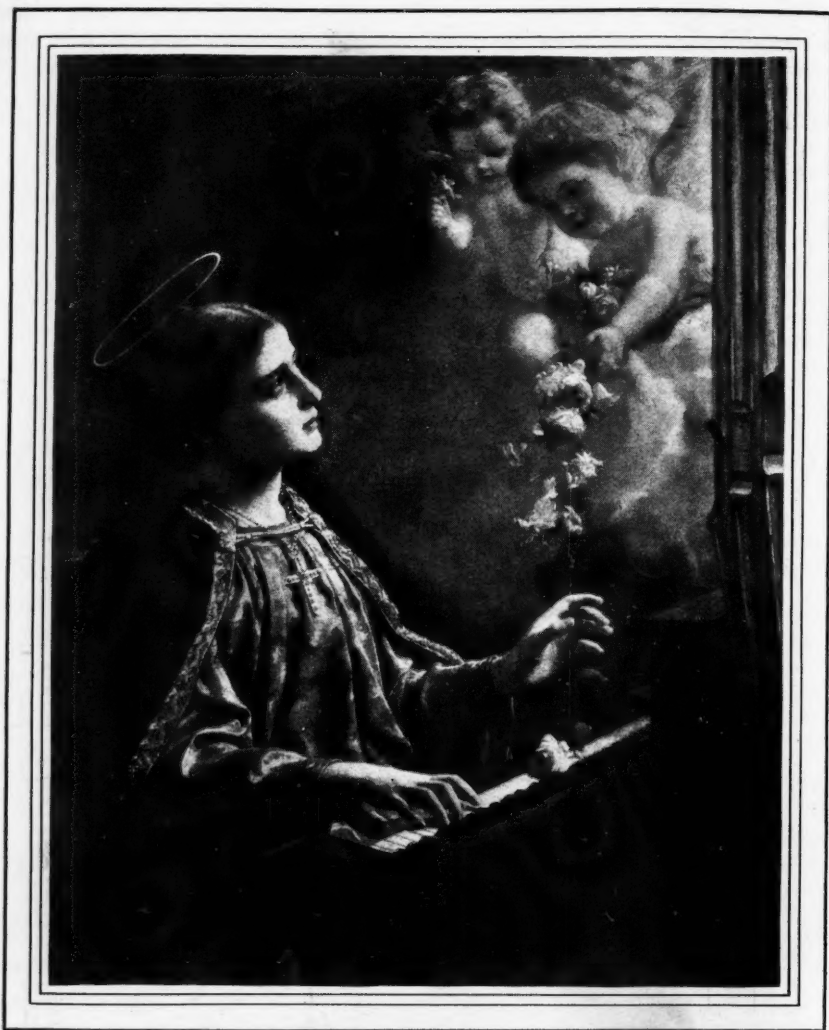
ST. AGNES, THE MAIDEN MARTYR OF ROME.

From the painting by Andrea del Sarto.

Especially dear to the British guardsmen—he passed through a city of Libya called Selene.

At this time a dragon was working havoc in Selene. Coming out from a neighboring marsh, it was his evening habit to devour flocks and herds, and to spread pestilence as he breathed. Doubtless the very modern will discover some connection with malaria here, and

may find in St. George the patron saint of bacteriologists. The inhabitants of the city, to keep the beast from approaching too poisonously near their walls, sacrificed to him each day two sheep. All their sheep being gone, a tender child was the diurnal offering, until at last the lots declared that Cleodolinda, daughter of the king himself, should perish.



ST. CECILIA, THE PATRON SAINT OF MUSIC.

From a gravure by the Taber-Prang Company after the painting by Naujok.

The maid Cleodolinda was approaching the dragon's lair when St. George rode by. He learned the cause of her tears, withstood her entreaties that he should not imperil himself, and dashed forward to meet the monster. Having subdued him, he chained him with Cleodolinda's girdle and dragged him to the city, the awed beast crawling quietly behind the warrior's horse. St. George, having destroyed the dragon before the eyes of the wondering Sele- nians, gave the glory of his victory to

God and the true religion. And the king and all the citizens were converted and baptized. Then the saint, giving to the poor all the riches wherewith the monarch rewarded him, went on to Palestine, where the Emperor Diocletian had proclaimed death to all Christians. And having endured tortures in a way which converted his very torturers, he was finally beheaded by the order of the proconsul Dacian.

St. George, defender of women, champion of the faith, supplanted Ed-

ward the Confessor as patron saint of England in the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted. That monarch, in his crusading days, placed himself under the care of the oriental saint, whose feast day—the 23d of April—was proclaimed as a holiday throughout England in 1222.

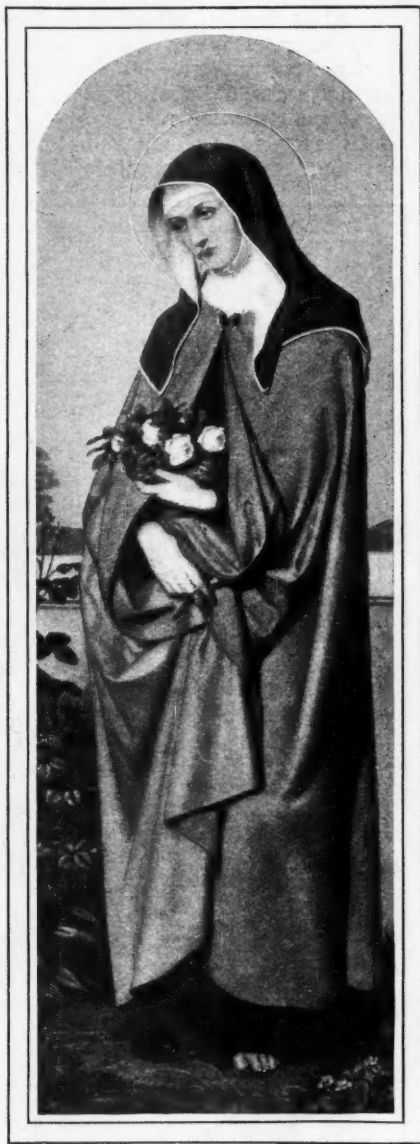
ST. AGNES AND ST. CECILIA.

The legend of St. Agnes is one of the loveliest of all the stories of the saints. She was a Roman maiden, a Christian from her childhood. The son of the prefect of Rome, seeing her, became enamored of her beauty, and sought to woo her with gifts. She declined him, saying that she was already betrothed to one greater and fairer than any earthly lover. When the son of the prefect learned this, he became ill of jealousy and rage. The magistrate himself, learning that her words denoted her Christianity, sought to break her resolution by enforcing the edicts then in force against the new religion. So she was given over to dishonor and torture. But when she was dragged to places of infamy, her nakedness was covered miraculously with celestial garments, so that her torturers were awed and dared not touch her.

When the son of the prefect thought that she was subdued to his desires, he entered the torture-room, but fell down blind; and only the prayers of Agnes restored him. Then the prefect would have saved her, but by this time the people knew her for a sorceress as well as a Christian, and demanded that she be burned at the stake. Heaven intervening in her behalf against the flames, she was beheaded. After her death she reappeared to her parents and friends, radiant and whole, a white lamb by her side.

St. Cecilia is the Christian muse of music. She too was a virgin martyr, though she had gone through the form of marriage with Valerian, a noble young Roman. He was converted to her faith—for she was secretly a Christian. Skilled in music, she devoted her gift to praising the true God. While she sat before the organ—which she is credited with having invented—to signify the pleasure of Heaven in her

faith and her husband's conversion, an angel descended and encircled their brows with roses. Tiburtius, the



ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

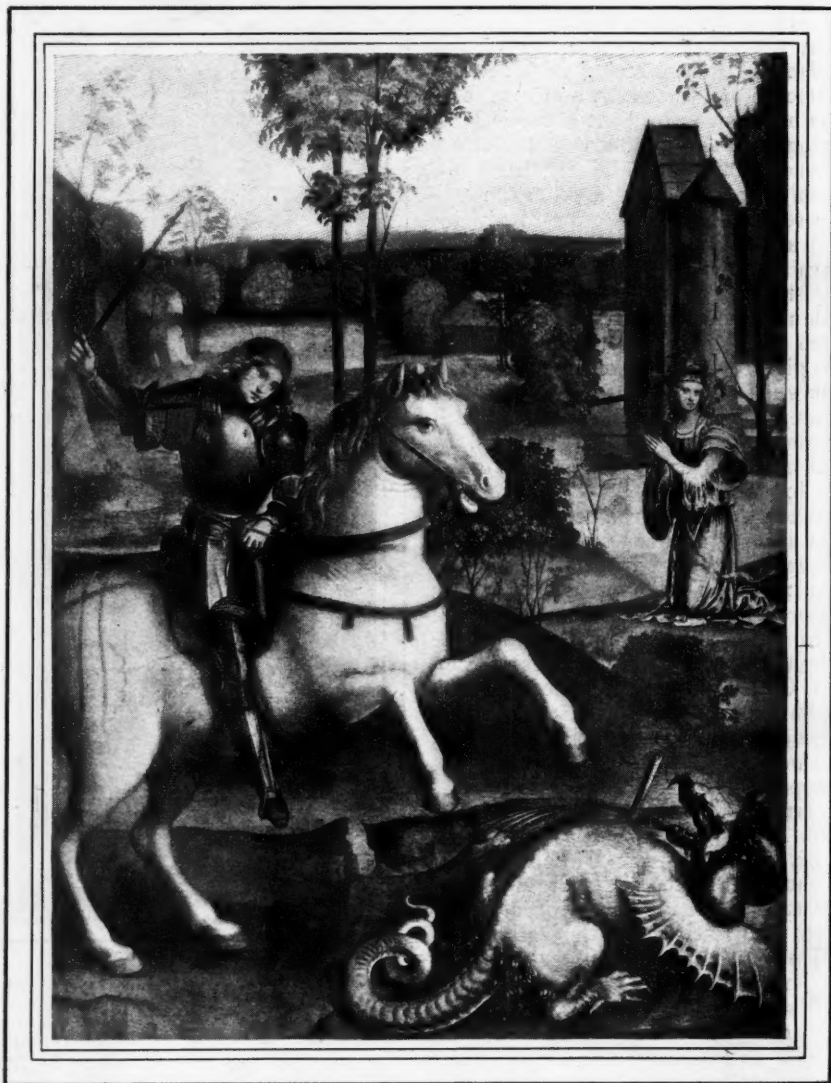
From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by F. Ittenbach.

brother of Valerian, becoming aware of the miracle, was also won to the true faith. But the prefect then governing Rome, Almachius, heard of their for-

hidden worship and ordered them to desist. Valerian and Tiburtius, refusing, were cast into prison, and, having converted their jailer, were put to death, while Cecilia, subjected to torture by being cast into a bath of boiling water, escaped unharmed, only to die lingeringly of sword wounds from the hand of the executioner.

But the legends are endless, not only about the great militant saints of the

early church, the martyrs and the virgins, but about the gentle, loving, self-abnegating souls of other times. There was St. Elizabeth of Hungary, renowned for the sanctity of her life and the boundlessness of her charities—the woman for whom even Heaven turned deceiver, transforming the bread she was about to give her poor into roses, that she might escape the wrath of her unworthy husband.



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

From a photograph by Alinari after the painting by Ercole Grandi.



ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Murillo.

There was St. Francis of Assisi, brother to the birds and beasts, the man of gentle life, the founder of the mendicant order of friars. He was a missionary, and his order, named after him, has been given to missionary work ever since his day—the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century. Ippenbach, a modern German artist, has shown him, the crucifix in his left hand, and beneath his feet the wealth that he put away.

Not only did they live hard lives and die cruel deaths to attain their sainthood, these virgins and martyrs and hermits and early fathers, who have inspired so much that is most beautiful in art, but their canonization has not always been easy. Consistories, secret and public, must be held, and all sorts of arguments for and against the candidate must be heard, before he can join the ranks of the glorified and triumphant upholders of the faith.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT CALCUTTA, THE RESIDENCE OF THE VICEROY, AND THE OFFICIAL CENTER OF BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

The Trusts That Made an Empire.

BY HARTLEY DAVIS.

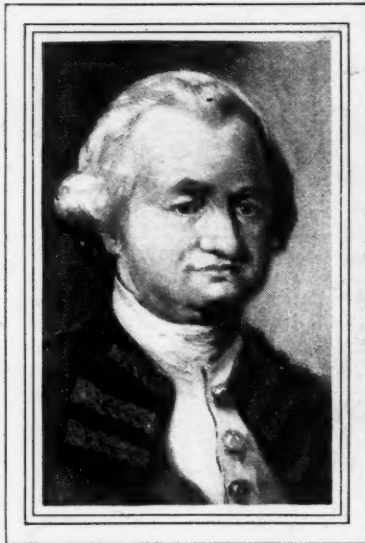
THE THREE GREAT CHARTERED COMPANIES THAT CREATED THE BRITISH EMPIRE, GAINING FOR IT PRACTICALLY ALL ITS IMPORTANT COLONIAL POSSESSIONS EXCEPT AUSTRALIA.

IN these days, when the so-called trusts loom large in the public mind as an economic and political problem of the day, it is the fashion to consider them as strictly a modern development—as if a combination of imagination, brains, capital, and influence were a new thing. The truth is that the only new thing about the modern trust are the name and a few details.

The trust idea, developed in three great chartered companies, made Great Britain a world state. These three trusts gave the British Empire three-fourths of its total territory and nine-tenths of its population—and this in opposition to the wishes and convictions of a

vast majority of the people of the United Kingdom. The corporations had more to do with the coloring of the map of the world than any other agency.

Speaking broadly, two of them made Great Britain the foremost naval and financial power of the globe. They were largely responsible for the desperate wars that devastated Europe during the eighteenth century, and for the great Napoleonic struggle which extended into the nineteenth. Although the real issue was frequently obscured, Britain's long combat was really for the lands over seas, first with Spain and afterwards with France. Coming into the field later than



ROBERT, LORD CLIVE (1725-1774), THE GREAT FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH POWER IN INDIA.

her rivals, she finally outstripped them in the race for empire.*

The third of this trinity of trusts was responsible for the war which marked the close of the nineteenth century, the conflict in which Great Britain fought for, and won, the control of South Africa. In one respect the British South Africa Company is the most remarkable of the three. It is unique

The founders of the original trusts had the same motives as the organizers of the modern ones—the making of more money; but they wanted the money for itself rather than for the power it gives. Merchants of London, cunning their account books in dim and musty offices, grew lean with discontent over the safe and moderate returns of an ordinary, conservative business. Their imagina-



EAST INDIA HOUSE (NOW DEMOLISHED),
LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, THE
OLD HEADQUARTERS OF THE
EAST INDIA COMPANY.

among the corporations of the world in that its primary purpose was not to increase the private wealth of its stockholders, but to found an empire. It may be said to have succeeded, though at tremendous cost.

The South Africa Company was modeled after the East India Company, the most powerful corporation the world has known; and yet empire-building was not in the minds of the directors of the first great trust. Indeed, they resisted its manifest destiny. Men in their employ, mighty men with splendid imaginations coupled with great energy and daring, won India for the company and for England in the face of bitter opposition.

*"I say that the expansion of England in the New World and in Asia is the formula which sums up for England the history of the eighteenth century. I point out that the great triple war of the middle of that century is neither more nor less than the decisive duel between England and France for the possession of the New World."—"The Expansion of England," by the late Sir John Seeley, professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge.

tions were inflamed by tales of treasure to be won in strange and mysterious lands beyond the oceans, and their covetousness made them take gamblers' chances in the boiling jungles of the tropics, amid the eternal ice of the arctic seas. These tradesmen, seeking only to fill their strong boxes with gold, became the sovereign rulers of three hundred million people and of six million square miles of territory. The area of the whole continent of North America is but little more than six million square miles, and its population is less than one hundred million souls. The three great chartered companies gained for England practically all her important colonial possessions save Australia.

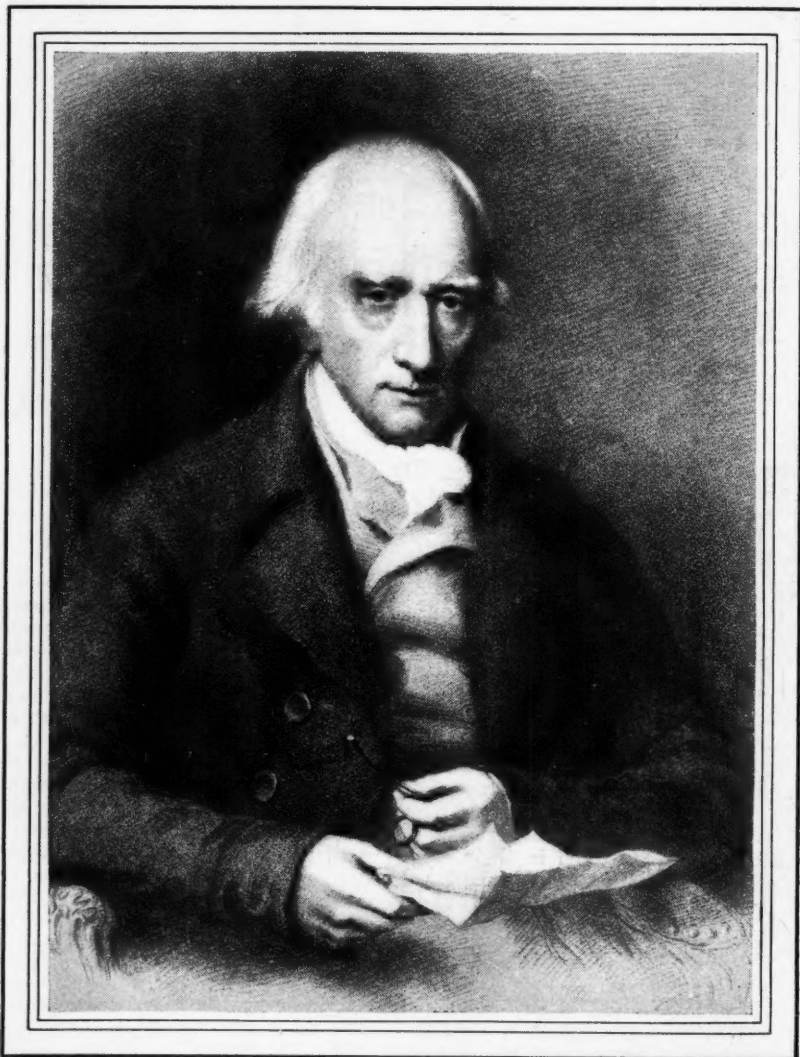
THE STORY OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

The East India Company, incomparably the greatest of the trinity, came into existence because the Dutch raised

the price of pepper from seventy-five cents to one dollar and forty cents a pound. It was this petty commercial incident which crystallized into action English envy of the efforts of the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French to secure the trade of the Far East, after Vasco da Gama had discovered the passage around the Cape of Good Hope. The founders' meeting was held in London, September 23, 1599, and the following year Queen Elizabeth granted the charter. This was just twelve years after the

Spanish Armada, which, it is well to remember, was destroyed by ships belonging to individuals, for England then had no navy.

The first governor of the East India Company was George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, an ancient buccaneer, whose portrait, hairy and hatted, is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Its first factory in India was at Surat; but between 1645 and 1675 it established its main depots at Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta, thereby founding the three



WARREN HASTINGS (1732-1818), THE FIRST BRITISH GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA, AND ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SERVANTS.

chief cities of modern India. It was continually driven forward by its own success. But its prosperity brought forth dangerous rivals at home, besides intensifying its rivalry with the trading companies of other nations.

To preserve its charter monopoly, the company calmly bribed those in high places, not always successfully, for one may read in John Evelyn's diary for 1698:

The old East India Company lost its business against the new by ten votes in Parliament, so many of their friends being absent to see a tiger baited by dogs.

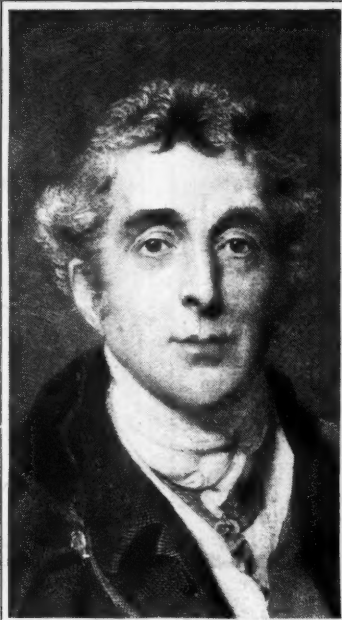
Failing to crush its English rivals, the company did the next best thing, absorbed them—effecting a merger, they call it nowadays—and the profits still rolled up.

HOW THE COMPANY CONQUERED INDIA.

Not with any idea of conquest, but simply for its own preservation, did the company enter upon warfare. It was a Frenchman who conceived the idea of an Indian empire, and who discovered how to win it. Joseph François Dupleix was a genius—brilliant, crafty, adroit, a master of intrigue; but he was foreordained to failure by his lack of personal courage and military skill, and by the fact that his home government gave him no adequate support. "England is at once commercial and warlike," says Sir John Seeley, and she triumphed over the French in colonization because they were warlike but not commercial, and over the Dutch because they were commercial and not warlike, despite Holland's eighty years of resistance to Spain.

Dupleix saw that with a nucleus of highly disciplined European troops, he could train the native soldiers, accustomed to fighting for the side that paid best, into an effective army. It was he who conceived the simple but effective plan of making the native states pay for their own conquest by placing a pretender on the throne and ruling through him.

The Frenchman's mission in life seems to have been to act as schoolmaster for Robert Clive, the Shropshire lad, called dunce, reprobate, and even worse, who went to India as a writer to live or die on fifty dollars a year, and who at twenty-five displayed a genius akin to Napoleon's. Clive adopted the system of Dupleix, and developed it to a high state of efficiency. It enabled him to lay the foundation of the British Empire in India.



ARTHUR, FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON (1769-1852), WHO SERVED IN INDIA FROM 1796 TO 1805, AND CONQUERED THE MAHRATTAS.

It should be remembered that in the beginning neither the East India Company nor its representatives had any notion of conquering populous native states. The campaign in the Deccan, which transformed Clive from a petty clerk, who had contemplated and even attempted suicide, to a great military leader, was directed solely against the French. The real conquest begins with the battle of Plassey, in which he took vengeance upon Suraj ud Dowlah for the horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta. The sovereign reign of the company began when Clive's army set foot in Bengal, that garden of Eden, watered by "the holy, blue Ganges" that flows in a hundred channels to the sea. For a hundred years the conquest continued, an era of warfare that opened the treasure-houses of the Indian princes.

Clive put aside for himself a huge reward, just as do modern trust-makers, but he was more modest than those of this day. In his dark hours, when he recalled that instead of fifteen hundred thousand dollars he could as easily have taken ten times that amount as his share

of the loot of Bengal, there was reason, if not morality, in his impassioned utterance before the Parliamentary committee:

"By Heaven, Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand amazed at my own moderation!"

The United States has a retrospective interest in this period of the East India Company's history. It was believed in England that if Clive had lived—he died by his own hand in 1774, at the age of forty-nine—he would have commanded the British forces during the American Revolution, and might have conquered the colonies.* And again, that entertain-

* "The disputes with America had now become so serious that an appeal to the sword seemed inevitable, and the ministers were desirous to avail themselves of the services of Clive. Had he been what he was when he raised the siege of Patna, and annihilated the Dutch army and navy at the mouth of the Ganges, it is not improbable that the resistance of the colonies would have been put down, and the inevitable

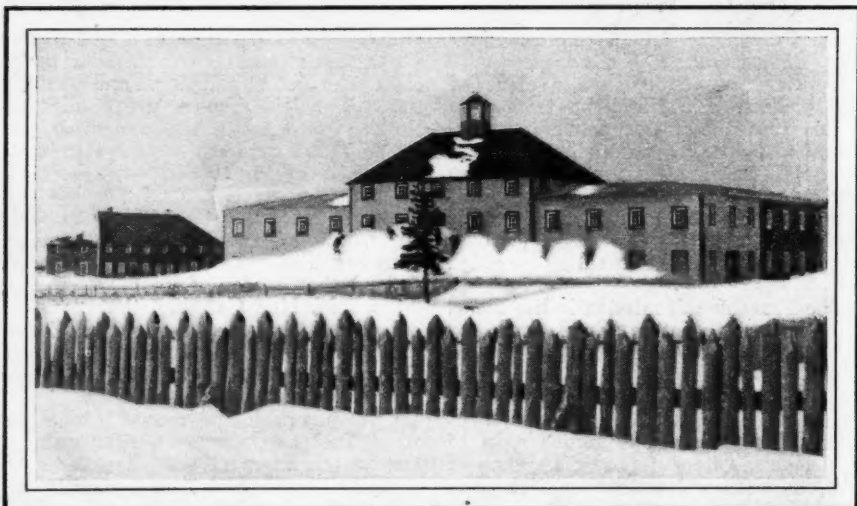


PRINCE RUPERT (1619-1683), THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY—RUPERT'S LAND WAS NAMED AFTER HIM.

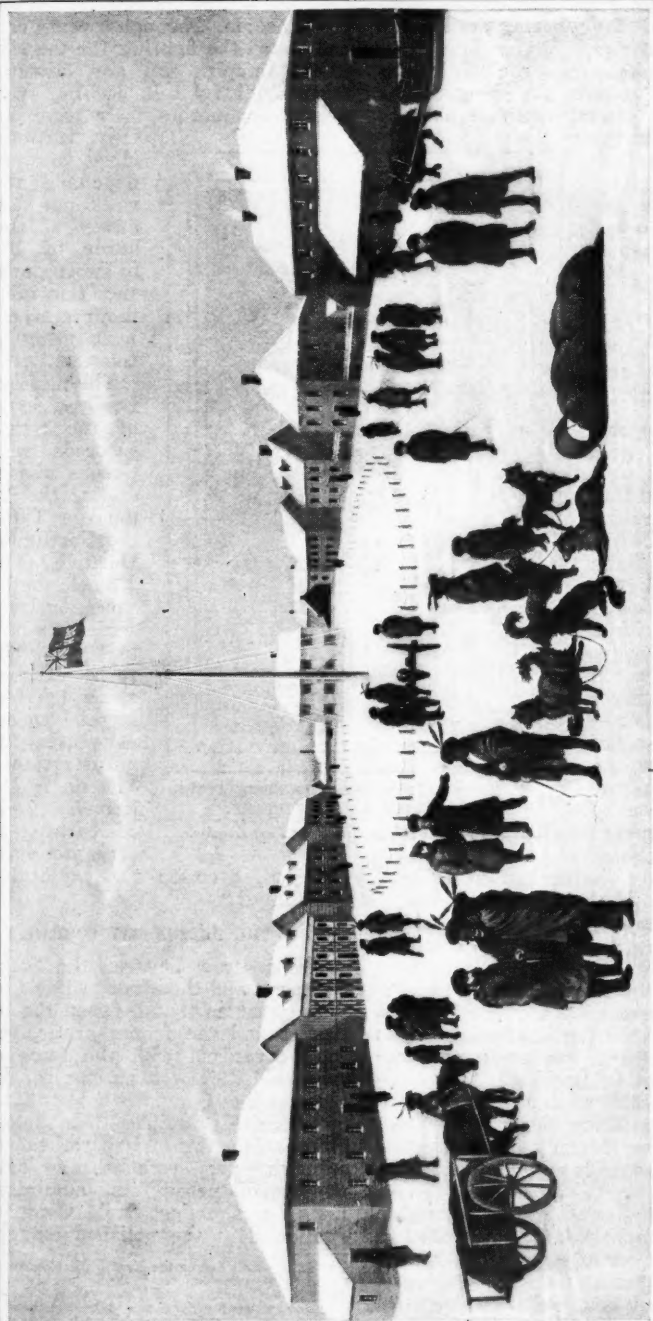
states. Macaulay sums up the directors' instructions to Warren Hastings thus: "Govern leniently, and send more

separation would have been deferred a few years.—"Lord Clive," by Lord Macaulay.

"Had he never been born, I do not believe that we should, in this generation at least, have acquired Hindustan; had he lived longer, I doubt if we should, in that generation at least, have lost North America."—"History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles," by Lord Stanhope.



YORK FACTORY, ON HUDSON BAY, A TYPICAL STATION OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY IN THE NORTHERN TERRITORIES OF CANADA.



THE INTERIOR OF FORT GARRY IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST—FORT GARRY, THE NUCLEUS OF THE PRESENT CITY OF WINNIPEG, WAS THE CHIEF CENTER OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S TRADE WITH THE INDIANS, TRAPPERS, AND PIONEER SETTLERS OF THE NORTHWEST.

From an old print.

money; practise strict justice and moderation towards neighboring states, and send more money."

Hastings sent the money, albeit he was compelled to torture the Begums of Oudh, and to employ methods akin to highway robbery; but he organized the empire Clive had founded, and his administration closes the initial chapter of conquest. He first assumed the title of governor-general of India.

THE COMPANY'S LOSS OF SOVEREIGNTY.

Under subsequent governors — Lord Cornwallis, Lord Wellesley, Lord Dalhousie — the subjugation and the organization of India were continually extended. The conquest of the Mahrattas at Assaye and Argaum, in 1803, by Wellesley's younger brother — world famous, a few years later, as the Duke of Wellington and the victor of Waterloo — marked the final triumph of the British over the most powerful and persistent foes of their rule in India.

But the company had now so manifestly outgrown the limits of a commercial corporation that the British government had intervened, and had curtailed its powers by act of Parliament. In 1782 an official board of control was established; in 1814 the company's monopoly of trading privileges was abolished; and in 1858, when England had to exert her full military power to suppress the great Sepoy Mutiny, its territorial sovereignty was made over to the British crown.

The East Indian Company's mission was now accomplished. It had written a marvelous chapter of history. Its crowning glory is that it brought peace and order to a land that had been drenched with human blood for seven thousand years, ending a struggle that began in the dawn of history, when the lordly Aryans swept down from the cradle of

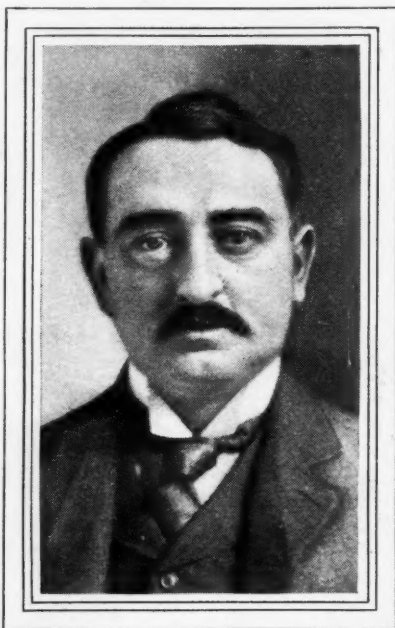
the race and conquered the savage, flat-nosed people. Through seventy centuries had lasted the fighting for the rich land whose vampire soil and climate have taken frightful toll, sucking from successive conquerors their vigor and energy, turning their blood to water, reducing them to weaklings at the mercy of the next horde of brigands to sweep down from the Central Asian mountains, or of the next army out of the west.

The merchants of London, by virtue of the trust idea, succeeded where the Greeks under Alexander, the Tartars under Tamerlane, the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French, had failed successively. The achievements of the first great trust are to be measured not alone by its commercial success, its conquests, its administration, for there is scarce a branch of science or of learning that its servants have not the explorations in Bible lands.*

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

The contrast between the East India Company and the Hudson Bay Company is as great as that between the burning tropics and the frozen arctic, yet both were organized with the same end in view, and each won an empire. But the Hudson Bay Company held to its purely commercial principles. No longing for glory, no dreams of imperialism, no vast schemes for establishing sovereign power, disturbed its administrators. Long ago the East India Company was swallowed in the political cataclysm it

* "In no small degree the East India Company had promoted and deepened interest in the ancient history and geography of the Euphrates and Tigris valleys. So long as the company existed, it never ceased to be a generous patron of all scientific undertakings carried on in the regions which, through their close connection with the Bible, have always exercised a powerful influence upon the mind of the British public." — "Explorations in Bible Lands During the Nineteenth Century," by Professor Herman V. Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania.



CECIL RHODES (1853-1902), FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

created, while the Hudson Bay Company still endures, is still lord of the north.

It will be remembered that the court of Henry VIII lost interest in Sebastian Cabot when he failed to return from Labrador with spices—that is, when they concluded that no profit was to be made from his explorations. A century later, there were eager ears to listen to tales of wealth to be gained from trade in furs, told by Pierre Radisson, one of the most picturesque adventurers who ever stepped across the pages of history. A Parisian by birth, bold, brilliant, daring, resourceful, this pioneer trader of the north was equally at home in the court of Louis the Grand and the wigwam of savages.

From the first the "Governors and Adventurers of England Trading in Hudson's Bay" enjoyed royal patronage. The dashing Prince Rupert was the company's first governor. He was succeeded by Sir John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, and by the Duke of York, who became James II of England. Charles II, with his easy generosity, gave the company a charter bestowing upon it two-thirds of North America. But for a hundred years after its first ships crossed the Atlantic, in 1668, it confined its operations to Hudson Bay, where "nature looked like a carcass frozen to death," but where it did a profitable trading business.

Until the French began to encroach upon it, the company was little concerned about its boundaries. It was usually worsted in its early clashes with the French, who claimed the entire continent, for it was not a warlike organization; and although it had an enormous influence in bringing about the French-Indian war, it played but a minor part in the hostilities.

But it was this war that made it a trust. For one thing, it brought into the company a Scottish influence that has ever since been dominant. It also resulted in the organization of aggressive and progressive rivals, companies formed of Montreal merchants, the Northwest Company and the X Y Company, which fought each other until they consolidated to oppose the old chartered company. That combination may be called the first trust on American soil. Wonderful business men were those Scotsmen, refugees of the Jacobite rebellion, and members of Highland regiments who stayed in Canada after the war! They employed the French voyageurs and half-breeds, always on friendly terms with the Indians.

They established factories in the wilderness under the skilful leadership of Simon McTavish—the Marquis, he was called—and Alexander Mackenzie, who discovered the great river bearing his name.

The older company awoke and fought stubbornly. Sir John Selkirk, "a remarkable man who had the misfortune to live before his time," in the words of Sir John Wedderburn, secured financial control of the country to further a colonization scheme. He opened a hundred and ten thousand square miles in the Red River country for settlement, but the Northwest Company drove his colonists away. Then, after nearly ruining each other, the two corporations were merged under the name of the older, and the Hudson Bay Company became a real trust, with an absolute monopoly, and Prince Rupert's Land was sealed up for half a century.

THE OPENING OF THE NORTHWEST.

Under George Simpson, a squat, strong man, a lover of display, a tyrant with a tender heart, who arose from law clerk to be governor for forty years, the company flourished amazingly. But there came a time when it manifestly stood in the path of civilization. It opposed settlement, for that meant the destruction of its trade in furs. People were pouring into the New World. They longed to see the immeasurable prairie glow with golden grain, to use the timber of the vast forests, to wrest the rich minerals from the mountains; and the company had to yield.

The ponderous machinery of state was set in motion; but ten years elapsed after the English Parliamentary committee sat, in 1857, before the Dominion Parliament took action, and it was not until 1870 that the Hudson Bay Company surrendered Rupert's Land to Canada for a million and a half of dollars in cash, retaining certain huge tracts as its own property, and with every privilege to do business as a regular trading company. To this day it enjoys the securest of all monopolies in a land where trade is free—that which comes from best serving its customers.

One of the charter provisions of the Hudson Bay Company was that it should seek the Northwest Passage to Asia, and it has done much in exploration. Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition was under its auspices; Sir John Ross, who discovered the magnetic pole, was one of its servants, while the names of David

Thomson, surveyor and naturalist, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie, are bright on its roster.

It has had many famous governors since 1871—Lord Kimberley, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Goschen, among them. Its present head is Lord Strathcona, who was Donald Alexander Smith when he came out as a clerk in 1838, and who is sometimes called "the father of the Canadian Pacific Railway."

ONE MAN'S WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"I unite imagination and commerce," said Cecil Rhodes to William T. Stead.

Cecil Rhodes was practically the British South Africa Company, which has done so much to win the Dark Continent for Britain. It was avowedly founded as an agent of imperialism. Its chief purpose was to carry out the great scheme that Rhodes conceived in the first days of his power.

"This is my dream," he said, drawing his hand across a map of Africa; "all red!"

He realized that this could be best accomplished by the organization of a great trading company, but it was not his notion that the stockholders should make a losing proposition of it.

"Pure philanthropy is very well in its way," said Rhodes, "but philanthropy plus five per cent is a good deal better."

After the fight against Barney Barnato and his associates for control of the Kimberley diamond mines, a fight that lasted thirteen years, Rhodes, the victor, demanded that the surplus of the monopoly be set aside for the furtherance of his schemes in the north. Barnato finally acceded, saying:

"Well, some of us have a fancy for one thing and some for another. You evidently have a fancy for building an empire in the north, and I suppose we must give you the means to do it."

The immediate object of the British South Africa Company was to head off Mr. Krüger's plans for extending the

frontiers of the Transvaal. Rhodes realized that in no other way could he interest England politically in that part of the world. The islanders of Britain cared little for any of the colonies—there has been a marvelous awakening since then—and least of all for South Africa.

Armed with a treaty with Lobengula, the Bechuana chief, which ceded the right to make settlements and search for minerals over a great and almost unknown region, Rhodes went to England for a charter, which was granted in 1889. It gave the company no monopoly of trade, no sovereign power over its people. Rhodes' idea was to build up communities of orderly, industrious settlers, to found a distinctly British colony that would attract the best class of emigrants. In the new land, much farther removed from the influences of civilization than the mining towns of western America, order, decency, and respectability were strictly maintained. Whereas the policy of the two other great chartered companies was one of exclusion, that of the South Africa Company was the open door, the building of railroads, of telegraphs, the making of a country rich and prosperous and self-governing.

Rhodes survived the first Matabele war to have the stupendous blunder of the Jameson Raid drive him from the headship of the company, and from the premiership of Cape Colony. He personally checked the second Matabele outbreak by his own courage and knowledge of native character, only to have the Boer war, of which he was one of the inciting causes, bring his work to a standstill at the time of his death.

But the British South Africa Company has in the main accomplished the ambition of its founder, although the activity of other powers in Africa has frustrated his plan for a strip of British soil from Cairo to the Cape. What part the company may play in the future history of South Africa none may know.

EDITOR'S NOTE—We desire to call special attention to the serial stories by Stanley Weyman and Anthony Hope now being published in this magazine. "The Abbess of Vlaye," by Mr. Weyman, began last month, and is continued, with a synopsis of the first instalment, on page 50 of the present issue. No reader of MUNSEY'S should miss this stirring historical romance.

Anthony Hope's "Double Harness," which is continued on the following page, is another remarkable story. Its theme is that greatest problem of modern life, the marriage question. Messrs. Hope and Weyman stand high among the leading novelists of the day, and these two serials are as good work as they have ever done.

DOUBLE HARNESS.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," and "The King's Mirror."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

GRANTLEY IMASON, a rich London banker of thirty-three, marries Sibylla Chiddingfold, the daughter of a country clergyman. Though he loves her dearly, she realizes, a year or so later, that she makes less difference to him than she had looked to make. The birth of their child, instead of bringing them into closer relationship, only widens the rift in their happiness until the two are on terms of polite but frigid estrangement.

Walter Blake, a good-looking and unattached young man of leisure, offers Sibylla a perilously warm sympathy; and finally, persuading her that all happiness left her in life must come through him, he plans to take her away from Mildean. Grantley, made uneasy by the contents of a letter from a friend of Sibylla's, goes home unannounced and finds that his wife has done a most unusual thing—gone over to Fairhaven to stop for the night with an old school friend. He also learns that Blake has been at the house that day. Calling for his horse, Imason goes out into the wild tempestuous night and rides across the downs to Fairhaven. Near the town, where the road goes down hill to the harbor, he finds a man dressed in oilskins, who stands stamping his feet, blowing on his wet fingers, and looking out to sea.

XV (Continued).

"ROUGH weather," called Grantley, bringing his horse to a stand.

The man in oilskins answered, not in the accents of the neighborhood, but with a cockney twang and a turn of speech learned from board schools and newspapers. He was probably a seaman, then, and from London.

"Terribly severe," he said. "No night to keep a man on the lookout." He looked at Grantley, evidently not knowing him. "A bad night for a ride, too, sir," he added, "but it's better to be moving than standing here, looking for a boat that's as likely to come as the Channel Squadron!" He spat scornfully as he ended.

"Looking for a boat?"

For the moment Grantley was glad to talk; it was a relief. Besides, he did not know what he was going to do, and caught at a brief respite from decision.

"Aye," the man grumbled, "a boat to come from Portsmouth. Best luck for her if she's never started, and next best if she's put in for shelter on the way. She'd never make Fairhaven to-night."

"Then what's the good of looking for her?"

"Because I get five shillings for it. The owner's waiting for her—waiting at the Sailors' Rest there." The man pointed to the inn a hundred yards away. "She was to have been here by midday,

and he's in a hurry. Best for him if she doesn't come, if he means to sail to-night, as he says he does." He paused and spat again. "Pretty weather for a lady to go to sea, ain't it?" he ended sarcastically.

The fates were with Grantley Imason. They had sent guidance.

"What boat is it?" he asked quietly.

"The Ariadne" ("Hairy Adny," he pronounced the name).

"Ah, yes! Mr. Blake's yacht?"

"You know him, sir? Well, you'll find him and his lady at the Rest there. And if you're a friend of theirs, you tell 'em not to expect her to-night—and not to go on board her if she comes!"

"Here's another shilling for you. And good-night!"

Grantley rode on to the inn, thanking fate, realizing now how narrow the chance had been. But for the storm, but for the wind that had buffeted and almost beaten him, no pride, no resolution, would have been of any avail. With fair weather the yacht would have come and gone. He saw why Christine Fanshaw was not to deliver his letter till the morrow.

Grantley drew a long breath—the breath of a man whom a great peril has narrowly passed by. The plan had been well laid, but the storm had thwarted it. There was time yet.

Was there? That question could not but rise in his mind. He faced it fairly

* Copyright, 1903, by Anthony Hope Hawkins.—This story began in the December issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

and squarely, and jogged on to the Sailors' Rest.

"Praise to this fine storm!" he cried within himself—to the storm which beat and raged, which had feigned to hinder his coming, but was his ally and friend. Good luck to it! It had served his turn as nothing else could. And how it was attuned to his mood—to the fierce, stern conflict which he had to wage! This was no night for gentleness. There are nights when nature's gentleness mocks the strife to which her own decrees condemn the race of men; but to-night she herself was in the fight. She incited, she cheered, she played him on.

The sense of helplessness passed from him. He was arrayed for the fight. He drank in the violent salt air as if it were a potion magic in power. His being tingled for the struggle.

There was a light in an upper window of the Sailors' Rest. The blinds were not drawn. No, the pair in that room were looking out to sea, looking for the boat which did not come, looking in vain over the tumbling riot of waves.

But stay! Perhaps they looked no more now; perhaps they had abandoned that hope for the night. Christine was not to deliver his letter till the morrow. They would think that they had to-night. The thought brought back his pain and his fierceness. They would think that they had to-night! They were wrong there—but it was ten o'clock.

"Ten o'clock!" he muttered, as he drew rein at the door of the Sailors' Rest and cast his eyes up to the light in the window over his head.

Within, young Blake was turning away from the window.

"She won't come to-night," he said. "I suppose they started, or I should have had a wire. They must have put back, or put in for shelter somewhere. And if she did come, I couldn't take you to sea to-night." He came across to where Sibylla sat over the fire. "It's no use expecting her to-night. We must get away to-morrow morning. There's plenty of time." He meant time before Grantley Imason would receive Sibylla's letter and come to Fairhaven, seeking his wife.

"It's too perverse," Sibylla murmured forlornly.

Her vision of their flight was gone. The rush through the waves, the whistling wind, the headlong course, the recklessness, the remoteness from all the world, the stir, the movement, the excitement—all were gone. On the yacht, out in mid-sea, no land in sight, making for

a new world, they two alone, with all that belonged to the old life out of view and out of thought—the picture had caught and filled her fancy. In her dream the sea had been as Lethe, the stretch of waters a flood submerging all the past and burying the homes of memory. She had stood arm in arm with him, reveling in the riot of the open seas.

No further had the vision gone. The room in the inn was very different. It was small, stuffy, and not too clean. The smell of stale tobacco and of dregs of liquor hung about it. The fire smoked, sending out every now and then a thick, dirty cloud that settled on her hands and hair. Her dainty cleanliness rose in revolt. It was a sordid little room. It was odious then, it would never be pleasant in retrospect. Somehow it carried a taint with it; it brought into prominence all that her thoughts had forgotten; its four dingy walls shut out the glowing picture that her fancy had painted.

Blake came and stood behind her chair, laying his hand on her shoulder. She looked up at him with a sad smile.

"Nothing's quite what you expect," she said. "I wanted my voyage! I suppose I didn't want—reality! But I'm not a child, Walter. I have courage. This makes no difference really."

"Of course it doesn't—so long as we're together."

"I didn't come to you to make the good times better, but to make the bad times good—to do away with the bad times. That's what you wanted me for; that's what I wanted to do." She rose and faced him. "So I'll always welcome trouble—because then I'm wanted, then I can do what I've come to do."

"Don't talk about trouble, Sibylla. We're going to be very happy."

"Yes, I think so," she said, looking at him with thoughtful eyes. "I think we shall be."

"By God, I love you so!" he burst out suddenly, and then walked off to the window again.

She spread out her hand in an instinctive gesture of deprecation, but her smile was happy.

"That's how I can do what I want to do for you," she said. "That's how I can change your life, and—and find something to do with mine."

He came slowly back toward her, speaking in a low, restrained voice.

"It's really no use waiting for the boat. She won't come."

Sibylla stood very still; her eyes were

fixed on his face. He met her gaze for a moment, then turned away, sat down by the table, and lit a cigarette, doing it just by habit and because he was so restless, not because he wanted to smoke.

She stood there in silence for two or three minutes. Once she shuddered just perceptibly. She was struggling to yield, to live up to her gospel of giving everything so that she might make happy him whom she had chosen to receive her gifts—might make him happy, and so fill, enrich, and ennoble his life and hers.

She had not thought there would be a struggle; that had been left out in the visions—the visions which were full of the swish of the wind, the dance of the waves, and the sailing to worlds new and beautiful. What struggled? Old teachings, old ideas, instincts ingrained. She was acting in obedience to ideas, not to feeling. And feeling alone has power to blot such things out of being.

But for good and evil she was a fanatic. She owned her ideas as masters and forced herself to bend to them as a slave. What they asked must be given, whatever the sacrifice, the struggle, the repulsion. That they might realize what her nature craved, they must be propitiated by what her nature did not love. On that condition alone would they deal with her. And now these ideas, with all their exacting, relentless claims, had found embodiment in Walter Blake.

Blake turned his head and looked at her. She came quickly to him and fell on her knees by him. His hand rested on the table, and she laid hers lightly on it. "Walter, it's hard."

"If you love me—" he murmured.

She knew by now that love can be unmerciful. With a little sigh she raised his hand and kissed it. She was half reconciled to her surrender, because she hated it. Had any one been there to interpose and forbid, her reluctant acceptance would have been turned into an ardent desire to complete her sacrifice.

Young Blake flung away his cigarette and sprang to his feet. He was not thinking of his aspirations now. Wanting to be good was not present to his mind, nor the leading of a new life. He was full of triumph. He forgot the yacht that had not come, and anything there might be uncongenial in the surroundings.

He caught Sibylla's hands. She looked at him with a smile, half of wonder, half of pity. She had put away her shrinking—though it might come back—but it

was a little strange that good could be done only on conditions.

XVI.

THEY were standing thus when they heard a voice, the loud, gruff voice of the retired merchant skipper who kept the inn. He was rather a rough customer, as indeed the quality of his patrons rendered necessary. He did not hesitate to throw a man out, or—as Fairhaven report averred—to lay a stick across the back of the saucy, buxom daughter who served the bar for him, if her sauciness became too pronounced. On the whole, he was the sort of character popular in the nautical quarter of Fairhaven.

The loud voice came from a distance—from the bottom of the stairs, apparently. The landlord was talking to himself, for all that appeared; no other voice made itself heard. He was saying that he had made a promise, and that he was a man of his word. Blake and Sibylla stood hand in hand, their eyes turned in the direction of the door.

Then the landlord observed that "times were hard, and he was a poor man." Blake and Sibylla heard that, too. Then the landlord's heavy step came half way up the stairs. "A poor man," they heard him say with strong emphasis. Still they could hear no other voice and no other step. But they had dropped each other's hands by now, and stood quite still a couple of paces apart.

"Oh, he's bargaining with somebody for the price of a bed," said young Blake with an attempt at lightness.

The landlord's steps were heard descending the stairs again. And now another step drew near.

Suddenly young Blake darted toward the door and locked it. He turned a scared face round on Sibylla. The steps sounded along the passage. His eyes met hers. He did not know the step; but he knew the one thing that he feared, and his uneasy mind flew to the apprehension of it.

"Can it be—anybody?" he whispered.

"It's Grantley," she answered quietly.

"Unlock the door. I'm not afraid to meet him. I believe I'm glad."

"No, no. You're mad! You mustn't see him. I'll see him. You go into the other room." There was a communicating door which led to a bedroom. "I'll not let him come near you. I'll stand between you and him!"

"I must see him. I'm not afraid, Walter. Unlock the door."

"Oh, but I shan't let him come in. I shall——"

"If it's Grantley, he'll come in. Unlock the door. At any rate, we can't have the door broken in." She smiled a little as she said this, and then sat down in the chair by the table where Blake had been sitting when she kissed his hand and gave him her surrender.

A knock came on the door. Young Blake unlocked it, and stood opposite to it. His face was pale now.

"He shan't come near you," he whispered to Sibylla over his shoulder.

She made no sign. She sat resting her clasped hands on the table and gazing intently toward the door. There was no sign of confusion or of guilt about her. Her face was composed and calm. Young Blake's fists were clenched. He seemed to keep himself still with an effort.

The door opened, and Grantley appeared on the threshold. He was very wet. The rain dripped from his hat as he took it off his head. Salt spray hung on the hair over his ears. He shook himself as he shut the door behind him. Then he looked from Sibylla to Blake, and back to Sibylla, at last fixing his eyes on her.

"You can't come in here," said Blake. "I'll come outside with you, if you like, but you can't come in here."

Grantley took no notice. His eyes were on Sibylla.

"Am I too late, Sibylla?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered tranquilly. "Too late."

A sudden flush swept over Grantley's face, but in an instant his usual pallor had returned.

"In the sense in which I spoke, is that true, Sibylla?"

She shrugged her shoulders a little. She seemed composed and almost careless as she answered, with a touch of contempt:

"No. But it is true; for all that."

"Then you must come back with me," said Grantley.

Young Blake sprang forward a step, crying:

"By God, no!"

Neither of them heeded him; their eyes were on each other. Already the fight was between the two, and the two only.

"Do you really think that?" she asked. "I don't know how you come to be here. I suppose Christine warned you somehow. But it's by mere accident that you're here, and that I haven't gone

before now. It makes no difference. You're not in time, as you call it. The thing is settled already; it was settled when I planned to come, not when I came. What you meant doesn't count. Do you really think I should come back now?"

"Yes, you must come back now."

"Back to that life! Never! Of course you don't know what it was to me, and I don't suppose I could tell you. You wouldn't understand."

Blake threw himself into a chair by the window. He was helplessly impatient of the situation. Grantley came a little nearer the table and stood there, to all seeming impassive. The appearance was not very deceptive; he was not dominated by emotion now; he was possessed by a resolve. His love for his wife was far buried in his heart; his set purpose was all he knew.

"I don't see what you had to complain of," he said coldly. "The way we lived was your choice, not mine. But I'm not going to discuss that. I'm here to take you home to your husband's house, and to your child."

"I've faced all that a thousand times and answered it a thousand times. It can't move me now. You'd better go away, Grantley."

Again Blake rose; he did not lack physical courage.

"I'll go with you. I'm at your service," he said. "But outside; you shan't stay here."

He waited a moment for an answer, but getting none, nor so much as a look, sank awkwardly into his seat again.

Grantley spoke to his wife.

"I know what happened. Before you did this, you fogged your mind with all sorts of fantastic ideas. You're not the woman to do this kind of thing easily."

"Fantastic ideas! Yes, they'd seem so to you. The fantastic idea of having something to live for, some life, something else than a prison, than repression, than coldness. I had lots of those fantastic ideas, Grantley."

"You had your child."

"I tell you I've faced it." She pressed her fingers hard into her cheek and frowned. "The child made it worse," she jerked out fiercely. "Seeing you with the child was——" She shook her head with a shiver.

Grantley raised his eyebrows.

"As bad as that?" he asked mockingly. "But this is all beside the point. Supposing it was as bad as you say, what then? You had made your bargain; you

chose to take me; you relied on your own opinion. Say it was a mistaken opinion. What difference does that make?"

"It does make a difference. I'm not called upon to throw away every chance of happiness because of one mistake."

"That's just what you are called upon to do—in civilized society."

"You don't actually propose an abstract argument?" she asked. "Now—under these circumstances?" She smiled derisively.

"Oh, no. But your point of view compelled a protest. I'm not here to argue. I'm here to take you back—or, if you won't come, to tell you the consequences."

"I'm prepared for the consequences."

That gave young Blake another chance. He rose and came forward.

"Yes, she is—and so am I," he said; "and that ought to end the matter between us. We're prepared for the trouble and the scandal and all that. And I'm prepared for anything else you may think proper to ask. We've weighed all that, and made up our minds to it. That's the answer we have to give."

He spoke in a low voice, but very quickly and with passion; he evidently had hard work to keep control of himself. When he finished speaking, there was a moment's silence. He looked from Grantley to Sibylla, then went back to his chair; but he drew it nearer and listened intently.

"It is so," said Sibylla. "We've made up our minds to all that."

Grantley passed his hand across his brow—almost the first movement that he had made. He was about to speak when another short fit of vehemence caught hold of Sibylla.

"Yes," she cried, striking the table with her hand, "and it's better than that life of sham and fraud and failure and heartbreak! Yes, a thousand thousand times better!"

He let the gust pass by, and then spoke slowly, as if he weighed his words.

"Those are the consequences to you and your—your friend here," he said. "Have you thought of the consequences to me?"

"To you? Am I so necessary?" She laughed bitterly.

"And to the boy?"

"Not so bad as growing up in such a home as ours!" she flashed out fiercely again.

"Oh, that's the way you argue?" he said with a smile. "I was rather wondering. However, there are other conse-

quences still." He came yet a pace nearer to her, so that he was close to the table, and rested one hand on it. "There will be other consequences still," he said. "I don't accept the position you propose for me. I don't accept these consequences which you have been so good as to face and decide upon. I refuse them totally—both for myself and for my son I refuse them utterly. It's fair you should understand that. I refuse them root and branch!"

Blake leaned forward, ready to spring up. The idea of violence came into his head, the thought that Grantley might be armed. Grantley noticed his movement, and at last addressed a word to him.

"Don't be afraid. I don't mean that," he said with a short laugh.

Sibylla spoke to him, sadly now.

"You can't refuse. It's out of your power. This thing must be. It has become inevitable. There's no use in talking of refusing the consequences. They won't be as bad as you think."

"It's not inevitable; it's not out of my power. It's entirely in my power to accept your consequences or not to accept them, to face them or not to face them. And I have decided. I won't be and I won't be known as what you're making me. And your son shan't have to confess you his mother before men."

Young Blake looked at him with a puzzled impatience, Sibylla with a slow, pondering glance. She twisted a ring on her finger as she asked:

"What do you mean by that?"

"In this world nothing need happen to us that we don't choose to bear—and nothing to those who are in your power that we don't choose to accept for them."

"What are you talking about?" asked Blake fretfully. "It sounds all nonsense to me."

He leaned back with a scornful toss of his head. This sort of thing had lasted long enough, in his opinion.

"Tell me what you mean," said Sibylla, leaning forward across the table.

Grantley announced the resolve that possessed him, born of those bitter meditations, of those intolerable pictures of the future which had formed themselves in his mind as he battled through the storm to Fairhaven. He uttered it not as a threat, but as a warning; it was, as he had said, fair that she should understand.

"If you persist I shall kill Frank and myself to-night."

Blake broke into a loud, scornful

laugh, sticking his hands in his pockets. Grantley turned toward him, smiling slightly.

"Oh, this isn't a melodrama, you know," Blake said, "and we're not to be bluffed like that. Don't be so damned absurd, Imason. On my soul, I've had enough of this business without having to listen to stuff like that."

"Do you think it's bluff and melodrama?" Grantley asked Sibylla. "Do you think I've no real intention of doing it?"

She looked up at him intently.

"You love yourself more than the boy, and your pride more than life or happiness," she said slowly. He frowned, but heard her without interruption. "So I think you might do it," she ended.

"Sibylla!" cried Blake, leaning forward again. A gesture from her arrested his speech. He rose slowly to his feet and stood listening.

"I may be made a fool of. I don't make a fool of myself. If I pledge myself to you to do it, you know I shall do it, Sibylla?"

"Yes, then you would do it," she agreed.

"Oh, but it's nonsense, it's rank madness, it's—it's inconceivable!" Blake broke out.

"I do now so pledge myself," said Grantley.

Sibylla nodded; she understood. She leaned back in her chair now, regarding her husband thoughtfully.

Grantley's pale face was set in a fixed smile; he met her gaze steadily.

"It's madness—you'll be stopped," Blake burst out. "I can't believe you mean it. Anyhow, you'll be stopped."

"By you? Will you send for a policeman? Or will you come to my house and stop me? Nothing can stop me unless you kill me. Is that your choice?"

He spoke to Blake, but he looked still at Sibylla. Blake came near and scrutinized the pale face with eyes whose expression grew from wonder and incredulity into a horrified apprehension. The silence now seemed long.

"Yes," said Sibylla at last, "it's like you. That's what you'd do. I never thought of it, but I'm not surprised. It's you. It's just that in you which has made my life an impossible thing. You sacrificed me to it. You would sacrifice yourself and your son. Yes, it's you."

She put her hands up before her face for a moment, pressing her fingers on her eyelids. Then her eyes sought his face again.

"But, Sibylla——" cried Blake.

"Yes, he'd do it, Walter," she interrupted, not turning round.

Blake took two restless paces to and fro, and sank into his chair again.

"You understand now. It lies with you," said Grantley to his wife. "I've told you. I was bound to tell you. Now it lies with you."

Again passion seized her.

"No, no! That's false. It doesn't lie with me. It lies at your door—both the crime, the hideous crime, and, I pray God, the punishment!"

"I'm not talking about the crime or the punishment," he said coldly. "I take those on myself as much as you like. What depends on you is whether the thing happens. That's all I meant to say."

Young Blake was staring at him now as if fascinated by his firm and hideous resolve. Slowly it had been driven into Blake's brain that the man meant what he said, that he would do the thing. The man looked like it—and Sibylla believed he would. He would kill himself, yes, and the pretty child with whom Sibylla had been used to play. He could see the picture of that now—of Sibylla's beautiful motherhood. His heart turned sick within him as he began to believe Grantley's somber pledge.

"It's a lie," said Sibylla in grim defiance. "Nothing depends on me. It's the evil of your own heart. I've nothing to do with it."

"It's yours to bring it about or to prevent it."

"No," she cried, rising to her feet in the agonized strain of her heart. "No, no! That's a lie, a lie! On your head be it! Ah, but perhaps it would be best for him! God knows, perhaps it would be best."

"So I think," said Grantley quietly. "And you accept that?"

"No; I acknowledge no responsibility. Not a jot!"

"We'll leave the question of responsibility. But it's your will that this shall happen sooner than that you should leave this man?"

"Sooner than that I should come back to you, that life of ours begin again, and Frank grow up to a knowledge of it!"

"And it's my will, sooner than that he should grow up to a knowledge of how his mother ended it. That's settled, then?"

"It's no bargain," she protested fiercely. "You have settled it."

"But it is settled?" he persisted.

"If you do it, may God never pardon you!"

"Perhaps. But you know that it is settled?" She made no answer. "You can't deny that you know. So be it."

He faced her for a moment longer; her figure swayed a little, but she stood her ground. She was not beaten down. And she knew the thing was settled, unless by chance, at the last, pity should enter Grantley's heart. But she did not believe pity could enter that heart; he had never shown her that there was a way.

The smile rested still on Grantley's face as he regarded his wife. She looked very beautiful in her fierce defiance, her loathing of him, her passionate protest, her refusal to be beaten down, her facing of the thing. She had a fine spirit; it did not know craven defeat. She was mad with her ideas. Perhaps he was mad with his. And the ideas clashed—with ruin to her life, and his, and the child's. But she did not bow her head any more than he would bend his haughty neck.

"At least you have courage," he said to her. "It is settled. And now I'll say good-by and go. I'll interrupt you no more."

It was his first taunt of that kind. It seemed to pass unheeded by Sibylla, but young Blake's face turned red, and he clenched his hands. But not in anger. A wave of horror passed over him. He would not interrupt longer what his coming had interrupted—that was what Grantley Imason meant. He would leave them to themselves while he went back alone to his home and there found the sleeping child.

But the idea of that—the picture of the one house and the other—was too fearful. How could the two bear to think of that? How could they stand there and decide on that? It was unnatural, revolting, alien from humanity. Yet Imason meant it. Blake doubted that no more, and the conviction of it unmanned him. He had been prepared for scandal, he had been ready to risk his life. Those things were ordinary. But this thing was not. Scandal is one thing, tragedy another. This grim, unyielding pair of enemies threw tragedy in his appalled face. It was too much. A groan burst from his lips. "My God!" he moaned.

They both turned and looked at him, Sibylla gravely, Grantley with his rigid smile.

"My God, I can't bear it!" He was writhing in his chair, as if in keen bodily pain. "It's too awful. We—we should think of it all our lives. I should never get rid of it. I should see the poor little beggar's face. I can't stand that. I never thought of anything like that. I never meant anything like that. Poor little Frank! My God, you can't mean it, Imason?"

"You know I mean it. It's nothing to you. The responsibility is ours. What do you count for? It was you or another—that's all. Neither my life nor my son's is anything to you."

"But it would—it would always be there. I could never sleep at nights. I should feel like—like a murderer. For pity's sake!"

He came toward Grantley, stretching out his hands for mercy. Grantley made no sign. Blake turned to Sibylla. She too was stiff and still, but her eyes rested on him in compassion. He turned away and threw himself into the chair again. A convulsive movement ran through his body, and he gave a loud sob.

Sibylla walked slowly away to the hearth-rug, and stood looking at the agonized young man. Grantley waited in immovable patience. The thing was not finished yet.

"The horror of it!" Blake moaned almost inarticulately. He turned to weak rage for an instant, and hissed across to Grantley: "If I had a revolver I'd shoot you where you stand."

"That would be better for me, but not better for the boy," said Grantley.

"I can't understand you," Blake gasped, almost sobbing again.

"Why should you? My account is not to be rendered to you. If I've ruined my wife's life—and you've heard her say I have—if I take my own and my son's, what is it to you?"

In Grantley's slow measured words there breathed a great contempt. What, he seemed to say, were any great things, any stern issues, to this unmanned, hysterical creature, who dressed up his desires in fine clothes and let them beguile him whither he knew not, only to start back in feeble horror at the ruin that he had invited? What was it all to him, or he to it? It was he or another. The real battle was still between himself and Sibylla. With what eyes was she looking on this young man? He turned from the collapsed figure and faced his wife again.

But her eyes were now on Walter Blake, with a pleading, puzzled, pitying

look. The next moment she walked quickly across the room and knelt down by his side, taking one of his hands in both of hers. She began to whisper consolation to him, praying him not to distress himself, to be calm and brave, tenderly reproaching his lack of self-control.

She was with Blake as Grantley had seen her with the child. He wondered to see that, and his wonder kept his temper under command. There did not seem enough to make a man's passion rage or his jealousy run wild, even though she whispered close in Blake's ear and soothingly caressed his hand.

"Don't be so distressed," he heard her murmur. "It's not your fault, dear. Don't be frightened about it."

He tried to shake her off with a childish petulance, but she persevered. Yet she could not calm him. He broke from her and sprang to his feet, leaving her kneeling.

"I can't face it, by God, I can't!" he cried.

"It will happen," said Grantley Imason. "If not to-night—if anything prevents me to-night—still, very soon. You'll hear of it very soon."

The young man shuddered.

"The poor little chap—the poor, innocent little chap!" he muttered hoarsely. He turned to Grantley. "For heaven's sake, think again!"

"It's you who have to think. I have thought. I've little time for more thought. You've all your life to think about it—all your life with that woman, who is the mother of the child."

"Why do you torment him?" broke out Sibylla angrily; but she rose slowly and drew away from Blake as she spoke.

Grantley shrugged his shoulders scornfully.

"The fellow has no business in an affair like this," he said. "He'd better get back to his flirtations."

"I never thought of anything like this!"

The repetition came from Blake like some dull forlorn refrain. He put his hand to his throat and gulped with a hard, dry swallow. He looked round the room, made for a table where some whisky stood, and took a drink of it. Then he half staggered back to his chair, and sat down all in a heap.

His limit was reached. He was crushed between the upper and the nether stone—between Grantley's fainty pride and the ruthless fanaticism of Sibylla's ideas. Between them they

would make him, who had wanted to be good, who had had such fine aspirations, such high-colored dreams, such facile emotions, so impulsive a love—between them they would make him a murderer. Whatever hands did the deed, to the end of his days conscience would cry out that his were red.

Sibylla sighed. Her eyes were very mournful. She spoke, as it seemed, more to herself than to either of them.

"I wanted to make him happy, and I've made him very unhappy. I can do it, but he can't do it. I mustn't ask it of him. He would never be happy. I could never make him happy. Even if I could be happy, he couldn't; it's too hard for him. I don't know what to do now!"

Grantley neither spoke nor moved.

"I've no right to ask it of any man. Nobody would agree to it, nobody could endure it. There's misery both ways now."

She went to Blake, who was sitting in the apathetic stupor which had followed his raving outburst. Again she knelt by him and whispered to him soothingly. At last Grantley spoke.

"It would be well if we were home before it's light and the servants up," he said.

She looked across at him from beside Blake's knee. She looked long and searchingly. His smile was gone; his manner and air were courteous, however peremptory.

"Yes, it would be well," she said. She rose and came a little way toward him. "There's no help for it. I can't escape from you. I'm bound to you in bonds I can't loosen. I've tried. I've stood at nothing. I wish to heaven I could! Going back is like going back to death. But perhaps he's right. Better my living death than the thing you meant to do." She paused and ended: "I'll go back to the child, but I will not come back to you."

"You give all that I have asked," said Grantley with cold politeness.

She looked round at young Blake with a pitiful smile.

"It's the only way, my dear. With this man what he is, it's the only way. I must leave you alone."

Blake leaned towards her with a passionate cry of pain. She reasoned gently with him.

"But you know the alternative. You've heard it. We can't help it. This man is capable of doing it, and he would find out a way. I don't see that we could do anything at all to stop him. Then,

when you heard it, it would be so terrible to you! You'd hate yourself. Oh, and, my dear, I think you'd hate me. And I couldn't bear that. No; you must be reasonable. There's no other way."

Blake hid his face in his hands. He made no further effort. He knew that her words were true.

Sibylla walked into the bedroom, leaving the two alone. Neither now moved or spoke. The storm outside seemed to have abated, for the rain dashed no more against the windows, and the wind was not howling round the walls of the house. It was very still. Grantley Imason presently began to button his coat, and then to dust the wet off his hat with his coat-sleeve.

Sibylla came back in her hat and cloak.

"We must get something to carry you," said Grantley. "I wonder if we could raise a cart here."

"How did you come?"

"I rode over."

"I don't want a cart. I shall walk beside your horse."

"Impossible! At this time of night! And such a night!"

"I shall walk. I must walk. I can't sit in a cart and—"

Her gesture explained the rest. Struggling along on foot, she might keep her wits. Madness lay in sitting and thinking.

"As you will," said Grantley.

She had begun to draw on her gloves, but when she looked at Blake she drew them quickly off again and thrust them into a pocket of her cloak. She walked past Grantley to Blake and took hold of both his hands. Bending over him, she kissed him twice.

"Thank you for having loved me, Walter," she said. "Good-by."

Blake said nothing. He held her hands and looked up imploringly in her face. Then she disengaged herself from his grasp, and turned round to her husband.

"I'm ready," she said. "Let us go."

Grantley bowed slightly, went to the door, and opened it for her. She looked back once at Blake, murmuring, "For having loved me, Walter," and kissed her hand to him.

With no sign of impatience Grantley waited. He took no heed of Blake, but followed Sibylla out of the room in unbroken silence.

When he found himself alone, young Blake sprang toward the door, giving a cry like some beast's roar of rage and disappointment. But his feet carried him no more than half way. Then he

reeled across to where the liquor was, and drank some more of it, listening the while to the paces of Grantley's horse on the stone flags outside the inn. As they died away, he finished his liquor and got back to his chair. He sat a moment in dull vacancy; then his nerves failed him utterly, and he began to sob helplessly, like a forsaken, frightened child.

As Grantley Imason said, he had no business in an affair like that.

XVII.

GRANTLEY'S pride was eager to raise its crest again. It caught at the result of the struggle and claimed it as a victory, crying out that there was to be no pointing of scornful fingers, no chuckles and winks, no shame open and before the world. The woman who walked by his horse was a pledge to that. He was not to stand a plain fool and dupe in the eyes of men.

If that thought were not enough, look at the figure young Walter Blake had cut! Who had played the man in the fight? Not the lover, but the husband. Who had won the day and carried off the prize? The woman who walked by his horse was the evidence of that. Who had known his will and stood by it and got it? The woman answered that. He bore her off with him; young Blake was left alone in the dingy inn, balked in his plan, broken in spirit, disappointed of his desire.

The night was still and clear now. Broad puddles in the low-lying road by the sea, and the slipperiness of the chalky hill up to the cliff, witnessed to the heaviness of the recent down-pour, as the flattened bushes in the house-gardens proved the violence of the tempest. But all was over now, save the sulky heaving of big rollers. A clear moon shone over all.

They met nobody; the man who had vainly watched for the yacht had gone home. Sibylla did not speak. Once or twice she caressed Rollo, who knew her and had welcomed her. For the rest she trudged steadily through the puddles and set her feet resolutely to climb the sticky road. She never looked up at her companion. The brutality of his pride rejoiced again to see her thus. Here was a fine revenge for her scornful words, for the audacity with which she had dared to bring him within an ace of irremediable shame—him and the child she had borne to him. She was well punished; she came back to him perforce.

Was she weary? Was she cruelly weary? It was well. Did she suffer? It was just. Woe to the conquered—his was the victory! Even in her bodily trial his fierceness found a barbaric joy; but deep within him some mocking spirit laughed at all this, and would not let its jibes be silenced. It derided his victory and made bitter fun of his prancing triumph.

"I'll go back to the child, but I will not come back to you." "Going back is like going back to death." "Thank you for having loved me, Walter."

The mischievous spirit was apt at remembering and selecting the phrases which stung sharpest. Was this triumph, it asked, was this victory? Had he conquered the woman? No, neither her body nor her soul. He had conquered—young Blake! The spirit made a cheap matter of that conquest, and dared Grantley to make much of it.

"Rank, blank failure," said the spirit with acrid merriment. "And a lifetime of it before you!"

The world would not know perhaps—though it can generally guess. But his heart knew—and hers. It was a very fine triumph that! A triumph fine to win against the woman who had loved him, had counted her life worth having because it was hers to give to him!

Through the blare of the trumpets of his pride came this piercing, venomous voice. Grantley could not but hear. Hearing it, he hated Sibylla—and again was glad that she trudged laboriously and painfully along the slimy, oozing road. The instinct of cruelty spoke in him. She had chosen to trudge. It was her doing. That was excuse enough. Whatever the pain and labor, she had her way. Who was to blame for it?

They passed the red villas, and came where the Milldean road branched off to the left at the highest point of the downs. From here they looked over the cliffs that sloped toward their precipitous fall to the sea. The moon was on the heaving waters; a broad band of silver cut the waves in two. Grantley brought his horse to a stand and looked.

At the instant Sibylla fell against the horse's shoulder and caught at his mane with her hands, holding herself up. Rollo turned his head and nosed her cloak in a friendly fashion. A stifled sob proclaimed her exhaustion and defeat. She could walk no more. The day had been long, full of strain, compact of emotion and struggle; even despair could inspire no more exertion. In a mo-

ment she would fall there by the horse's side. Grantley looked down on her with a frowning face, yet with a new triumph. Again she failed, again he was right.

"Of course you couldn't do it. Why did you try?" he asked coldly. "The result is—here we are! What are we to do now?"

She made no answer; her clutch on Rollo's mane grew more tenacious—that alone kept her up.

"You must ride. I'll get down," he said surlily. Then he gave a sudden laugh. "No, he can carry us both—he's done it once before. Put your feet on the stirrup here; I'll pull you up."

She made no sign of understanding his allusion. He saw that she was dazed with weariness. He drew her up and set her behind him, placing her arm about his waist.

"Take care you don't let go," he warned her curtly, as he joggled the horse on again, taking now to the turf, where the going was better. Her grasp of his waist was limp. "Hold on, hold on," he said testily, "or you'll be slipping off!"

There was no hint of tenderness in his voice; but Sibylla reeked nothing of that now. With a long-drawn sigh she settled herself in her place. It was so sweet to be carried along—just to be carried along, to sit still and be carried along. She tightened her grip on him and sighed again in a luxury of content. She let her head fall against his shoulder, and her eyes closed. She could think no more and struggle no more; she fell into the blessed forgetfulness, the embracing repose, of great fatigue.

The encircling of her arm, the contact of her head, the touch of her damp hair on his neck, moved him with a sudden shock. Their appeal was no less strong because it was utterly involuntary, because the will had no part in the surrender of her wearied body. Memory assailed him with a thousand recollections, and with one above all. His face set in a sullen, obstinate resistance; he would not hear the voice of his heart answering the appeal, saying that his enemy was also the woman whom he loved.

He moved the horse into a quicker walk. Then he heard Sibylla speaking in a faint, drowsy whisper.

"Good Rollo, good Rollo, how he carries us both—as easily as if we were one, Grantley!"

She ended with another luxurious sigh. It was followed by a little shiver and a fretful effort to fold her cloak closer about her. She was cold. She

drew nearer to him, seeking the warmth of contact.

"That's a little better," she murmured in a childish, grumbling voice, and sought more comfortable resting for her head on his shoulder.

He knew that her wits wandered, and that the present was no more present to her. She was in the past—in the time when to be near him was her habit and her joy, the natural refuge she sought, her rest in weariness, the end of her every journey, when his arms had been her home. Certainly her wits must be wandering, or she would never rest her head on his shoulder, nor suffer her hair to touch his neck, nor speak nor sigh like that, nor deliver herself to his charge and care in this childish, holy contentment. Wandering wits, and they alone, could make her do anything of this. So it was not to be regarded. How should any sane man regard it, from the woman who had forsaken her child and sought to dishonor her home, whom he had but just torn from the arms of a lover?

Grantley braced himself to disregard the appeal she made, to recall nothing of all that her intimate presence thrust upon his mind. He would not be carried back across the gulf of the last year, across the chasm which those months had rent between them. For here was no such willing submission as he asked. It was all unconscious; it left her rebellion unquelled and her crime unexpiated. Yet he waited fearfully to hear her voice again. Whither would the errant wits next carry her? Whither must they carry her? He seemed to be able to answer that question in one way only. They must go right back to the beginning. With a sense of listening to inevitable words, he heard her soft drowsy whisper again:

"Let's ride straight into the gold, Grantley, straight into the gold, and let the gold—" The faint happy murmur died away in a sigh, and her head, which had been raised a moment, nestled on his shoulder again.

It had come—the supreme touch of irony which he had foreseen and dreaded. The errant wits had overleaped the stupendous gulf. They had crimsoned the cold rays of the moon into the glory of summer sunset; they colored desolate ruins with the gleaming hues of splendid youth. Her soul was again in the fairy ride, the fairy ride which had led—whither? Which had led to this!

Nothing that an ingenuity pointed by malice might have devised could have

equaled this. She might have searched all her armory in vain for so keen a weapon. Nay, she would have rejected this, the sharpest of all; no human being could have used it knowingly. It would have been too cruel.

He listened in dull terror for a repetition of the words. They did not come again. What need? He heard them still, and a groan broke the seal of his lips.

"My God, must she do that?" he muttered to himself. "Get on, Rollo, get on!"

For now the triumph faded away, the unsubstantial pageant was no more. There was no blare of trumpets to deaden the mocking voice. The little victory stood in its contemptible dwarfishness beside the magnitude of his great defeat. That the past had been, that the present was—that was enough. The fairy ride and the struggle in the inn—they stood side by side and bade him gaze on the spectacle. Beside this, it seemed as if he had suffered nothing that day and night—nothing in the thought of ridicule and shame, nothing in the dishonor of his house and home, nothing in the name of wanton hanging to the mother of his child, nothing in the jealousy and anger of a forsaken man. This thing alone seemed to matter—that the past had been that, and that the present was this, and that they had been so shaped in the hands of him, the fashioner of them.

Then, suddenly, with a quick twist of thought, he was bitterly sorry for Sibylla. Words and memories that came back like that, unbidden and of themselves, when the wits are wandering, must have meant a great deal and had a great place once. At such a time the mind would not throw up trifles out of an unconscious recollection. The things which have been deepest in it, which have filled, yes, and formed it, those were the things that it would throw up. They expressed nethermost truths, however idle and light they sounded. When she babbled of riding into the gold, and sank her spirit in the memory of the fairy ride, she went back all unconsciously to the great moment of her life, and to its most glorious promise. She spoke of the crown of all her being.

It was strange to him, this new sorrow for Sibylla. He had never felt that yet. It was odd he should feel it now—for the woman who had forsaken her child and sought to dishonor her husband and her son. But the feeling was very strong on him. It found its first utterance in

words of constrained civility. He turned his head back, saying:

"I'm afraid you're very tired?"

She answered nothing.

"I hope you're not very cold?"

A little shiver of her body ran into his.

"We shall be home very soon."

"Home!" she murmured sleepily.

"Yes, soon home now, Grantley!"

"God help me!" he muttered.

He could not make it out. Somehow his whole conception of her, of the situation, of himself, seemed shaken. This guilty woman behind him—was she not guilty in all that was of consequence, in every decision of her will and every impulse of her nature?—seemed to accuse not herself, but him. He was torn from the judgment seat, and set rudely in the dock, peremptorily bidden to plead, not to sentence; to beg mercy, in lieu of pronouncing doom. Her wandering wits and drowsy murmurs had inexplicably wrought this transformation. And why? And how?

Was it because she had been capable of the fairy ride and able to make it eternal? Capable—yes, and confident of her ability. So confident that, in the foolhardiness of strength, she had engaged herself to try it with young Blake—with that poor light o' love, who was all unequal to the great issues which he himself had claimed as the kernel of the fight.

Where lay the failure of the fairy ride? Where resided its nullity? How came it that the bitter irony of contrast found in it so fair, so unmatched, a field? Who had turned the crimson of the glorious sunset to the cold light of that distant, unregarding moon?

On a sudden her grasp of him loosened. Her arm slipped away. She gave a little groan. He wrenched himself round in the saddle, dropping the reins. Old Rollo came to a standstill; Grantley darted out his hands with a quick, eager motion. Another second, and she would have fallen heavily to the ground. With a strain he caught her, and brought her round and held her in front of him.

She seemed deathly pale under the blue-white moon-rays. Her lips opened to murmur "Grantley!" and with a comfortable sigh she wrenched her arms about his neck. He almost kissed her, but thought of young Blake, and took up his reins again with a muttered oath.

So they rode down the hill into Mill-dean, old Rollo picking his steps carefully, since the chalk was slimy, and

there were loose flints of which it behooved a careful and trusted horse to beware. The old scene dawned on Grantley, pallid and ghostly in the moonlight—the church, and the post-office, Old Mill House, where she had lived when he wooed her, his own home on the hill beyond. Sibylla's cold, damp arms about his neck prayed him to see it again as he had seen it once; nay, in a new and intenser light—to see it as the place where his love had been born, whence the fairy ride had started and whither returned. He did not try to loosen her grasp about his neck. She seemed a burden that he must carry, a load that he bore home from out the tempest of the winds and waves which he had faced and buffeted that night. And ever, as he went, he sought dimly, saying, "Why, why?" "How did it come about?" "Haven't I loved her?" "Hasn't she had everything?" Or exclaiming "Blake!" Or again: "And the child!"—trying to assess, trying to judge, trying to condemn, yet ever feeling the inanimate grasp, looking on the oblivious face, returning to pity and to grieve.

A groom was waiting up for him. Grantley roused himself from his ponderings to give the man a brief explanation. Mrs. Imason had meant to stay at Mrs. Valentine's, but he had wanted to talk to her on business, and she had insisted on coming back with him. Unfortunately, she had attempted to walk, and it had been too much for her. Her bag would be sent home to-morrow—he had arranged this with the gruff innkeeper, and had paid him a good sum to hold his tongue. But he was conscious that tongues would not be held altogether, and that the groom was puzzled by the story, and certainly not convinced.

This seemed to matter very little now. Let them guess and gossip—what was that compared to the great, unexplained thing between himself and Sibylla, compared to the great questioning of himself by himself which had now taken possession of him? What the outside world might think seemed now a small thing—yes, although he had been ready to kill himself and the child because of it.

He bore Sibylla into the hall of the house. One lamp burned dimly there, and all was quiet—save for a shrill, fractious cry. The child was crying fretfully. The next moment old Mrs. Mumble came to the top of the stairs, carrying a bedroom candle and wrapped in a shabby, voluminous dressing-gown.

"You're back, Mr. Imason?" She did not see Sibylla, and held up her hand. "Hark to poor little Frank," she said. "He's been crying all the evening. I can't quiet him. He misses his mummy so."

Could words more sorely condemn Sibylla—the woman who had forsaken her child? But Grantley gathered her gently into his arms, and began to carry her up-stairs. Then Mrs. Mumble saw, and turned on him eyes full of wonder.

"She's unconscious, I think," he said. "She can do nothing for herself. I'll take her to her room, and you must put her to bed. She's very cold, too. You must make her warm, Mrs. Mumble."

The old woman followed him into the bedroom without a word. He laid Sibylla down on the bed. For an instant she opened her eyes and smiled tenderly at him; then she fell into oblivion again. Mrs. Mumble moved quickly to her. Standing by her, ranged on her side in a moment by some subtle instinct, she faced Grantley with an air of defiance.

"Leave her to me, Mr. Imason. Leave the poor child to me!"

"Yes," he answered. "Get her to bed as soon as you can. Good night!"

Mrs. Mumble was feeling Sibylla's face, her hands, her ankles. She began to unbutton the wet boots hastily.

"What have you done to her?" she asked in motherly indignation. "Poor lamb!"

She pulled off the boots and felt the damp stockings with low exclamations of horror. She was in her element, fussing over somebody she loved. She got a rough towel, and knelt down to strip off the stockings.

"I can leave her to you now," said Grantley, and he walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

In the stillness of the house he heard the little peevish cry again; the complaint in it was more intense, as if the child missed old Mrs. Mumble's care, and feared to be alone. Grantley went along the passage and into the nursery. A night-light burned by the cot. The door of the adjoining room stood open a few inches, but all was dark and quiet there.

When Grantley came near, the child saw him, and stretched out his little arms to him in a gesture which seemed to combine welcome and entreaty. Grantley shook his head, smiling whimsically.

"I wonder what the little beggar wants! I'm devilish little use," he murmured; but he lifted little Frank from

the cot, wrapped him in a blanket, and carried him to the fireside. "I wonder if I ought to feed him?" he thought. "What's the nurse up to? Oh, I suppose she's left him to old Mumbles. Why didn't she feed him?"

Frank was lamenting still, more gently, but in a remarkably persevering way.

"He must want something," Grantley concluded, and his eye fell on a cup which stood just within the fender. He stooped down and stuck his finger into it, and found it half full of a warm, thick, semi-liquid stuff. "Got it!" he said in lively triumph, picking up the cup and holding it to Frank's lips. The child sucked it up. "Well, he likes it anyhow, that's something. I hope it won't kill him," mused Grantley as he gently drew the cup away from the tenacious little fingers.

Frank stuck one of the fingers in his mouth, stopped crying, and in an instant seemingly was sound asleep. Grantley got him into a position that seemed comfortable, and lay back in the chair, holding him on his knees.

In half an hour Mrs. Mumble came in and found them both sound asleep in front of the fire. She darted to them and shook Grantley by the shoulder. He opened his eyes with a start.

"My gracious, you might have dropped him!"

"Not a bit of it! Look how he's holding on." He showed the little hand clenched tightly round his forefinger. "He could hang like that, I believe."

"Hang, indeed!" muttered Mrs. Mumble resentfully. "Give him to me, Mr. Imason."

"Oh, by all means, but, by Jove, he doesn't want to go!"

He did not want to go, apparently, and Grantley was quite triumphant about it. Mrs. Mumble was merely cross, and grumbled all the time till she got the little fingers unlaced and Frank safe in his cot again. "It's a mercy he didn't fall into the fire," she kept repeating, with a lively and aggressive thankfulness for escape from a danger excessively remote. At last she spoke of Sibylla.

"She's warm and comfortable, and sleeping now, poor lamb," she said.

"It's time we all were," said Grantley, making for the door.

"You won't disturb her, Mr. Imason?"

He turned round to her, smiling.

"No," he said.

(To be continued.)

The United States Army in 1904.

BY

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG,

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ELIHU ROOT'S RECORD AS WAR SECRETARY—WHAT HE DID TO REORGANIZE THE ARMY, AND THE CONDITION IN WHICH HE HAS TURNED HIS DEPARTMENT OVER TO HIS SUCCESSOR, WILLIAM H. TAFT.

BEFORE this article is in type there will have passed out across the threshold of the noble War Office at Washington—in all likelihood to know no more its lofty halls and stately chambers—a secretary who has held the military portfolio for four strenuous years. Judged solely by his methods and the results he has achieved, without any analysis of his striking personality, Elihu Root must be regarded as a great war minister. If gaged by his distinct individual impress on the military establishment, he should perhaps be ranked ahead of all his predecessors.

Leaving to others the attractive theme of Mr. Root's individuality, I propose to set forth in this paper some account—as full an account as space permits—of what he has accomplished toward the improvement of matters military. This limitation necessitates the virtual ignoring of his achievements in and for Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine archipelago; which I regret, as no inconsiderable part of his fame and reputation is firmly based on his brilliant success as a colonial minister.

AFTER THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

I assume on the part of my readers a familiarity with the conditions and circumstances under which in mid-summer of 1899 Mr. Root was invited by President McKinley to accept the war ministry. To traverse anew the acrimonious allegations and censorious controversies to which we were treated *ad nauseam* that summer would prove as profitless as it would be unpleasant. It is enough to recall that the official situation into which the new Secretary of War was

thus suddenly introduced as an important factor was everywhere difficult, in some quarters perplexing, and in others very grave. But nothing daunted, he forthwith took up the burden; and within a few weeks it became apparent that, as is so often the case with men of mark, the very stress of his task only served to strengthen him, and to render him the more fit to bear the constantly increasing weight of responsibility that came upon his broad shoulders.

His initial task in this new sphere of action was the organization of the volunteers—thirty-five thousand of them—for service in the Philippines. The notably successful results attained were due in no small measure to Mr. Root's careful personal scrutiny of the appointment of the officers. It is not too much to say that the regiments thus organized and officered were, in equipment, in discipline, and indeed in all soldierly essentials, a very great improvement over those accepted ready-made from the States the year before.

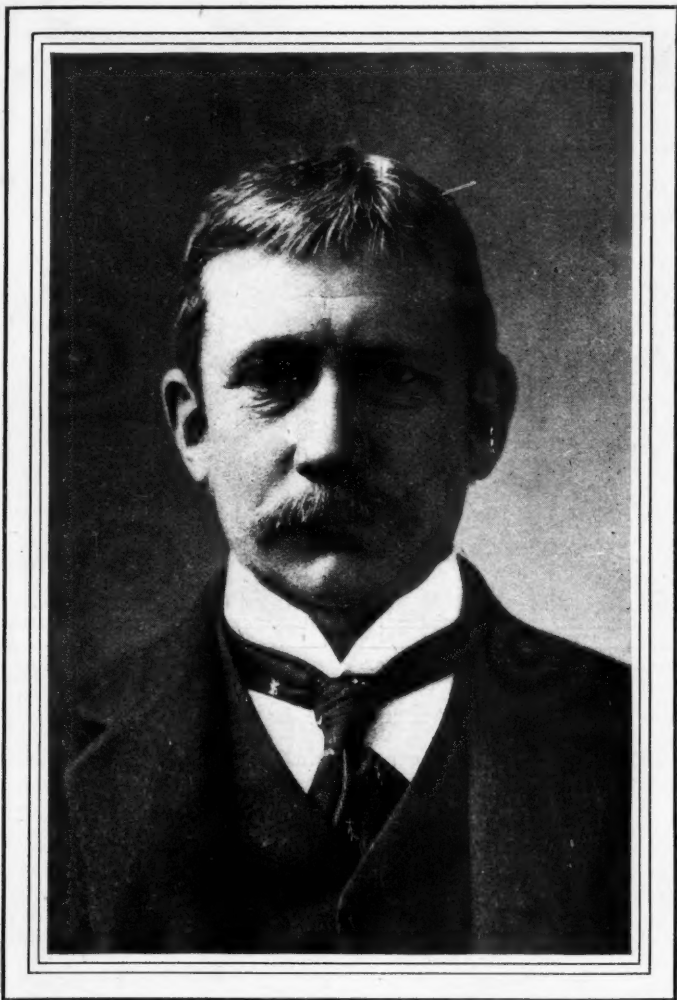
To be sure, the marked superiority of these particular volunteers—United States Volunteers in fact as well as in name—was primarily referable to the wisdom of the law under which they were organized; yet laws may come and laws may go, but after all, a wise, firm, and scrupulous administrator of a law is a *sine qua non* either for reaping the full benefits of a good law or for demonstrating the folly of a mischievous one. On this principle a very large share of the credit for the striking success of these volunteers should be given to Mr. Root.

A little later came the Boxer troubles in China, involving our armed coopera-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The present article was written by the late Chief of Staff immediately after his retirement from his official position at the head of the United States Army. It will be read with special interest in view of the fact that army opinion of Mr. Root's record as Secretary of War is by no means entirely favorable.

tion with the other chief nations of the world for the relief of the embassies at Peking. That we performed our part not

sure reaches. Despite all this wide activity, he always found time for profound and persistent study of the many defects



ELIHU ROOT, OF NEW YORK, WHO RETIRED FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT ON FEBRUARY 1 AFTER A MOST EVENTFUL ADMINISTRATION OF FOUR YEARS.

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.

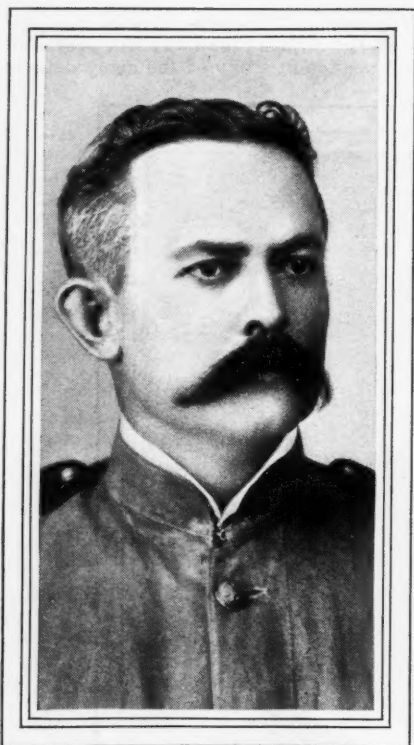
only with full success, but with honor both to our arms and to our diplomacy, is largely attributable to our spirited and sagacious War Secretary, who, as his newness in office wore off, revealed increasing efficiency and added strength.

And so he went on—in China, Cuba, the Philippines, Porto Rico, and, above all, in the home country—learning his trade, running his course, by great but

inherent in the system of the vast machine whose master he was.

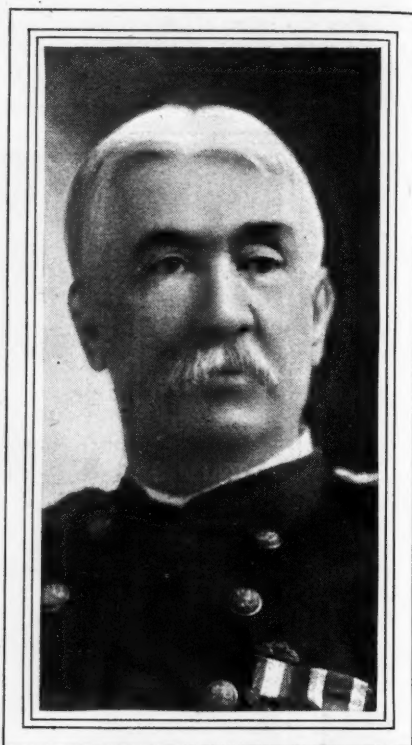
THREE GREAT MEASURES OF REFORM.

The larger products of his studies, the main results that were accomplished practically by or through him, and on which his reputation as a reformer must chiefly rest, are exhibited in three very important Congressional enactments:



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. FRANKLIN BELL, HEAD OF THE GENERAL SERVICE AND STAFF COLLEGE.

From a photograph by the Centro Artistico, Manila.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN F. WESTON, COMMISSARY-GENERAL.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

The act of February 2, 1901, generally known as the Army Reorganization Act.

The act of January 21, 1903, commonly called the Dick Militia Law.

The act of February 14, 1903, or, popularly, the General Staff Law.

The second of these laws treats of but one subject—a very large one indeed—the militia. The third, too, has to do with a single matter, though an exceedingly far-reaching one, the general staff. On the other hand, the first, as its popular name implies, is a veritable *omnium gatherum*—as will presently appear. It is an intended panacea for all the ills with which the body military was at the time known to be suffering, or at least all such ills for which Mr. Root's lucid and persistent advocacy that winter succeeded in securing the remedial action of Congress. There were other ailments for which it could not then be persuaded to prescribe, though later on the law-making body refused him very few things,

whether curative or constructive, which he asked of it.

THE REORGANIZATION OF 1901.

A mere outline of the principal features of the Reorganization Act will demonstrate its variety, scope, and importance. The recital will also sufficiently indicate the secretary's intelligent interest, his astonishing industry, and the remarkable measure of his achievement; for it must be remembered that when this comprehensive bill was completed and submitted to Congress Mr. Root had held his portfolio not much more than a year.

Some of the important changes effected by this law were:

The increase of the infantry from twenty-five to thirty regiments, retaining the three-battalion regimental organization adopted a few months before.

A large addition to the cavalry, the number of regiments being made fifteen instead of ten.

The organizing of the artillery into a corps, abolishing its antiquated regimental organization, and an increase of its strength which then seemed sufficient—though since proved clearly inadequate—for its greatly enlarged sphere of action, including that of submarine mining in harbor defense.

The important provision for filling, by four-year details of officers from the combatant branches of the army, vacancies in all the staff corps except those of too strictly technical a character to warrant it.

The authorizing of the enlistment of a force of native Philippine Scouts, not to exceed twelve thousand.

The authorization of a provisional regiment for service in Porto Rico, chiefly consisting of natives.

The provision for employing dental surgeons to serve the officers and men of the army.

The establishment of a corps of female nurses.

The provision ordering preliminary examinations and surveys with a view to selecting four sites for the establishment of permanent camp grounds for instruction of troops, both regulars and National Guard.

Besides these, the act contained other provisions differing in importance, but all carefully thought out, and each having a clearly defined object. It should be read in all its details in order to appreciate its full significance to the service. Only by miracle could such a measure have satisfied all the many special interests underlying it, but that in the main it has worked for the good of the army few, I think, will deny.

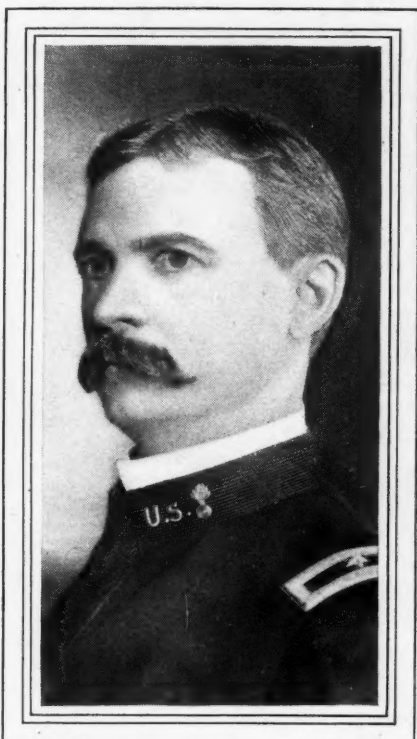
NATIONALIZING OUR MILITIA.

In the Militia Act of 1903 a great stride forward was made. Although the law has already been proved to be in need of amendment in several particulars, which amendment will surely be accomplished in good time, its authors—and



BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES F. HUMPHREY,
QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst,
Washington.*



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM CROZIER, CHIEF
OF ORDNANCE.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst,
Washington.*

Mr. Root is the chief of them—are undoubtedly entitled to not a little of the reward thus foreshadowed by Washington, in an address to Congress in 1794:

The devising and establishing of a well-regulated militia would be a genuine source of legislative honor, and a perfect title to public gratitude.

Previous to the legislation of last year the United States really had no militia system; in spite of the fact that this most important subject had been brought to the attention of Congress, and often in urgent terms, by nearly every one of the Presidents. There was no dissent as



A GROUP OF UNITED STATES ARMY OFFICERS ON THE STEPS OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING AT WASHINGTON—IN FRONT STAND GENERALS YOUNG AND CHAFFEE; IN THE FIRST ROW BEHIND THEM, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE COLONELS KERR AND MACKENZIE, AND GENERALS BLISS, RANDOLPH, SANGER, AND HAINS.

From a photograph taken shortly before General Young's retirement.

to the necessity for a "well-regulated militia," but the circumstances were so conflicting that for more than a century practically nothing had been accomplished toward systematizing the matter until Mr. Root took it up.

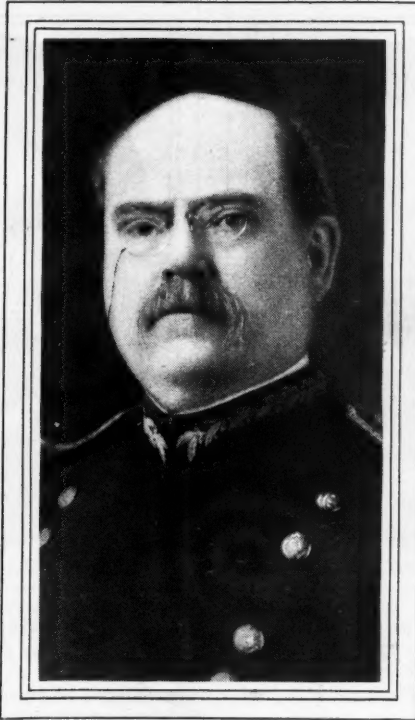
He made a thorough study of it, conferring freely with those qualified to judge of the conditions. The bill itself was submitted in its formative phases not only to the chairmen of the appropriate committees of Congress, but to a convention of officers of National Guard organizations in session at Washington. This latter body, after suggesting a few modifications, requested its enactment by the legislators.

The purposes of the measure are thus described by the Secretary himself, in his annual report for 1902:

The fundamental idea of the bill is to recognize the value to the national government of the National Guard, which is capable of being utilized, first, as active militia when called out by the President for the specific purposes enumerated in the Constitution; second, as an already organized volunteer force when its organizations respond as such to calls for volunteers for general military purposes under authority of Congress; and, third, as the great school of the volunteer soldier, the benefits of which are received by the country when the members of the guard respond individually to calls for volunteers.

The bill undertakes to regulate and provide for these various relations of the National Guard and its members to the general system; to conform the organization, armament, and discipline of the guard to that of the regular and volunteer armies of the United States; to establish closer relations and better cooperation between the National Guard and the regular army; to promote the efficiency and dignity of the guard as a part of the military system of the United States.

Although there has elapsed but one-fifth of the prescribed period—five years—for conforming the "organization,



BRIGADIER-GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS, HEAD OF
THE WAR COLLEGE.

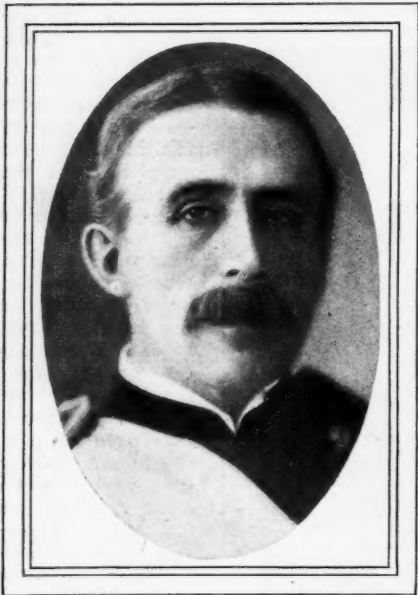
*From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst,
Washington.*

armament, and discipline," more than ninety-six thousand—or about ninety-one per cent—of the organized militia have been supplied with the "caliber thirty" magazine rifles or carbines. Of the companies and troops reported on by inspectors of the regular army, seventy-seven per cent were pronounced to be "sufficiently armed, uniformed, and equipped for active duty in the field."

In addition the militia has in service eighty field guns, the property of the United States, and the government is now constructing, for issue to these troops, seventy-two more guns, which are to be of the latest model, only recently adopted, and not

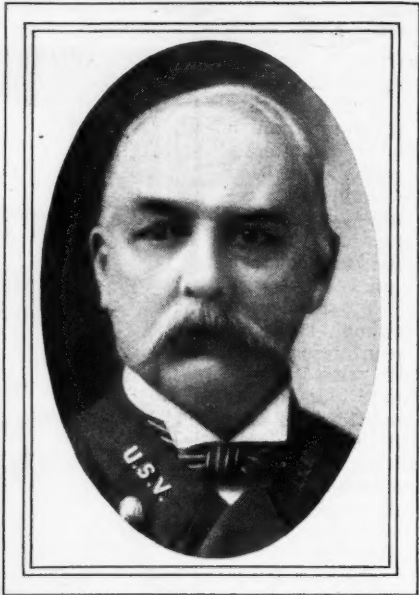
yet in the hands of the regular artillery. Moreover, appropriations have been made, or estimates submitted, for something more than half of the total field artillery armament—fifty batteries of four guns each—at present deemed necessary for the whole organized militia. As a battery costs nearly fifty-eight thousand dollars, it is obvious that in this particular the conforming of the militia with the regular and volunteer armies must be a gradual process, at any rate in time of peace.

I must pass over, with mere reference, such notable features of the law as that which under certain conditions provides funds for the pay, subsistence, and transportation of the militia when engaged in actual field or camp service for instruction—that is, in their own State camps; the provisions which afford opportunities for military instruction by regular officers, including instruction in firing and in target practise, in which case ammunition is furnished free of cost; and those sections which provide for the at-



MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, COMMANDING
THE DEPARTMENT OF MINDANAO.

From a photograph by Miss F. Johnston, Washington.



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES F. WADE, COMMANDING
THE PHILIPPINES DIVISION.

From a photograph.

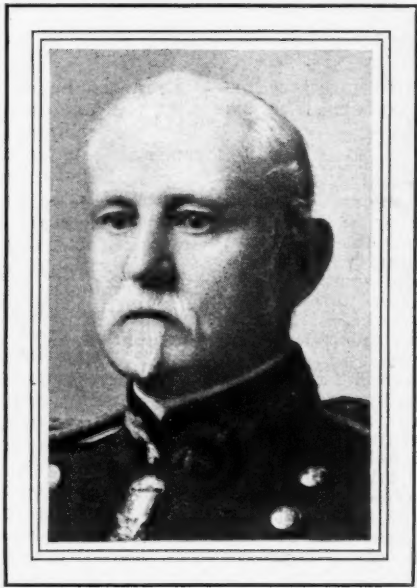
tendance of militia officers, and of persons merely certified as eligible for volunteer commissions, at military schools, at government expense. I will pass over all these, to call attention to that section which makes provision for the voluntary participation by the militia in the "encampment, maneuvers, and field instruction of any part of the regular army, at or near any military post, or camp, or lake, or seacoast defenses of the United States."

The officers and men of the militia thus participating with the regular forces receive the same pay, subsistence, and transportation as do

regulars of like grade, the entire expense being borne by the general government.

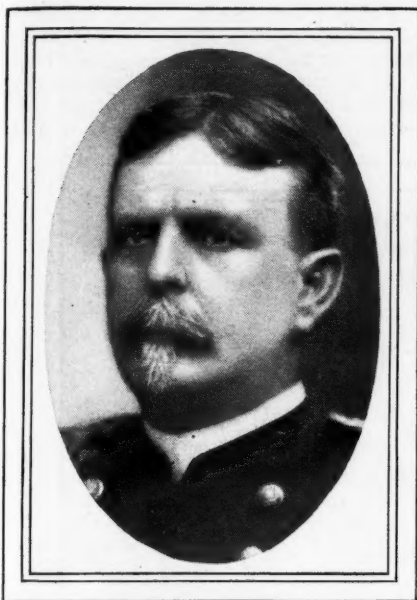
But the very first year's results under this section have been so important and so gratifying as not to be estimated in money. Militiamen from more than a dozen States took part in the field or coast maneuvers last fall and summer, and all the participating officers are enthusiastic over the results.

Not only are peculiar opportunities thus afforded for practical military training of the highest value, and for testing equipment, transportation, and supply, but the maneuvers are productive of an inestimable



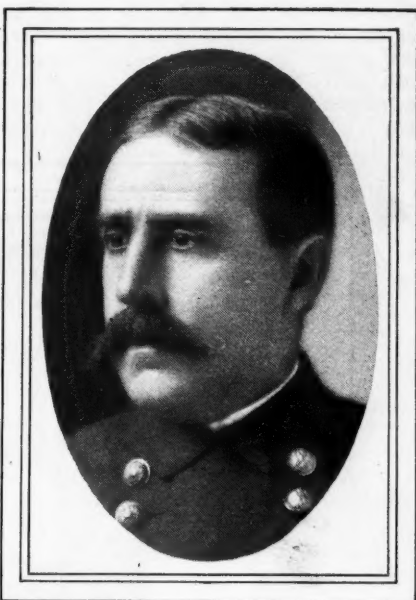
BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE L. GILLESPIE, CHIEF
OF ENGINEERS.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY C. CORBIN, COMMANDING
THE ATLANTIC DIVISION.

From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL S. SUMNER, COMMANDING
THE SOUTHWESTERN DIVISION.

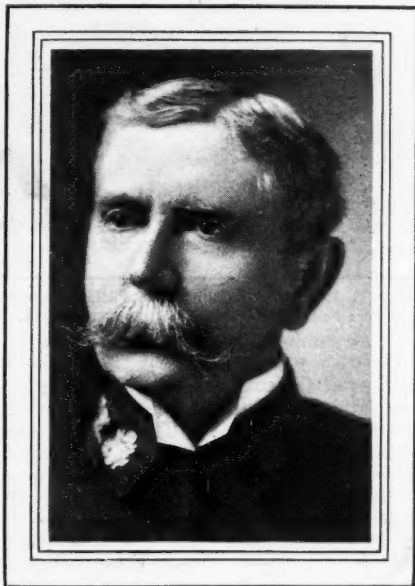
From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

good in throwing together each year, under conditions very like those of actual campaigning, hundreds of officers of regulars and of militia. The inevitable result is not only mutual assistance and instruction, but mutual understanding, respect, and liking, which—bearing in mind our certain future association in war—is perhaps the best of all.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF MILITARY EDUCATION.

The subject of military education engaged Mr. Root's earnest attention very soon after he became secretary. In the technical branches of the army, such instruction is constantly necessary, if only

to keep up with the rapid progress of mechanical invention and scientific development. But just at that time there arose an abnormal necessity for study even in the non-technical arms, because of the great and sudden increase of officers incident to the reorganization. Many of the new men came into the service under conditions not conducive to preparation for a severe mental examination. Candidates appeared before their examiners fresh from field service, and after considerable periods of enforced separation from all text-books. Thus the bars were very generally let down for the entrance



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. BURTON, IN-
SPECTOR-GENERAL.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

examinations, but only to be put up again in due course, and the secretary set about the devising of a thorough scheme of instruction—one that should develop all earnest and capable officers to the high standard now necessary in the

Second, five special service schools—the Artillery School, at Fort Monroe, Virginia; the Engineer School at Washington; the School of Submarine Defense, Fort Totten, New York; the Cavalry and Field Artillery School, Fort



WILLIAM H. TAFT, OF OHIO, LATE GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINES, WHO SUCCEEDED MR. ROOT AS SECRETARY OF WAR ON FEBRUARY 1.

From a photograph by Somers, Cincinnati.

profession of arms, and that at the same time should weed out the intrinsically or perversely unworthy.

As early as November, 1901, the project of this system of instruction was published to the army in a general order. In addition, of course, to the Military Academy at West Point, the plan included:

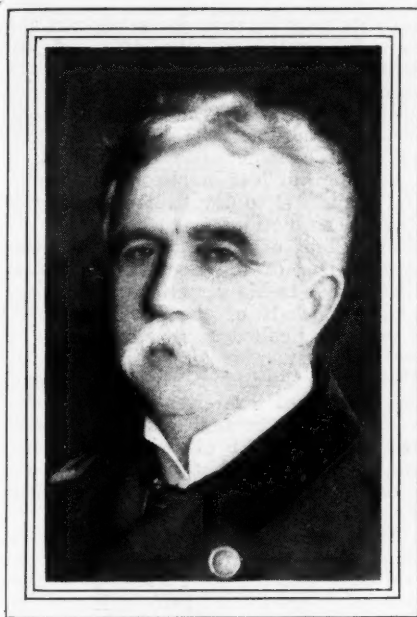
First, at each military post a school for the elementary instruction of officers in theory and practise.

Riley, Kansas; and the Army Medical College, at Washington.

Third, the General Service and Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

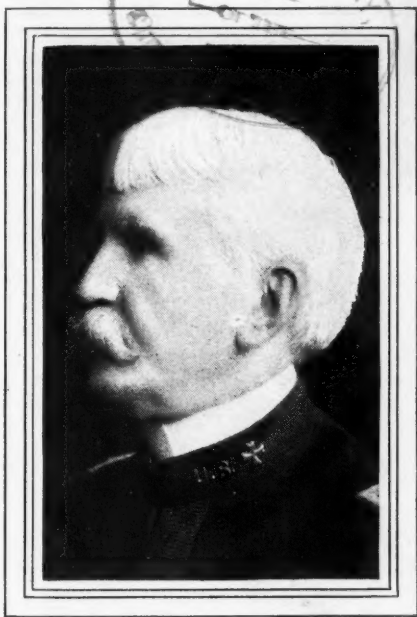
Fourth, the War College for the most advanced instruction, at Washington.

The order set forth clearly the character, the purposes, and, we may say, the ambition of each of these schools. It no less clearly made known to all concerned that there was to be no more coquetting or pottering with the profes-



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALFRED E. BATES, PAYMASTER-GENERAL.

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT M. O'REILLY, SURGEON-GENERAL.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Philadelphia.

sional instruction of officers. In due season courses of study were announced, and the scheme was put in operation.

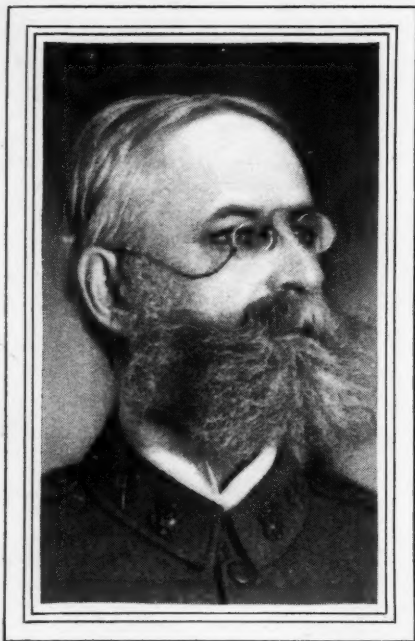
The War College was placed under the direction of a board of five officers of high rank taken from the army at large, with the Chief of Engineers, Chief of Artillery, the Superintendent of the Military Academy, and the Commandant of the Staff College as *ex officio* members. This War College Board was to exercise general supervision over all the other schools, and was charged with the duty of developing and maintaining a complete system of military education.

Even from this brief description it will be seen that the scheme is a very ambitious one; but it has been administered with earnestness, and thus far with every evidence of success. In a few instances there has been failure on the part of individual student officers to appreciate the measure of their collegiate obligations and duties; but these cases have met with sharp disciplinary treatment, as the several subjects might well have expected had they but reflected on the intense earnestness evidenced in every educational order of the Secretary of War, even if they failed to recall his "inherited tendencies" toward school-teaching.

For the installation of the War College, including the construction of the necessary buildings, Congress has already appropriated more than four hundred thousand dollars, and the secretary recently appeared before the House committee on military affairs and made an urgent and convincing plea for three hundred thousand more, to complete the work. He stated to the committee that he "regarded the duties to be performed" at the War College as "the most important that devolve upon the army." The necessary funds will probably be voted.

THE CREATION OF A GENERAL STAFF.

I can make only a mention of Mr. Root's enthusiastic advocacy of the improvement of small arms marksmanship in the army, the navy, and the militia, and of the reviving among the people at large of the well-nigh lost art of the use of firearms; his association with the Secretary of the Navy in establishing the Joint Army and Navy Board, composed of eight high-ranking officers, four from each service, "for the purpose of conferring upon, discussing, and reaching common conclusions regarding all matters calling for the cooperation of the



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADOLPHUS W. GREELY,
CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER.

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

two services;" his earnest efforts to obtain from Congress the necessary funds for constructing fortifications in our insular possessions—still shamefully defenseless; his recent important order reorganizing our territory into geographical divisions and departments; and his many purely administrative changes in the conduct of the vast business of the War Department. Merely naming these, and wholly omitting a great many minor matters, which nevertheless have played their part in Mr. Root's work, we come finally to his crowning achievement, the securing of the legislation for the General Staff, and his successful launching of the all-important new corps.

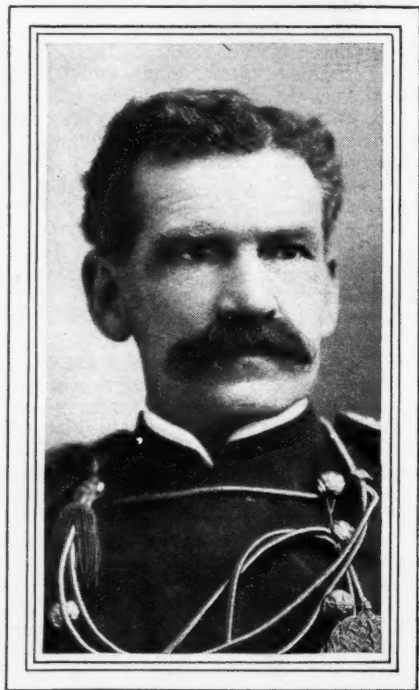
While Mr. Root was in no sense the originator of the idea of our General Staff—because, like everything else under the sun, the idea is not new—he was quick to perceive and appreciate our want of such an agency, and it is to him that we largely owe its creation. We owe him a further debt for his fostering care of its infancy, and for its rapid development to its present state of vigorous and successful operation.

The War College Board was the forerunner of our General Staff, and per-

haps its progenitor in the sense that the wide recognition of the value of the board's work doubtless influenced Congress to view with favor the plan for a special corps. The War College has now become an adjunct of the General Staff. This arrangement has relieved it of many more or less inappropriate duties, and has left it to devote itself wholly to its proper functions.

The Chief of Staff acts as the military adviser of the Secretary of War, gives effect to his directions and orders made in behalf of the President; and, if especially called upon, advises him or receives instructions from him directly. Thus, under ordinary peace conditions, the President exercises his authority over the army through his war minister and the Chief of Staff, without any second in command; but in case of emergency he may place the whole army under a single commander.

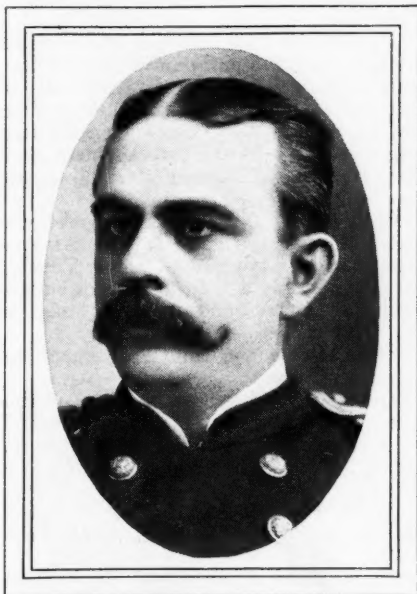
The General Staff comprises the War Department General Staff and the General Staff Serving with Troops, the former being subdivided into divisions and sections in order to specialize the work and facilitate its accomplishment.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE, CHIEF
OF STAFF AND SENIOR OFFICER OF THE ARMY.

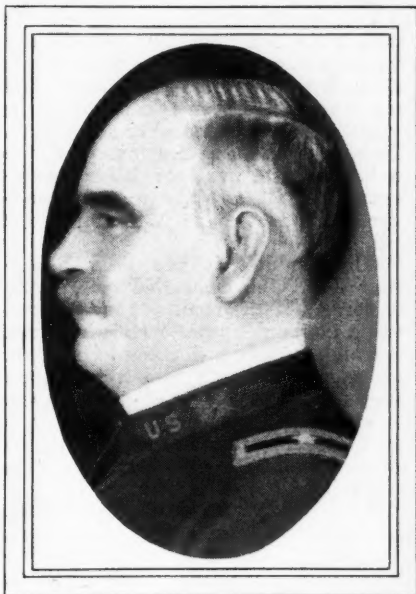
The General Staff Serving with Troops consists at present of those general staff officers assigned to duty with commanders of territorial divisions. The senior with each such commander is his Chief of Staff, and all thus assigned are the agents of their commanding generals in rendering "professional aid and assistance" and in coordinating the action of other officers. Such are the normal functions of general staff officers serving with

As to results, I am confident that both in character and amount the work accomplished by the General Staff in its less than six months of existence is quite up to the expectations of the most sanguine advocates of the system. Mr. Root himself, as I happen to know, is fully satisfied with the performance of this creation of his; and where could we look for a more ardent champion and at the same time a severer critic than he?



BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRED C. AINSWORTH, CHIEF OF THE RECORD AND PENSION OFFICE.

From a photograph.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE B. DAVIS, JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

troops, yet these officers are subject to assignment by their division commanders to any duty not incompatible with the character of general staff employment as set forth in the law creating the corps.

Officers constituting the War Department General Staff are all, in effect—through the several chiefs of division—military advisers of the Chief of Staff, just as he is in turn adviser to the Secretary of War or to the President.

In all questions of military policy, and in other matters of sufficient importance, recourse is had to the general council. This council consists of the Chief of Staff, the other three general officers of the General Staff, the chiefs of divisions, and the secretary of the General Staff. Its functions are sufficiently indicated by its name.

Even from the foregoing brief account it should be evident to all that the effect of the retiring secretary's administration of military affairs has been stimulating, invigorating, progressive, and to the great benefit of the army and the nation.

In conclusion I would say that, to all who have known Mr. Root, whether personally or through his work only, it should be a pleasure to contemplate the serene content which this able, forceful, industrious, and conscientious minister must feel in withdrawing from the public service with his chosen tasks completed, his office in perfect order for his successor, and in his ears the music of well-earned praise from his countrymen. It is the fitting close of a memorable administration.

STORIETTES

Brad Merrell, Guardian.

I.

THERE was vituperation loud and deep on Turkey Creek. The owner of the ranch, himself temporarily brought low by a refractory cayuse, was expecting a visitor from the East—his niece—and Brad Merrell had been told off to act as her guide, if not philosopher and friend.

Brad was the steadiest man on the ranch. This fact was enough for his employer. He was also the worst woman-hater. This fact made it too much for Brad.

"Why couldn't it hev been Paper-Collar Joe?" he demanded collectively and fiercely of the men, as they loitered outside the bunk-house. "He'd hev been like a high-stepper with a new harness on. He'd sooner talk soft to a woman than rope the liveliest steer that ever bellered. But *me!* I won't hev nothin' to do with her. I'll take my time in the mornin'. I'll light out overnight—I'll burn down the whole ranch!"

"Now, Brad," wheedled Tom Mason, affectionately known as Old Soft Soap, by reason of his peace-making proclivities—"now, Brad, jest stop an' think. Ye've yer own nice little place up on Turkey Creek, where ye kin look after it handy, an' all plans made fer the summer. What would ye do with the rest of the season ef ye take yer time now? Yer place is rented, it's too late to get taken on anywhere else, an' ye'd only lope around an' spend yer wad. This tenderfoot gal 'll only stay a few weeks, an' it'll be a rest fer ye—"

"Rest!" bellowed Brad. "Rest! It'll wreck every nerve in my carcass. She'll be one of two kinds; she'll either squeal every time she sees a lizard, an' be afraid of her own shadow, or she'll carry a blamed tin box fer bugs an' things. She'll either gush around about me bein' 'so picturesque,' or she'll be shocked at my language an' my pipe, an' try to reform me. Rest! A woman'll let a man rest only when she's been buried an' has a granite monument over her!"

Old Soft Soap prevailed, however, in the end. Next morning Brad started for the railroad, as a lamb begins its journey

to the shambles, yet with a most un-lamb-like mien and accouterment, for his pistol-belt and dirk, his leathern "chaps" and rakish sombrero, proclaimed him a "bad man," indeed.

The Overland Limited was late, and the engine seemed to puff and whistle its disgust at being stopped at the little station that raised itself above the surrounding sea of grass. With much complaining and creaking it halted for a moment, and then its rattling links climbed slowly up the rise.

Brad looked for a mass of furbelows and a Saratoga trunk, but the platform was vacant except for an ample female, standing beside a bulging carpet-bag, a heap of boxes and bundles, and a shrouded bird-cage.

"She ain't come," muttered Brad, his skies brightening.

The ample figure bore down upon him like a ship under sail. It was surmounted by a pleasant face, of florid complexion, beneath a broad hat and a veil of grass green.

"Can you tell me if Turkey Creek Ranch is anywheres near here?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Brad, awkwardly pulling at his hat-brim; "it's only about twenty-five miles over east. Was ye wantin' to go there?"

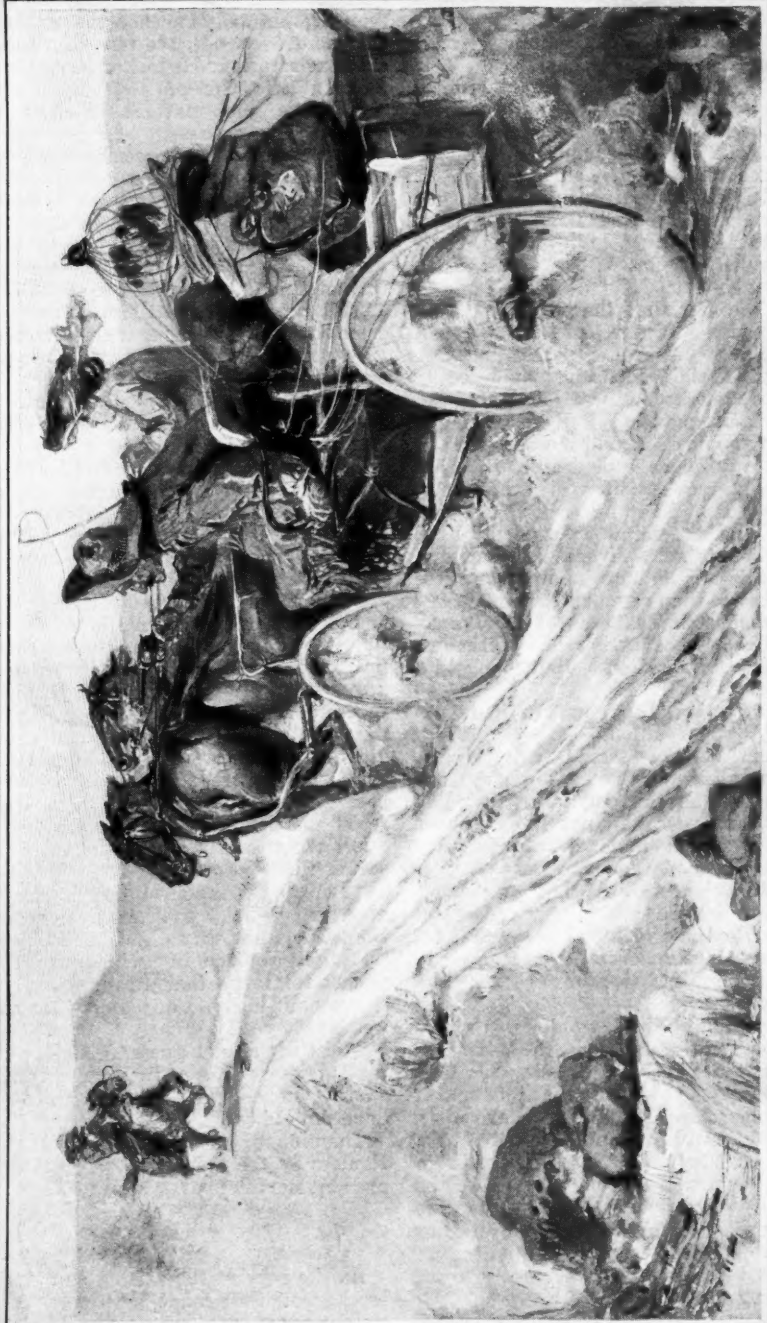
"That's what I came for," she replied promptly. "I'm Orphelia Gordon, an' I've come to visit my uncle, John Taylor."

"Ye're Orph—Miss Gordon!" exclaimed Brad. "Why, I thought—" he checked himself suddenly.

"Yes, I s'pose you did think I was a young girl," she retorted. "No harm done. I was once, an' if I ain't so good-looking as I was then, I know a heap more. If you've come for me, don't let's lose any time, but help me get my baggage loaded, an' we'll be startin'."

As boxes and bundles followed one another on the back of the wagon, Brad obeyed the orders of this capable woman with automatic alacrity, while he readjusted his mental attitude.

"Easy, now, with this box. It's got my best bonnet in it, an' underneath I packed a couple of settin's of Buff Cochon eggs for Uncle John." She worked with ener-



"IT'S LIKELY I'LL DRIVE OFF AND LEAVE YOU TO BE SHOT! GIVE ME THEM REINS, AND YOU LOOK TO YOUR GUNS."

getic hands as she talked. "Now we'll tie Polly's cage on top of all the rest, an' fasten it to the back of the seat. I have a piece of twine in my pocket."

She emptied a capacious pocket of an emergency collection of nails, twine, pins, thread, and other staple articles.

The cage cover fell apart, and a brilliant red and green head appeared. It cocked itself impertinently on one side, one beady eye looked Brad over from head to foot, and a high-pitched, energetic voice ejaculated:

"You be blamed!"

For the first time the bewildered look on the man's face relaxed, and a grin spread over his bronzed features. The woman's floridity deepened, and finally she, too, laughed.

"I'm ashamed of Polly's language. Old Dr. Henderson told me once that it was as bad for me, a professor, to keep a profane parrot as if I was profane myself; but I might've had a husband that swore, and the minister wouldn't have wanted me to get a divorce for that. Besides, this bird is more knowin' and less troublesome than any man I ever saw."

"I don't mind him swearin' at me," said Brad, recollecting his ferocious armament. "I reckon I ain't much of a picture."

She turned, and for the first time scrutinized her companion.

"Land!" she said reassuringly. "You're all right for a cowboy, away out on the frontier this way. You look like a man, any way, and not like some of them perfumed little counter-jumpers back in Harmon Center."

Brad straightened his slouching shoulders and walked across after the last piece of luggage with a swagger that set his spurs jingling. Just as he stooped to pick it up Miss Gordon checked him sharply.

"Leave that basket alone! That's Jeremy Taylor, and he's the touchiest Maltese that ever spit. It hurts his feelin's enough to be shut up that way, and if a stranger handled him he'd have a fit. I'll hold him in my lap as we drive. No, you needn't help me. I've been gettin' in and out over wheels alone all my life, and this buckboard is low. I'm glad that you don't use overhead check-reins on your horses. I belong to the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I'm sorry to see you wear spurs."

They were trotting swiftly over the prairie, and Brad had recovered his faculties sufficiently to give brief answers to Miss Gordon's running fire of

questions and observations. Suddenly the man involuntarily checked the mustangs that he drove, and gave vent to a smothered exclamation. He looked in perplexed alarm at Miss Gordon.

"What's the matter? Sick?" she queried.

He pointed to a horseman some distance in front of them.

"Bill Jukes," he answered briefly. "He's promised to shoot me at sight, and he's likely drunk enough not to know whether you're a man or woman. You turn around an' drive back to the station, an' I'll get out an' meet him on foot. I'll come back after ye soon, or else—Sykes, a mile north of the station, will bring ye over to Turkey Creek."

As he proffered the reins, Brad already had his revolver out of his belt. She gave an indignant sniff.

"It's likely I'll drive off and leave you to be shot! Give me them reins, and you look to your guns. We'll drive by Mr. Jukes at a pretty good pace, and if you *should* happen to hurt him—may the Lord have mercy on him!"

Shaking off Brad's restraining touch, and deaf to his expostulations, she put the whip to the ponies, and the buckboard lurched forward on the deeply-cut trail. Jukes was bearing down upon them, his face inflamed with drunken rage. Two or three shots whistled past them. Miss Gordon held the reins tightly and ducked her head. Brad fired repeatedly as they passed, and just beyond them Jukes reeled heavily from the saddle. With an effort the woman brought the team to a standstill.

"I'm glad I fastened Polly's cage on good and tight!" was her first exclamation. Then, noticing a broken check-rein: "I'll get a piece of twine out of my pocket to tie up that strap. Why, your sleeve's all bloody. I do believe that nasty wretch hit you!"

"Jest my arm, I guess, Miss Gordon," replied the man, a little uncertainly; "but I hope—that is, I'm afeerd I've done fer Jukes!"

They looked back. The outlaw lay motionless by the trail, his bridle-rein still over his nerveless arm.

II.

As the rays of the setting sun slanted level across the prairie, a strange procession stopped at Turkey Creek Ranch. Miss Gordon still drove, superintended by Jeremy Taylor, who thrust his head through a hole in the lid of his basket

and glared balefully at the universe in general. Beside her sat Brad, pale under his tan, with his right arm swung from his neck. At the tail of their chariot, so to speak, was tied the horse of Bill Jukes, and fastened in the saddle, plentifully bandaged and besmeared with blood, was the man himself. His manner was drooping in the extreme, while from an opening in the cage-cover Polly bestowed an unbroken succession of choice epithets upon the captive.

Miss Gordon, of them all, was unruffled, and she explained with a cheerfulness that was almost airy:

"Jukes rode down on us, shootin' and swearin' dreadful, and Mr. Merrell had to defend us, of course, so I took the lines. Then we couldn't go off and leave the man layin' there, maybe to die, so we went back, and I bandaged him up, and we brought him along. You can do what you want to with him. I don't reckon he feels very spruce, seein' that he was shot through the lung, an' that Polly's been swearin' at him every step of the way. Mr. Merrill, here, got a bullet in his arm, and has bled consid'able, though it's only a flesh wound."

The gods on Olympus may have been surprised to see Minerva spring full-panoplied from the brain of Jove, but that was the merest ghost of an emotion compared with what the men of Turkey Creek Ranch felt when this splendid apparition in dusty black cashmere dawned upon them, with her nonchalant tale of duelry, leading as captive one of the deadliest outlaws of the country. For a minute there were murmurs and exclamations and glances of amazement; and then, as Miss Gordon, bearing Jeremy Taylor, clambered to the ground, Paper-Collar Joe, the Chesterfield of the ranch, gracefully advanced.

"Eallow me to ersist ye, moddam!" he began sweetly, but the visitor waved him back.

"Don't you touch Jeremy Taylor, my good young man!" she warned. "I reckon he's had all his nerves will stand for one while."

And Brad, being tenderly helped over the wheel, drawled shakily, with a flourish of his hand:

"No use, Joe. It was too good a chance to lose, so I jest improved it. Miss Gordon's going to come up Turkey Creek, to my place, an' live with me—the future Mrs. Merrell, gents!"

Polly craned his head around the back of the seat and ejaculated fiercely: "You be blamed!" while Miss Gordon's face

flushed a deeper red as she bridled and exclaimed:

"Oh, pshaw! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Brad?"

May Belleville Brown.

Mrs. Walker's Contumacy.

I.

"THE board will now pass to consideration of the case of Mrs.—Mrs. Walker."

The president looked from the report in front of her to the superintendent sitting opposite.

The Rev. Alexander McCaleb rose slowly to his feet.

"I regret exceedingly," he said, "to have to report this case to the board. I need not say that if it had been possible to convince Mrs. Walker of the error of her ways, no pains or time would have been spared. But I have done all that I could. Mrs. Walker persists. She—ah!—she flouts all authority, and—ah!—sets such an example of rebellious conduct that I fear the discipline of the home may be gravely compromised."

The president knitted her pretty, dark brows. Her hair was white, with a soft, youthful whiteness that haloed her head as if it was a joke of old Time's. She was new to her office, and was conscious of a critical atmosphere that subtly underlined the formality of the proceedings—an official formality that made the meeting of the lady managers of this Old People's Home a formidable affair.

"I see no record of any case of disciplining heretofore," she said, troubled. "There is no precedent by which the chair can be—"

"But there are the by-laws," suggested the superintendent. He reached over to his own desk, and read from a pamphlet that had lain open there: "If any inmate of the home shall persistently and wilfully disobey the rules, the superintendent shall report such case to the board of managers. If, after full and complete investigation, and a notice to that effect having been duly served, said inmate shall continue to persist in contumacy, the board is by a majority vote empowered to expel."

A little hush fell upon the assemblage at this invocation of its dread powers.

"It seems rather hard on the old bodies, doesn't it?" the president was encouraged to remark.

"But it is plainly stated in the by-laws," said the recording secretary, a bright-eyed, businesslike matron.



THE PRESIDENT, MINDFUL OF HER OFFICIAL CAPACITY, LOOKED SEVERELY UPON MRS. WALKER.

"And dear Mr. McCaleb is so patient and tactful that it is seldom necessary," remarked the single member of this week's visiting committee.

"I thank you, Mrs. Davis." The superintendent bowed in his stateliest manner. "I do my best—I try always to do my best. Old people are trying, we all know."

The president looked up from her perusal of the by-laws.

"Suppose we have the old lady in," she said. "Mr. McCaleb, will you send for Mrs. Walker?"

The old lady held her head haughtily as she walked into the handsomely furnished office. The president, mindful of her official capacity, looked severely upon

Mrs. Walker—Sarah Lucinda Walker, according to the cramped signature of the home's register, widow, a native of Maine, aged sixty-seven on her entrance into the home five years ago. And Mrs. Walker—a miracle of aged neatness, trim, straight, little, in her sober black and immaculate cap—looked severely back.

"Be seated, Mrs. Walker," said the president.

"Thank you." Mrs. Walker crossed with a formal "Good morning, ladies," and took the chair indicated.

"Now, Mr. McCaleb, if you please—" said the president.

The superintendent rose.

"Ladies," he began with a solemnity that made the offender quake within, though outwardly she was calm as the president herself, "it is with positive pain that I have to report to you the case of Mrs. Sarah Lucinda Walker. It is now fully three months since I began to labor with her—three months since I warned her of this very thing that has come to pass, an investigation by your honorable board. On the 9th of January"—he glanced methodically at a note-book—"I sent her a copy of the by-laws, with the section referring to insubordination underscored in red ink. On the 23d I made a personal call upon her, and sought to convince her how impossible it was that such conduct could be tolerated. On February 7 I publicly reprimanded her. On the 13th—five days ago—I informed her that, after considering it prayerfully, I had laid the matter before your honorable body, and that she should hold herself in readiness to be summoned before you to meet the following charges:

"First, insubordination; second, breaking Rule VIII of the house regulations; third, taking food from the table; fourth, disturbing neighbors in early morning; and fifth, defacing the building."

Mr. McCaleb took his seat. The shocked gaze of the board bent itself upon the criminal. The bad little old lady's far-sighted eyes swept insolently past them all and met the president's—twenty years younger than her own.

"Do you like birds, ma'am?" she asked, herself in an eager, bird-like way. And then, without waiting for an answer, she went on: "I love 'em—anything that's got wings. Old Cap'n Walker used to say, 'Sary Lucindy, they was a moughty fine ornithologist spiled when God A'mighty made you a woman

'stead of a man.' He was a free-spoken man, Cap'n Walker, not so pious-mouthed as some, but he had charity in his soul, which is more than some others has."

She swept a superbly disdainful look toward the Rev. McCaleb. The recording secretary tapped reprovingly with her pencil, but the president only listened.

"Now, ma'am, we ain't paupers, we old folks. Every one of us, as you know, has paid our thousand dollars in. An' we ain't bad children as needs disciplinin'; an' they's no use treatin' grandmothers an' great-grandmothers as though they was. It's in me to love birds, an' no 'mount of rules and regulations is goin' to change me. My canary bird died the same year Cap'n Walker saved every other soul on board his ship and went down alone to the bottom with her. Since then I've sort o' adopted the sparrers. Why, haven't I spent every afternoon through the summer out in the park a-feedin' them my lunch? An' now that winter's come, d'ye think I'd have the face to desert them?"

"Not one of them is forgotten before God"—do you remember, ma'am? One of 'em seemed to be in the early winter. It was before my rheumatism got so bad. I was out in the park the afternoon the first snow fell, an' this poor little crittur with a wing broke kep' a trailin' an' chirpin' an' scuttlin' in front o' me. It'd fell out o' the nest; hardly covered with feathers, it was. I picked it up an' carried it to my room in my apron. Poor little mite—how it fluttered an' struggled! I kep' it over night in my spool-box. In the mornin' I fed it; by noon the sun come out, an' I let it out on the window-sill, where I keep my house plants; just a bit o' musk—the cap'n liked musk—an' a pot o' bergamot. Do you know, ma'am, that little thing was that contented by the end of the week that I could leave the windows open an' nary a wing's stroke away would it go? That was in December, 'fore it got to be known that I kep' a bird in my room. That mild spell we had 'fore Christmas it did fly away one morning, but at sundown there it was back again; an' when it came on to snow that night I felt same's I used to 'tween voyages, when I could hear how the ocean'd get lashed to a fury, an' Cap'n Walker'd be fast asleep safe beside me.

"Of course it was a pity that when the bird came back it showed others the way—but wasn't it cute of it, ma'am? An' wasn't it just like a lot o' children hangin' 'round at maple-syrup time?"

They did make a clatter an' a racket in the early mornin' when I wouldn't be up an' they'd be ready for breakfast. But wasn't it for all the world like children with empty little stummicks an' chatter-in' tongues? When Mis' Pearson complained of me an' the noise, I didn't take it kind of her. Take food from the table? Course I did. But it was my own lunch, that I'd a right to go hungry for ef I wanted to, an' nobody's affair.

"But I tell you, ma'am, one day—it was that day Mr. McCaleb sent me that printed notice, an' everybody on my floor see it comin' an' knew it was something shameful an' legal—that evening I tried honestly to keep 'em out. I pulled down the shade—it was a bitter cold day, a regular blizzard blowing—an' I sat with my back to the window an' tried to read my Bible while them birds jest shrieked themselves hoarse outside. Well, guess where that Bible opened to! 'Yea, the sparrow hath found a house and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young.' That was a message, ma'am, a straight, sure message. I opened the window an' scattered their bread-crumbs out on the sill, which I had made jest the least bit wider for them—that's what he calls 'defacin' the build-in'.' After that, I told Mr. McCaleb flat-footed that if he had the heart to starve them innocent critturs in the dead o' winter, it was more than I had. I told him if he'd wait till spring, I'd promise never to open the window that faces south after that; but till they could shift for themselves, I'd shift for them. That's all. Thank *you*, ma'am, for letting me have my say."

She smiled into the president's soft eyes, and rose, looking like a trim, saucy, gray-haired sparrow about to take flight. The president's smile started back to her, but on the way it had to pass the recording secretary, the visiting committee, and the Rev. Alexander McCaleb. By the time it had made the journey it was shorn of half its sympathetic understanding.

"You admit then, Mrs. Walker, that you have broken the rule against having pets in the room?" the president asked with gravity. "It is a necessary rule. Fancy what would be the condition of the place if a lady in No. 117 had a tame sparrow, a gentleman in No. 120 a monkey, his neighbor a spaniel, the lady across the way a cat, and so on! I appreciate—we all do, and Mr. McCaleb more than all of us—how tender and charitable a nature yours is, but"—she looked at the recording secretary to gain courage—

"but we simply must enforce the rules. I know so good a housekeeper as you must have been will understand this, and agree with me when I say that such a disciplinarian as Captain Walker no doubt was—unfortunately, I never had the pleasure of his acquaintance—would have been the first to counsel you to obey the rules. Won't you think it over from our point of view, Mrs. Walker, when you go back to your room? Do! Good-afternoon."

II.

It was a very dejected Sarah Lucinda Walker that returned to her room. Her depression was noted and audibly commented upon by Mrs. Pearson, her next-door neighbor and arch-enemy. In fact, the whole corridor was alive with the news of her defeat. At the lunch table it was the sole topic of conversation, and in the library old Colonel Rockwell—in the pauses of a quavering rendition of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"—bet Mr. Patterson three of the cigars his nephew always sent him on Fridays that Mrs. Walker, being a woman of spirit, would not yield even though the ultimatum were expulsion.

Mrs. Walker heard of the wager, of course, that afternoon. They were a hundred or more antiquated and unseaworthy vessels, all anchored in a semi-genteel haven; and from morning till night, till sun should cease for them to shine and water to flow, they had nothing to do but to listen to the whispering tide that told of the great ocean of life beyond, or to gossip among themselves of their own voyages dead and done.

The incorrigible Mrs. Walker's spotless little room, with its bag of dried crusts on the window-sill, saved for her pet, became the storm center that afternoon. Every old lady who could possibly claim acquaintance called to inquire her intentions; every old gentleman leaned hard upon his cane as he lifted his hat to her in the halls with the deference due a gallant rebel. They loved a rebel, these old children, at the end of their lives fallen again into the domain of "you must" and "you must not."

Sarah Lucinda Walker's world rocked beneath her. She intended, she believed, to obey the rules, to cast off the one creature on earth to which she could still play Lady Bountiful; to shut her hospitable window and her loving old heart on all these fluttering, visiting strangers who had heard of her generosity, and

with every hour carried the news of it further.

She intended all this, but when the time came she did simply as old Colonel Rockwell had wagered she would. She opened wide her windows and fed the hungry throng that whirled about her, scattering crumbs and floating feathers over the immaculate marble of Mr. McCaleb's front door-step.

A knock at the door brought her to her senses. She put a withered little old hand, very like a sparrow's claw, upon the window-sash to shut it hastily, and then, too proud to deceive, turned boldly to meet her fate.

Mrs. Pearson, on the lookout at her half-open door, saw the official-looking document handed to her.

"It's her notice to leave," she said in an awed whisper to herself.

In the face of so great a calamity she felt, not triumph, but a shocked sense of loss, of self-reproach. Five minutes after she was in her enemy's room.

"You mustn't—you mustn't cry, dear Mrs. Walker," she sobbed, putting her arms about the slender old shoulders.

"Am I crying?" the little old lady answered. "I can't help it—I'm so happy!"

"Happy!" Mrs. Pearson's dazed old eyes turned bewildered from the envelope with the home's letter-head on it to the bird-like creature in her arms. "And you've got your notice to leave?"

"Did you think it was that? So did I for a minute, an' it 'most killed me. But I opened it, an' found a note from the president—that dear, dear president! She wants to know if I'll take care of her summer cottage till the spring comes. An', Marthy Pearson! They's chickens up there—fancy breeds—a whole yard of 'em—an' I'm to have the feedin' of 'em! Ain't it enough to make a body cry for joy? Say, Marthy, would you—would you mind feedin' the sparrers?—only on the very stormiest days—McCaleb would never suspect you, an' spring's near!"

Miriam Michelson.

Emeline Hardacre's Revenge.

WHEN Emeline Hardacre, on rising, peered through the small-paned window toward the west, she started and rubbed her hand across her eyes. Surely the mist of sleep still blurred them. Surely the thin early column of smoke which she had never yet failed to see, a bluer spiral against the cold blue western sky of the morning, was curling upward today as usual. But though she rubbed her

eyes again and again, and brought her sharp face close against the glass, there came no puff from the chimney of the house in the hollow.

For many years that morning smoke had been to her the symbol of all that she hated most. At sight of it she had each day reawakened the bitter rage, the black jealousy, the implacable sense of outrage which the night had taught to sleep. This morning, failing to see it, she was shaken. Had the sun itself not risen, she had almost been less perturbed. As she made her swift toilet she turned constantly to the window again; but still across the frosty field and the stone-hard road which divided her place from Etta Jordan's no morning signal of life fluttered.

She lit her own fire with trembling hands. She prepared the breakfast for herself and her brother with feverish haste. When he came stamping in from the milking he was conscious, albeit not sensitive, of the tense atmosphere of the room. He had no glimmering notion of the reason for it; for a quarter of a century the Jordans had not been mentioned between the brother and sister. But while her hatred had grown in the brooding silence to be a vast thing, coextensive with her life, as noxious things flourish in the dark, his interest in them had only briefly outlasted speech concerning them. He did not connect them with Emeline's nervousness that morning.

From time to time, all day, she was at the windows which gave upon the west and the Jordans' cottage. Still there was no smoke.

To the outward eye it was a mean enough place, a one-storied cottage with rooms facing the road on either side of the door. The straggling lilac bushes against the doorway were bare; there was nothing in all the bleak March landscape to give a hint of quickening sap or warming sunshine.

But the miserable house stood to Emeline for another woman's triumph and her own degradation. She saw it in all its stages. She saw Westley Jordan working at it, moving lithely among the yellow timbers, kicking the shavings with lively feet. That was after he had jilted her—her, the one little heiress of the countryside, her whose needle had been busy a six-month on her linen, her the proud, the unloved, the loving!—after he had jilted her openly, shamelessly, weakly, for the red and brown winsomeness of old Jake Sedbury's orphan niece, newcomer to the place.

He had always been weak and selfish, had Westley. She had known it even when the frozen currents of her nature stirred with love for him. And she had known with relentless intuition, which she put down and down and down, that he was bartering his easy attractiveness for her small holdings. Well—and they had not been enough to keep him. Etta had come, and Westley had pliantly turned from the greed of gold to the greed of beauty. And she, Emeline, in the house across the road had heard the hammer-blows that built their home.

She had seen the bride come home, lifted from the buggy in Westley's arms. She had watched them pass together in the late afternoon light between the flowering lilacs into the house.

She had seen other processions pass into it—now a group of friends come to a quilting, now a christening party, now the undertaker. No one dared speak to her of the Jordans, but day by day she followed their lives with bitter knowledge. She knew their poverty, their debts, their illnesses. She knew Etta's waning beauty and charm. She saw Westley reach his level of weak self-indulgence and indolence. On all their calamities she fed her malevolence, but she could never sate it. In the desolation of the far countryside there were no distractions. No new tenderness ever came to soften her grim, passionate sense of injury. Each day she awoke to the sight of her rival's house across the field and the road, each day she saw the signal from her rival's hearth-fire flutter in the air. And no wretchedness or disaster that could befall the woman and the man seemed great enough to satisfy her consuming hatred.

A year before, when the latest of the funeral processions moved from the little house, with the ne'er-do-well riding in ebon and silver state, and his widow, childless now, whimpering in the carriage behind, even then it had not seemed to Emeline that she was revenged. She had been thwarted rather! Sorrow had come, but not through her. No greater grief had befallen the thief of her honor and her happiness than befall half the women in the village. The thought of the futility of her malignancy deepened it.

All to-day, with the chilly March sunshine lying thin upon the frozen lands, she chafed and worried and made fruitless trips to the window. She wished that some one would pass, that some one would come, were it only the tiresome

peddler on his season's rounds. She wanted to know the secret of the unlighted hearth. Had Etta Jordan been spirited away over-night? Had she gone where Emeline's vengeful, impotent eyes could never again take bitter note of her risings-up and lyings-down, could never see again the morning smoke or the ruddy square from the evening lamp in the black bulk of the house? Had death itself—

Then Emeline's heart almost stood still. Could death itself have come and robbed her of that upon which her heart fed itself full of hate? Could death have snatched from her the last opportunity of some cruel, biting vengeance—she knew not what—long delayed, long awaited?

She could stand her suspense no longer. She ran back to the kitchen, caught up a shawl, and, enveloping her head and shoulders in it, ran out. She did not quite know what she meant, only she must be assured that there was still something left for her to hate.

She ran down the long path that led from her door to the highway, skirting the field. She crossed the road, lifted the Jordans' gate, which would not swing upon its broken hinges, and had rapped at the door almost before she knew her own intention.

There was no answer.

She rapped again more loudly, and, pulling back her shawl, laid her cheek against the panel and listened. She thought she heard a weak, quivering call to enter. She pushed against the door, but it would not yield. She rapped again, and this time she made sure of a long-drawn, half-crying request that she would come in. She pushed hard against the cracked panel, and it gave way under the pressure. Her hand slipped through the aperture, finding the lock, and she had unfastened the door.

Off the tiny entryway was a bedroom, and in it she saw the white ghost of that brown and red Etta who had won her man from her—a white wisp of a woman, half risen on an elbow in the bed.

"You!" gasped the ghost, and Emeline went in.

The figure in the bed fell back upon the pillows. Her dark eyes followed the movements of the newcomer with a fascinated terror. Emeline sat down.

"So!" she said.

Her breath came slowly, too. She did not know what she had expected or what she intended. What she found was a clammy, cold house, an empty wood-box,

a bare cupboard, a frail, sick, frightened creature too weak to stir.

"Are you—are you—going to kill me?" whispered the blue lips.

Joy surged through Emeline at the question, joy and splendid contempt.

"Is that what you're afraid of?" she asked exultingly.

Weak tears came from the brown eyes and coursed slowly down the chalky face of the sick woman.

"What would you want to kill me for?" she whimpered. "I took your beau—but, Lord, that's a many years ago. And ain't I suffered for it enough—with him that shiftless and complaining, and all the children sickly? I know you always hated me, Emeline Hardacre, but you've had the best of it, I can tell you that. And now—now you've come to gloat over me! Well, I won't be here long for nobody to gloat over!" Her voice trailed off into tears again.

Emeline looked at her with antagonistic emotions struggling in her heart. Contempt for the poor, weak thing before her killed jealousy of the rustic beauty who had wronged her long ago; and pity, reluctantly born in her, tried to oust the cherished hatred. That poor thing upon the bed there, sick and starving and afraid—was that what she had hated? That life of drudgery and neglect and sordid trial—was that what she had longed for?

By the time her survey of Etta was ended, she knew that the battle was over, too. She knew that all the old sense of wrong, and all the old desire for revenge, must yield. But aloud she obstinately denied this. She surrendered in terms of obstinate defiance.

"Oh, yes, you will live," she stormed. "I never knew how 'twould come about, but I knew, I knew 'twould come that I should have revenge on you. And now I see. To gloat over you in your poorness, to gloat over you in your sickness, to remind you day by day of what you've done and how you gained nothin' by it, nothin' at all, nothin' at all—that's my revenge on you! And you'll live for it—I'll keep you alive for it!"

There was a fireplace on one side of the room, its clear hearth showing no ashes in witness of recent fires. Emeline ran to the hallway and out through the kitchen to the woodshed. There was no wood there. She stooped and filled her apron with chips, she broke a wooden box, and with the plunder she hurried back to the cold room. She coaxed a blaze upon the bare stones of the fireplace.

"Emeline Hardacre," moaned the sick woman, "I do believe you're crazy. Let me be, can't you? Let me be!"

Emeline wasted no time in explanation.

"I'll be right back," she cried, and rushed out into the purpling dusk across the road and back to her own place. There was a child's express wagon in the front hall—pitiful relic of the days when her brother's boy had played about the place. She filled it with wood and with provision, and hurried back through the darkness to her charge. And there was a warmth and singing in her heart, such as it had not known since the foundations of the house opposite were dug.

Anne O'Hagan.

The Taking of Laurella.

"PLEASE leave them thar dishes alone, Laurellay, and come and set down."

"Did you want to talk to me?"

The girl turned a face of lovely surprise over her shoulder as she gave a great yellow bowl an extra vigorous shove back upon the high shelf.

Did he want to talk to her? Her lover looked at her in helpless irritation. This was the history of their courtship; when he met her at quarterly or grove meetings he fancied that if he were alone with her he might make headway. When they had the great kitchen all to themselves, as to-night, with the firelight making gusty shadow and shine upon its crannied walls, he found that she slipped through his fingers like a mist-wreath or a moonbeam, and evaded his ardor by not recognizing it.

"'Course I want to talk to you. What do you reckon I come all the way over from the Fur Cove fer?"

"I didn't know. I was a wonderin'. I thought maybe you wanted to see pappy or the boys."

The attitude of the mountain girl toward men and matrimony is primitive. She is not seeking the one nor admiring the other. She animadverts upon characteristics purely masculine as defects. Masculine size she professes to consider clumsiness; a bass voice is a "great coarse, rough voice." When she is finally wed, the countryside is to understand that it is an event which never entered into her calculations, which has been accomplished only by surprise and superior force.

Jason Bushares sat, hypnotized, watching how the firelight ran up Laurella's white throat, lingering in her eyelashes,

throwing their shadow upward, adding an extra touch of surprised inquiry to her countenance, as she faced him and professed herself ready to hear the business upon which he had come. But was she? Would she listen?

"Don't you remember, Laureley, when you an' me used to go to the hollerin' school together, an' I was always a writin' notes to you, just as soon as I learned how to write—or print, ruther?"

"Aw, law! Them days!" laughed Laurella with heightened color, ignoring the significance of his speech. "Didn't the teacher have big feet? I've studied about his feet many a time since, when I ought to have been thinkin' of somethin' sensible. Has your ma put in any o' them dice pattern counterpanes for to weave, Jason?"

The fate of nations might have hung upon Mother Bushares' weaving, if one could judge by the girl's face; but Jason ignored the question.

"Don't you remember, when I went down to Garyville and got me a job on the railroad, how I sent you a vollentine?" he pursued.

"No!" the girl cried, with sparkling eyes. "Was it a comic?"

"You know hit wasn't. My name was on it, an' it said—it said——"

Jason floundered helplessly before those laughing eyes. He sought desperately in his mind for the exact words that had been in the valentine—they would have served his purpose well.

"Seems to me I do mind about a right pretty vollentine that had a name wrote so scratchy on it I couldn't tell who 'twas sent it. I jes' made it up in my own mind it was Bob Provine—he's always up to such foolishness—an' let it go at that. Did your folks put up as much meat as usual this fall? Looks like our hogs never would fatten, an' pappy won't kill till they're jes' so."

"Yes," choked Jason, "we killed last week. I guess we've got ruther more than usual—er perhaps considerable less."

The girl giggled.

"You ain't thinkin' a word about what you're sayin'," she commented softly.

"I'm a thinkin' about somethin' I want to say," Jason burst out, and would have gone further; but the girl rose hastily.

"Well, this'll never do me," she began. "Ef you don't mind, I guess I'll weave a spell. I promised mammy I'd finish the jeans for Homer's coat."

Cruel Laurella! Tall and fresh and fair, pink and white as the mountain

laurel for which she was named, she had already woven a spell; and Jason could not utter the rebellion that was in him, as she seated herself at the loom whose whirr and bang would be a ready reason for failing to hear anything that she chose not to recognize.

And so for half an hour the tormented swain stood at her shoulder.

"Laureley, I jes' want you to listen a minute."

"All right, Jason, you holler right good an' loud, an' I can hear you even when the loom's a goin'."

But what man ever desired to "holler" such speeches right good and loud? Besides, if he did so his shouts would be audible in the loft above, where the boys slept, and in the room across the open porch, where the parents and the younger children were.

Finally Laurella's weaving came to an end, because she lacked a darning-needle to pull out an unwelcome knot. Jason was standing threateningly close.

"You jest get me that there poke off of the high shelf, will you?" she asked, turning coquettishly over her shoulder.

"Tain't here."

"Oh, yes, 'tis—all eyes an' no eyes—hit's right beside the yaller bowl. No—no! Don't take the yaller bowl down! You, Jate Bushares—I'll never speak to you again!"

But she was too late. She sprang up and ran across the room to where Jason Bushares set the yellow bowl upon the table, tilted it over, and emptied out all her girlish treasures: the little smudgy printed letter he had first written to her, on a dog-eared fly-leaf of his second reader; the "vollentine" she had laughed about and denied knowledge of; a tintype taken at Garyville, and penciled across in her handwriting, "My own true love."

This last item settled it.

"Ye said ye wouldn't have that picture," Jason murmured, as he caught her in his arms and held her fast. "Ye said it was too ugly. Ye said ye was jes' carryin' it home to give it to your brother."

Laurella looked up with blue eyes drowned in tears, thus permitting the enemy an advantage which he was not slow in taking.

"What do you expect a girl to do?" she finally murmured gently.

"Why, jest like you did," answered her lover happily. "I wouldn't have a single hair o' your head changed—now I've got ye at last!"

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

LITERARY CHAT

"SUCCES D'ESTIME."

That Smith's new tale is stupid stuff
 Good critics all are fast agreed.
 His plot is old, his style is rough;
 They marvel who'll be found to read.
 But Smith to sneers pays little heed;
 He skims from royalties rich cream,
 While I with creditors must plead,
 Who have achieved *succes d'estime*.

Brown's book, they say, is merely "bluff";
 They prophesy it can't succeed
 (The one where he portrays the "tough,"
 Though he knows nothing of the breed).
 Yet Brown now sports a noble steed,
 And talks of yachts propelled by steam.
 Toward home on ferry-boats I speed,
 Who have achieved *succes d'estime*.

It really was the merest puff
 That won Miss Jones a poet's meed;
 Her prose was trivial enough,
 But oh, her discords on the reed!
 Yet she's the fashion, and indeed
 Refuses callers, stream on stream.
 No thronging mobs my steps impede,
 Who have achieved *succes d'estime*.

ENVOY.

Prince, would you taste of bitter need,
 Feel unimportance drear, extreme?
 Just get the critics to concede
 That you achieved *succes d'estime*.

GREEK LOVE-LETTERS—Professor Peck shows that the "English-woman" of ardent memory might have taken lessons of Athenian maidens.

Those proverbial philosophers who delight to proclaim that there is nothing new under the sun, and that human nature was always what it is now, will rejoice in some casual translations which Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia, has just made of the writings of Alciphron, a Greek author of the second century A. D. The encyclopedias tell us that Alciphron was an epistolographer whose work closely follows the best Attic model, and is valuable for the picture it gives of the social life of classic Athens.

Professor Peck says, more vividly, that to read Alciphron's works is like rifling a mail-bag, and thereby learning scraps from the stories of many people.

The most interesting of the translations is a letter to one Demetrius from one Lamia. There are parts of it which would indicate that romantic love was not a product of the medieval ages, as has been claimed, and parts which would also indicate that the Athenian damsel could have held her own in an epistolary contest with the "Englishwoman" of erotic fame. For instance:

I shall never attempt to win you by any arts. Since you first loved me, no other men have even looked at me, much less made love to me. The man who still has something to receive comes as it were on wings, while he to whom everything has been given grows bored, and goes away. I know this, and I know that many women seek to hold their lovers by always keeping something back; and yet with you I cannot do this thing. I should think it a small sacrifice to give up everything to please you, even life itself!

"THE OLD CORNER" GONE—The most famous of Boston's literary landmarks demolished.

With the destruction of the Old Corner Bookstore in Boston, there passed away almost the last material relic of the New England city's literary supremacy. No other spot in the modern Athens had the reminiscences that hung about the old building at the corner of Washington and School Streets. Here George Ticknor and James T. Fields conducted their establishment—probably the most aristocratic publishing-house that this country has ever known; for in their days there still clung some glory of culture about the book-publishing business, and it was not utterly lost in commercialism.

To the Old Corner Bookstore came not only Hawthorne, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, and the other makers of the Boston literary tradition, but writers from other cities, and the great foreigners, for most of whom Ticknor & Fields were the publishers. Thackeray came here, and Dickens. Henry Ward Beecher was once a familiar figure; and Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lucy Larcom, John G.

Saxe, and many others gathered under this roof.

But the demolition of the place was foreseen. It had already descended to having its ground floor used as a cheap lunch-room, and annihilation would certainly seem to its old habitués better than such desecration.

ATHLETIC MAETERLINCK—His personality is far removed from the common ideal of a poet of mysticism.

An American critic who interviewed Maeterlinck last summer has some reassuring words to say in regard to his personality. The Belgian author bears no resemblance to the little "nervous disease" which Bernard Shaw and popular imagination have established as a type of true artistic genius. He is not discovered, after the manner of the French decadent, at his café, sipping his absinthe. Instead, the interviewer found an old Paris house on the Rue Reynouard, arched and gardenized. He waited in an ante-chamber "littered with screens, tables, old brass, ebony; on the walls were etchings and mezzotints after Albrecht Dürer, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti." He passed by a room billowing with theatrical garments, and then he was in the presence of a "big-boned man attired in cycling costume," whose grasp was that of an athlete.

Here is comforting news for the bourgeois soul which demands that even its poets shall be wholesome, out-of-door persons.

WHAT IS FOOD FOR BABES?—Some remarks on a recent onslaught upon Vergil and Homer.

A worthy Baptist divine—of course, all divines are worthy—recently attacked the prevailing literary teaching of our schools and colleges. He was for cutting Homer and Vergil off the curriculum; he deplored their effect upon young minds and their influence upon English literature. Following the example of these poets he declared that our own poetry was becoming debased and sensual.

Homer, said this learned critic, is deleterious to young minds because the "Iliad" is only the story of adventures consequent upon a man's elopement with another man's wife. The "Odyssey" struck him as immoral because of the

Calypso incident; and for the "Æneid" he had no use because of the Carthaginian episode which broke poor Dido's heart. As a substitute he recommends the study of the Bible.

That the Bible is a literary model beyond all praise, all writers are humbly agreed. That it contains a philosophy of life most glorious and uplifting, all philosophers admit. But any man who could go to the great epics of the world and find in them only intrigues and the result of intrigues is likely to gather no higher thing even from Bible literature. He will smirk over the "Song of Solomon," the most impassioned of love poetry. He will grin over David and Bathsheba. Esther, Vashti, Susannah, Jezebel, and all the women of dramatic experiences in Holy Writ will be to him no more than Trojan Helen, than Calypso and Dido, to the worthy divine. Into the story of the repentant Magdalen herself such a mind could readily inject vulgarity. Decency is not unlike beauty, which lies in the eye of the beholder; it is in the mind of the reader quite as much as in the words he reads. And to bring to the reading of the Bible the mind which the critic quoted brings to Homer and Vergil would be to sully even its nobility.

THE SECOND EMPIRE—Another Englishman gossips about Paris in the days of Napoleon III.

Quite unlike Mr. Vandam's "Englishman in Paris" is North Peat's "Gossip of the Second Empire." The former consisted of a collection of anecdotes, gathered from various sources, and represented as the personal experiences of one man, the mythical Englishman. Mr. North Peat's book is the result of his own observation in the form of a collection of letters, written by him for one of the London dailies. It records what he saw in Paris between 1864 and 1870, during which time he had a position under the French government which enabled him to test the accuracy of current news.

The death of President Lincoln—to give a sample of Mr. Peat's topics—caused a profound sensation in France. The French Academy offered a prize for the best poem on "La Mort du President Lincoln," never thinking of the great difficulty of finding a rhyme for "Lincoln" in French—a difficulty which actually prevented some young poets from competing. The tragedy was also dram-

atized by some enterprising person who took endless liberties with the situation, representing an unhappy love-affair between Wilkes Booth and a mythical niece of the President's as the motive of the assassination, combined with an expressed wish on the part of Jefferson Davis that some one would put Mr. Lincoln out of the way. The piece was produced in the French provinces.

The preface of Mr. Peat's book states that "the natural objection to a government attaché being the correspondent of a foreign paper was waived shortly after the correspondence began"—which is not surprising when the laudatory nature of the letters is considered. Everything connected with the Tuileries appears in the most favorable light, and the author was evidently as much dazzled as the rest of the world by the meretricious splendor of the court of the Second Empire.

PRINCETON AUTHORS—The famous New Jersey university parades the literary success of her sons.

It has been claimed for Yale that she has furnished the United States with governors of all its colonies, and for Harvard that she produces a large and important part of the diplomatic corps. Princeton now appears in the field waving her literary laurels.

Among her sons who have won high distinction are her present president, Woodrow Wilson, the historian, and Henry Van Dyke, the poet and essayist. In fiction, she can show Booth Tarkington, Van Tassel Sutphen, David Graham Phillips, Jesse Lynch Williams, and perhaps a dozen more of our minor novelists; in more serious branches of literature, Professors Ormond, Baldwin, and Daniels, each known as an authority on his particular subject; Walter Wyckoff, who wrote "The Workers," and Walter Lowrie, author of "Monuments of the Early Church."

LADY GREGORY'S NEW BOOK—Irish literature and legends gathered and translated.

Now that William Butler Yeats has been among us, enlightening us in regard to the heroic literature of Ireland and other kindred topics, Lady Gregory, who translated the epic of Cuchulin from Gaelic into Galway English, may find a larger audience for her new book on Irish

literature. In "Poets and Dreamers" she gives a critical account of Irish bards and ballad-writers since Jacobite times, with translations from their works.

She also tells the story of a wandering bard who pursued his calling after the traditional manner, not two or three hundred years ago, but scarcely half a century since. He was one Raftery, and the tradition of his wanderings and his songs is extant in Galway, where farmers are still living who remember him.

WRITING AS A TRADE—The most over-crowded of all the professions, and one that offers the fewest chances of success.

Alphonse Daudet once declared that he had yet to meet the man, woman, or child in Paris who had not written a book. If this was true of Paris, how much truer is it of New York, where many persons, seemingly, are engaged in writing several books at once!

Literature is a poor trade, and its tendency is to become poorer, despite the increase in the size of its possible prizes. The reasons for this are not far to seek.

In the first place, like all the arts, literature offers no monetary certainty to its disciples. The writer or artist or composer may go clad in purple and fine linen, but much more probably he will starve. Further, literature is the most over-crowded of the professions, and it is likely always to remain so. Law and medicine are protected against the malpractice of the unskilled, and none but a fool would enter the fields of music or painting without special and arduous training; but any one may forthwith become a writer with no preparation further than a common-school education.

Moreover, literature may take the form of a secret vice, as it can be practised without the knowledge of one's own family; and for this reason many persons venture upon the quagmire who would hesitate to subject themselves to the rebuffs and unpleasantnesses of personal intercourse with picture-dealers and art editors. Manuscripts are hourly issuing from the boudoirs of those who have never known and who will probably never know the need of money, and who thereby narrow the field for the legitimate workers. Indeed, a leading activity of the national post-office is the carrying of unsolicited and unavailable manuscripts.

The present peculiar development of the book trade has tended more and more to shorten the life of books, even the most popular. Nowadays, unlike a *débütante*, a book very seldom outlasts its first season. In almost all lines of human activity success brings with it the opportunity to draw upon one's past efforts, as upon a bank, so that many businesses, once launched, carry their founders forward in secure prosperity. Not so in literature; the author must continue uninterruptedly to put forth volume after volume from his tired brain if he would hold his own in the race.

Yes, literature is a very poor trade indeed, and the young and inexperienced should be warned against adopting it. Success in this field, it is true, means much, as in all lines; but the chances of success are extremely small, and for the unsuccessful, or even half-successful, there is no place. In no line can the man of genius come so quickly into his own; but by the same token, in no line are the disappointments so keen and so numerous. Industry, sobriety, and perseverance are reasonably sure of a fair measure of reward in any legitimate branch of business; but it is merely accentuating a truism to say that these qualities carry absolutely no guarantee of success in literary work.

A TRAGIC IDYL—Martha Wolfenstein's new book leads by gentle steps to a terrible catastrophe.

A more delicately charming story than Martha Wolfenstein's tale of the Jewish lad, *Shimmele*, in "Idyls of the Gass," it would not be easy to imagine. By the easiest steps she arouses her reader's whole interest in the little fellow's simple life; and then, when sympathy and affection are pledged to him, she develops her tragic catastrophe.

In the Jewish quarter of some European town live the old bake-woman and her little grandson, the wonderful boy destined to rabbinical honors for his piety and learning—a piety and learning far removed from the pallor and sickness that sometimes accompany these almost abnormal qualities. *Shimmele* has an appetite. He sniffs the odors of the good things which his grandmother cooks for the Gass. He stays himself, as he repeats long passages from the Talmud, with the thought of the savory reward to follow. He is shrewd in a

childish way—a winning, lovable lad, as he lives with the wonderful old woman whom even the rabbi consults for her wisdom, and whom the neighbors respect for her charity and fear for her wit.

You read the quiet annals of the kindly, shrewd, devout folk of the Gass; each chapter is truly an idyl, delicately humorous, tender, pathetic with an admirably restrained pathos. Then suddenly the feasting, the neighborly services, the quaint customs, are all forgotten. You are plunged into a Kishineff massacre, and the idyl has become a poignant tragedy, and a powerful and moving polemic.

"SECRET HISTORY"—A book of back-stairs tittle-tattle about the German imperial family.

Among the recent books is a more or less pretentious one in two volumes, with the elongated title of "Private Lives of William II and His Consort, and Secret History of the Court of Berlin," translated by Henry W. Fischer from the papers of Ursula, Countess von Eppinghoven, *dame du palais* to the Kaiserin.

It is tolerably safe to assume that a book purporting to be "secret history" is not any other sort of history. The historical student does not need to concern himself with the revelations of the Countess Ursula—if indeed there be any such person. To the lovers of petty gossip and malicious scandal, indeed, they might prove interesting; but we warn any intending reader that he will need a strong stomach to get through these two volumes without nausea. A fair sample of their contents is the following story, intended to illustrate the emperor's alleged nervousness about the slightest danger of infection:

Coming down to breakfast on November 18, 1888, the Kaiser learned that his grace [the Prince of Schoenburg, who occupied a villa close to the Marmor Palais, at Potsdam] had died of diphtheria a few hours before.

"Diphtheria!" cried William, turning a shade paler than is his wont in the morning. "Let the chamberlain on duty be informed that my things must be packed and sent to Berlin at once."

"But the residential quarters in the Schloss are yet far from finished," interposed Herr von Liebenau.

"Never mind, there will be some corner where I can sleep and eat without running the risk of infection." And seeing that the adjutant still waited, he added, anticipating a question which etiquette forbade: "All my things—I am going to move!"

That settled, his majesty quieted down, and when, shortly afterward, the empress arrived, he simply said:

"Dona, I am going to Berlin and this house will see me no more."

Augusta Victoria was thunderstruck, but seeing the husband determined she dared not question him. So the meal passed in silence.

Of such stuff—not very startling, surely—the two volumes consist. They are not history; they are the very essence of back-stairs journalism put forth in book form. They read like the spiteful work of a dismissed retainer. If their author, whoever she may actually be, is still out of employment, she might find a congenial position on the staff of some ultra-yellow newspaper.

POOR NEW YORK!—Mr. "Dodo" Benson discourses upon the sad shortcomings of American society.

It is not unlikely that "The Relentless City" will be gravely accepted in England as a truthful and convincing portraiture of life among the American plutocracy. If its publishers imagine that New Yorkers will buy it because it abuses them, the hope is doomed to disappointment, for as a novel it is deadly dull.

It will be remembered that "Dodo," by the same author, was widely discussed because, along with a certain flavor of smartness and originality, it possessed a crudeness and vulgarity of style which excited wonder when it became known that the book was by the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury—a youth who, one would suppose, must have been brought up under the influences of the best English ever written. Mr. Benson's latest work shows that his prose composition has not lost the qualities that made it so interesting to the literary philosophers of a dozen years ago. He has profited, however, by experience and travel, and the fruits of these are apparent in almost every chapter of his new book.

It is quite evident, for example, that he has actually visited America—a conscientious expenditure of time and money that we are glad to commend to the attention of other European critics. It is also apparent that his visit was not altogether one of profit and personal triumph. There are certain passages in "The Relentless City" which recall to memory the fact that Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced one of his plays in New York, and speedily withdrew it—not because of the enormous crowds which it attracted. It seems probable that Mr. Benson had that incident in mind when

he put these words into the mouth of one of his characters, an American theatrical manager:

"We—Americans, I mean—are entirely devoid of artistic taste. But we give our decided approbation to what other people say is artistic, which, for your purpose and mine, is the same thing. Left to ourselves, we like 'David Harum.' I produce 'Hamlet' here next week. The house is full for the next month. But alter the name and say it is by a new author, and it won't run a week. The papers, to begin with, will all damn it. There are no critics, and they don't know anything. They are violent ignoramuses who write for unreadable papers."

Billton, the rascally theatrical man who says all this, finally meets a violent death in a tunnel—which seems a heavy penalty to pay for having allowed Mr. Benson's play to fail.

"The Relentless City" is unquestionably intended as a satire, for did not its author announce himself as a satirist from the very first, and did not the pages of "Dodo" glisten with those ponderous epigrams and "clever sayings" that are the curse of a certain school of modern English fiction? You can almost hear him puff and wheeze in his exhausting effort to say offensive and silly things about America, and especially about New York.

We do not assert that there is not a single true touch in Mr. Benson's picture. On the contrary, caricature as it is, much of it has a certain color of plausibility. Americans have themselves to blame for the conditions which give rise to such books as "The Relentless City." Foreign sensation-mongers are scarcely to be blamed for putting their noses into the trough which the vulgar rich, egged on by vulgar newspapers and gaped at by the vulgar poor, keep filled to overflowing with the sort of garbage on which Mr. Benson has glutted himself.

The counterparts of some of his sketches of American society may be found, although not in the true social life of New York. They exist only in the columns of the yellow press and in the imaginations of the ignorant and vulgar.

We regret to learn that the verses entitled "In Arcady," which appeared in the January number of this magazine, were copied practically verbatim from a poem by R. T. W. Duke, Jr., published in the *Century* for November, 1884. The contributor from whom we received them gave the name of Theodosia Morgan, and the address of Broad Street Park, Trenton, New Jersey.

The Rebellion of M'lindy Ann.

THE STORY OF TWO EVENTFUL JOURNEYS FROM THE BARROWS FARM TO THE CITY.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

I.

WHEN Eli Barrows was fairly set in at his work, he was an adept at hectoring; and it was his pleasure to hector on this occasion.

"Yes," he declared loftily to M'lindy Ann as he hitched up; "I've sold the hill place for three thousan' dollars—three thousan'—do ye take that in? I've got the whole pile in my satchel in there, an' I'm goin' to ketch the eight o'clock train for the city an' put it in bank. No, you can't go along. It's jest a matter of business, an' I can 'tend to it myself, without the expense of two goin'. What do women know about business, any way? I reckon I know how this money's come—by good, hard licks—an' I've been a good part of my life makin' it, so it stan's to reason I'd know how to take keer of it."

"I've worked pretty hard for it, myself," said Mrs. Barrows meekly. She was a little woman with iron-gray hair, and her voice was soft and plaintive.

Eli laughed, throwing back his head.

"Well, I call that good!" he said jeeringly. "What does any woman know about work, I'd like to know? Always in the house, havin' an easy time, while men's out in the weather, toilin' for all they're worth. I b'lieve you'd complain if you was in Paradise, M'lindy Ann. You don't know when you're well off—a good home, an' little to do, an' a chance to go to church every other Sunday, besides the political speakin's!"

M'lindy Ann did not reply. She turned resignedly, went into the house, and devoted herself to the "little to do" which Eli had mentioned. The broom was going swiftly and steadily when her lord came in and took up the leather satchel from the table.

"I'll be home in the mornin', on that early train," he said condescendingly, for he was always ready to forgive M'lindy Ann for her shortcomings, and took great credit to himself therefor, as being "easy to get along with." "You can wait breakfast—I'll be pretty hungry, I reckon."

"Buy a roun'-trip ticket, Eli," suggested M'lindy Ann mildly. But there could not have been any ulterior motive in her suggestion, for she added under his frowning glance: "They're cheaper in the long run, ye know."

"You talk like you traveled for a livin'," muttered Eli as he went out to the buggy; and the broom swept steadily on, through one room and into another.

One could live with M'lindy Ann in comparative comfort. She never talked back.

"I wisht ye had some new clothes, Eli," she called after him as he sat in the buggy, his knotty hands with the reins in them resting on the knees of his baggy old trousers.

"If my clothes suits me, there ain't nobody else got anything to do with 'em," he proclaimed testily. "If anybody wants to laugh at my clothes, let 'em laugh. They'd laugh on the other side o' their mouths if they knowed I had three thousan' dollars in that little ol' grip!"

And Eli drove away, well satisfied with himself. Reaching town, he stabled his horse near the station and bought a round-trip ticket. He was going to do that anyhow, of course. M'lindy's suggestion had nothing to do with it. Women were always giving advice where it wasn't really needed.

Eli's trip to the city was not dull nor monotonous in the least. It chanced that the car was somewhat crowded, and a gentleman asked permission to share his seat. He was a well-dressed gentleman, with kid gloves, yet he did not hesitate to speak pleasantly to a homely old farmer like Eli Barrows, commenting on the perfect winter weather, and asking after the last summer's crops with the greatest interest. It turned out that he was a member of the Missouri Legislature, on a little tour for health and pleasure, and Eli cheerfully gave him a great deal of information concerning the country in which he lived.

"You know, I always feel at home among the farmers," said the gentleman from Missouri. "Of course a large num-

ber of my constituents are farmers, and whenever I can get away I go down among them for an outing. Such good country fare as they give me! Such fried chicken—such butter and milk—there's nothing at the Waldorf-Astoria can compare with it!"

"I wisht ye'd call in on me as you're goin' back," said Eli, warmed to the heart. "We've got a pretty prosperous place—I'm jes' takin' three thousan' up to the city now, to put it in bank."

The member of the Missouri Legislature looked alarmed.

"Hush! Don't tell that to every one," he whispered. "Have you friends in the city? Do you know where you are going to put up?"

"I don't know yet," said Eli, visibly swelling; "but I reckon I'll strike one o' the big hotels for dinner—somethin' along about forty or fifty cents—I don't mind expenses, this trip. An' there can't no confidence man git the better o' me. I read the papers, I do—an' the first one that comes up an' calls me his long-lost uncle is goin' to git pasted over the head with this here umbreller!"

"But sometimes there are several of them, working together," said the gentleman from Missouri with deep concern. "Let's see—a friend of mine gave me the address of a place he always goes to—if I haven't lost it—ah, here it is! He says it is a very plain place, but the meals are fine. Suppose we both go there; and I'll keep you in sight after dinner till you get your money banked. Really, Mr. Barrows, after the interesting conversation we have had this morning, I shall not feel safe until you get that money into the bank."

And they reached the city, and Eli Barrows, smiling and grip-laden, went off in a cab with the member of the Missouri Legislature, and was lost in the crowd.

II.

M'LINDY ANN had heard the distant rumble of the early morning train as it crossed the valley at the back of the field and sped away to the little town, two miles further on. Breakfast was ready, and she was keeping it warm on the back of the stove.

The entire house was speckless and in its best Sunday clothes; and, strange to relate, so was M'lindy Ann. Her worn black dress was brushed to the last degree, and showed its threadbareness forlornly. Her shabby old bonnet was wait-

ing her pleasure on the bedroom mantel; her rusty black cape hung over a chair, ready for use at a moment's notice.

She was at the door, watching the bend of the road. Her face was colorless, even to the lips. Unconsciously her fingers plucked and twisted the ends of the ribbon bow at her throat into little black spirals. M'lindy Ann was plainly much disturbed.

When a little cloud of dust came crawling around the bend of the road, M'lindy Ann bestirred herself and set the breakfast on the table. Everything was ready when Eli stepped in at the door, and M'lindy Ann looked up, pretending not to notice that he was trembling from head to foot, and that he leaned against the door for support. What she really did notice was the other fact that his clothes were muddy, that his coat was torn, and that his hat had been crushed almost beyond recognition.

M'lindy Ann hastily set a dish down on the table.

"I see how it is," she said. "You've been run over by one o' them street cars, Eli. Which ones o' your bones is broke?"

Eli burst into futile tears, and sank into a chair.

"It's worse'n that, M'lindy Ann!" he sobbed, with his arms on the table among the dishes and his head on his arms. "I've been robbed an' drugged. I've lost the whole pile—an' it's my own tarnation fault! I was too pesky int'mate with a stranger—but he said he was a member of the Missouri Legislature, an' how was I to s'pose he was lyin'? An' the game they showed me—I could 'a' beat it with one han' tied behin' me. I seen my way clear to makin' another thousan' or so, to put in the bank along with the other; but they must 'a' put somethin' into the beer—I didn't drink more'n half a teacupful, M'lindy Ann—an' I couldn't move hand or foot when they went into the satchel an' took the whole pile. An' then they come back an' kicked me all aroun', an' tramped on my hat; an' when I woke up I was jes' in time to ketch the train back. I'm ruined, M'lindy Ann! The money I've worked so hard fur all my life—"

"I've worked pretty hard for it myself," said M'lindy Ann drily.

She had made the same remark the morning before, but now there was a new quality in it. Eli groaned.

"If I had it back ag'in I'd give ye half of it, M'lindy," he said sadly. "Ye ain't worked as hard as what I have, but

maybe you're entitled to half—fur ye've kep' the house mighty nice; but it's all gone! What's the matter, M'lindy Ann? Where ye goin'? What ye all dressed up fur at this time o' the day?"

"As soon as breakfast's over, I'm goin' to start for the city," said M'lindy Ann, who was quietly drinking her coffee. She had laid her bonnet on a chair with the cape; and beside it was a bundle wrapped in paper.

"Goin' to the city?" gasped Eli in deep amazement.

"Yes—I'm goin' to the city to put some money in the bank," said M'lindy Ann, eating serenely, the while she kept a pair of dark eyes fastened on Eli's astounded visage. "I'm goin' to take three thousan' dollars with me—the three thousan' that I saved by takin' it out of your grip when you was goin' off, so bumptious an' so pleased with yourself!"

Eli's jaws dropped apart, and his hands hung limp at his sides. When he recovered himself, a small, iron-gray woman was tying her bonnet strings in a neat bow under a determined chin, looking him calmly in the eyes the while.

"M'lindy Ann, you've got that money?" he cried in broken speech. "You'd taken it out before I lef' home? The man—the man from Missouri didn't get it?"

"Eli Barrows, you went up to the city with a piece of wood in your satchel, wrapped up in newspaper," said M'lindy, hooking the old black cape under her chin. "I hope the man from Missouri felt that it done him good. Take keer of the place, Eli. See that the chickens has fresh water, an' don't forgit to wind the clock, an' be shore to put the cat out of the house every night. I'd tell ye to wash the dishes every day, but I know good an' well you won't do it. This day week you can meet me at the train. You might as well drive down to the depot with me now, so's you can bring the team back."

Eli's jaws made connection slowly.

"M'lindy Ann," he said meekly, "hadn't I better go along with ye? We could git 'Liza Briggs to mind the place; an' now that I know the ropes——"

"You stay right here," said M'lindy Ann composedly. "I don't want nothin' to do with none o' the ropes you learned while you was in the city!"

And with this parting thrust a very small and very erect woman walked out to the buggy, followed by a tall and abject-looking man.

"Tain't right for a lone woman to go off on the train with all that money," he said as they drove up beside the little red station. "No tellin' what'll become of ye, M'lindy Ann."

"There won't nothin' become of me," said M'lindy Ann composedly. "You have the buggy here to meet the evenin' train one week from to-day—an' you look after the house. There ain't much to do, you know. You tol' me yestidday that my work didn't amount to nothin'."

After which M'lindy Ann, the hectored and brow-beaten, disappeared into an unknown world.

III.

PERHAPS there may have been years that were as long as the week of M'lindy's absence, but Eli had never experienced them. The work put new cricks into his back and unexpected blisters on his hands; and he had no sooner completed a meal and got things "straightened up" than he had to begin on another, and get them unstraightened again.

The same thing was to do over and over and over, not only every day, but three times a day. He looked at the soiled dishes with loathing, and swept in the middle of the floor, shunning the corners faithlessly. He milked and churned the first day, but after that he merely milked, considering that butter was too dearly bought. After all, it did seem that M'lindy Ann's work was not the easiest in the world, though it had this saving grace—she was used to it. No doubt when one got used to it everything was very smooth sailing.

At last he sat in the old buggy, and saw M'lindy Ann step from the train and walk toward him with the light step of a girl.

"Well, how's everything?" she asked in a clear voice that he did not know. "The whole house is in a mess, I s'pose? Well, never mind—I'll soon get everything cleaned up!"

And he drove briskly home, waiting for her to begin; but she did not begin until she was seated in the kitchen, with the lamp-light showing a new expression in her eyes.

"Well, M'lindy Ann," said Eli mildly, "how'd ye come on in the city?"

He had purposely made the speech noncommittal. He was ready, if she acknowledged defeat, to jeer at her and sneer at her forever and a day; but he would not begin until he had heard her

story. He was not quite sure of M'lindy Ann. He had lived with her twenty years, but it took more than that to learn all about M'lindy Ann.

She turned up her dress skirt so that the fire would not "draw" it, and began taking things out of her satchel—the same satchel which had journeyed with Eli while he was learning the ropes.

"Well," she said deliberately, "the money's in bank—half in the First National an' half in the Germania. I divided it, so's in case one of 'em broke. I've got two bank-books an' two check-books—here they are. Every check on that money'll have to be signed by me—but, of course, I won't be mean about it, Eli. I consider that half of it's yours, anyhow."

Eli winced and smiled in sickly fashion, but M'lindy Ann only cast a fleeting glance at him.

"I made another deposit of four hundred and fifty dollars in the People's Bank," she went on calmly. "That's money I raised for the new church while I was in the city."

"M'lindy Ann!" gasped the astounded Eli.

"Yes," she answered, as if he had asked a question. "I thought I might as well make use of my time while I was there—so I went aroun' among the big men an' tol' 'em who I was, an' what we needed—an' I got the money without any trouble. One o' the big lumber men there has promised two hundred dollars' worth o' lumber, an' another is goin' to give the seats for the church—them patent things, fine as a fiddle. I made 'em put it down in black an' white, for I didn't want 'em crawlin' out of it when I'd got away. With what we've got on han', that gives us our church without a dollar of debt."

"Great Sam!" murmured Eli under his breath.

She saw him give his arm a furtive pinch, which seemed to be sufficiently convincing.

"I stopped with Cousin Laura's folks, an' they was mighty glad to see me," continued M'lindy Ann, with the light of pleasant memories on her face. "They wanted me to stay a month, but I'd said I'd come home to-day, so I come. But they took me to their church last Sunday, mornin' an' night, an' it was the greatest place to rest I ever saw. We set down to pray, and leant our heads on the back of the seat in front, an' they had people hired to sing for 'em, so there warn't a thing to do. It rested me

up a whole lot. Then Monday I hunted up Sam Howard an' collected that hundred an' fifty dollars he's been owin' us ever sence the woods burnt down."

Eli's eyes glistened, but the words he tried to say stuck somewhere in their passage.

"An' then I went out an' bought a lot o' things I'd been wantin' all my life," said M'lindy Ann, looking him in the face.

A dark flush suddenly spread over the sickly pallor of Eli's countenance.

"M'lindy Ann! Have you went an' been extravagant with that money?" he demanded severely.

M'lindy Ann leaned back and rocked in the crazy old kitchen chair.

"Yes, I have," she said calmly. "I heard you tell Si Groves, not more 'n a month ago, that you'd give that money to anybody that could collect it, for you'd been tryin' for ten years an' you couldn't. Well, I went an' collected it, an' I spent it as I pleased. I bought me a silk waist of a kind o' reddish color—ready made, at that—an' a bonnet with a feather on it, an' a flower about the shade o' the waist, an' a skirt with a train to it, an' a new cloak, an' some shoes that wasn't brogans. An' I got a new umbrella, an' some gloves—I ain't had none sence I was first married; an' a sewin' machine—the old one's that limber in the joints that it travels all over the floor when I'm sewin'—an' I bought you a whole suit o' clothes, from head to foot. Maybe if you'd had 'em when you went to the city the cows wouldn't 'a' et ye, like they did."

M'lindy Ann arose and gathered up the papers. Eli was about to say something, but she incidentally held up an old leather grip before his eyes, turning it upside down and shaking it to see if it was quite empty. He stood still for a long moment; and when he spoke his voice was a new voice.

"I'm sorry the house is in sich a fix, M'lindy Ann," he said. "How on earth ye manage to keep it clean is more'n I can see. Ye must have to work pretty hard."

And then M'lindy Ann turned and looked up at him, with something gleaming pleasantly in her eyes.

"We've both worked hard, Eli," she said. "Home's a pretty good place, after all them roarin' streets. I've never been as proud of anything as I'm goin' to be of that new church—an' us settin' there in our new clothes! It was awful nice of you to let me go to the city, Eli!"

NEW YORK'S NEW SUBWAY.

BY ALLEN KELLY.

TRAINS WILL SHORTLY BEGIN TO RUN ON THE FINEST, MOST EXTENSIVE, AND MOST COSTLY UNDERGROUND RAILWAY THAT ANY CITY HAS YET BUILT—THE PECULIAR DEFFICULTIES OF THE TRANSIT PROBLEM IN NEW YORK, AND WHAT THE SUBWAY WILL DO TO SOLVE THEM.

THE busiest hive of human industry in the world is the contracted southern end of the island of Manhattan. More workers are crowded into that narrow space than find standing-room upon any other equal space of the earth's surface, and their number steadily increases. Industrial efficiency and commercial economy are promoted by concentration, and nothing short of a complete revolution in the economic system could check the process which is going on in the business center of the American metropolis.

There would not be room enough for the growing army of workers upon the natural land surface of the island's toe, and therefore skilful engineers and bold builders have found a way to increase its area many times. The "skyscraper"—the building of twenty and more stories—solves the problem of working space. Piling cells tier upon tier, the bees are constructing a towering hive in which to labor and amass their worldly treasure; but they cannot live in that hive. So the solution of one problem introduces another even more difficult to solve.

THE GREATEST TRANSIT PROBLEM IN THE WORLD.

Hundreds of thousands of men and women must go to their work in the stores, offices, and factories in the lower half of Manhattan Island in the morning, and return to their homes at the close of day. The island is long and narrow, and most of its traffic is necessarily along the north and south line. How to facilitate the movement of her vast army of workers between their homes and the business hive is New York's most perplexing problem.

Elevated railroads have done much, but for obvious reasons there is a definite limit to the extension of such

a system of transit, and New York ceased looking for relief in that direction long ago. Limitations of speed necessary to safe use of the streets preclude further considerable development of surface systems, and aerial transit is only a fantastic dream. Nothing remains but to go underground and bore tunnels through the island from end to end, and that is what the city is doing. The great advantage of the underground system is that it permits the highest speed attainable by moving vehicles, and speed is the chief factor in the problem.

Four years ago—on March 24, 1900, to be specific—ground was broken for New York's great subway—her first great subway, for there will be more of them before very long. The builders were like an army of moles. Their course could be traced by the broken surface of the ground and the temporary destruction of streets, whereat the public grumbled and scolded. But the upheaval of pavements, the mess and litter and annoyance, were temporary ills, soon to be forgotten, while the result is an underground pathway for swift trains such as no other city in the world possesses.

Much of the work was done in open cut, and while there was much criticism of the method, the reasons for adopting it in preference to tunneling seem to be sufficient. It was the design of the engineers to keep as near the surface as possible, in order that access to the subway from the street might be by short stairways, avoiding the use of elevators. Except for one short tunnel under Murray Hill, the subway through the city below the north end of Central Park conforms closely to the surface grade, and the stairways leading down to the stations are no longer than the elevated railroad stairways.

From the City Hall, near the south

end of the island, to One Hundred and Fourth Street, a distance of about seven miles, the subway is fifty-four feet wide, and contains four tracks, two for local and two for express trains. At One Hundred and Fourth Street the tunnel branches, one line continuing directly north for five miles, and the other turn-

surface, to do away with the intolerable crowding of the narrow lanes of the New England metropolis.

Cities capable of expansion in all or many directions can solve their transportation problems by simple radial systems of surface and elevated transit, but the shape of Manhattan Island restricts



ONE OF THE PLATFORMS AT THE CITY HALL STATION—THE STATIONS OF THE NEW YORK SUBWAY ARE LIGHT, AIRY, AND TASTEFULLY DECORATED.

ing to the east under Central Park and running some four miles across the Harlem River and into the Bronx. There are three tracks in the first for two miles beyond the fork, and two tracks from that point to the end of the line. There are two tracks in the Bronx branch. Each is continued beyond the tunnel exit upon viaducts.

New York's subway is not like other subterranean routes. The famous underground railway in London, the pioneer enterprise of its kind, having been in operation for nearly half a century, is dark, smoky, and poorly ventilated. The newer "tubes" in the British metropolis are deep, single-track tunnels, requiring elevators, and therefore more or less inconvenient of access. Boston's subway is comparatively short—though it is to be greatly extended—and is only an incidental dive of trolley lines under the

the bulk of travel during "rush hours" to one direction, and to a limited number of longitudinal avenues. Consequently the New York subway system, of which the completed work is but a beginning, must consist of a number of broad underground avenues, traversing the length of the island, with track capacity for a great number of fast trains.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN SUBWAYS.

In all its dimensions, the subway soon to be opened is the greatest of holes in the ground made by man. In length it far surpasses any of the great Alpine tunnels, and in width it exceeds any other passage underground. It is spacious, well-lighted, and airy. The stations are roomy chambers lined with decorative tiling, and many of them so illumined by day from above as to seem more like arched halls of a building than subter-



ABOVE A SUBWAY STATION—ENTRANCES TO THE STAIRWAYS FOR INCOMING AND OUTGOING PASSENGERS AT FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET.

ranean caves. The entire absence of the gloomy, dark-cellar aspect of the ordinary railroad tunnel is a striking feature of the New York subway.

Special attention has been given to making the stations not only comfortable, but cheerful and attractive. The

decoration is artistic and varied, and no two stations are exactly alike. Each has some marked characteristic, either of construction or color scheme, which identifies it at a glance. It is worthy of particular note that defacement of the walls with advertisements is prohibited.

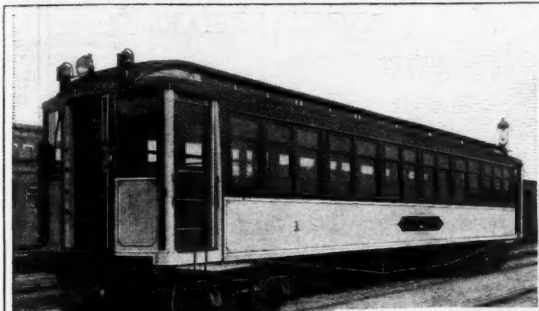


IN THE COLUMBUS CIRCLE STATION, AT EIGHTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-NINTH STREET—PLATFORM AND STAIRWAYS FOR PASSENGERS.

The operating company desired and intended to sell advertising space at the stations, and to make them as hideous as the elevated stations or the scenery along railroad lines in New Jersey, but the Rapid Transit Commission had the good sense to interpose its veto.

to have solved that difficulty, and a large number of cars built entirely of steel will be used. The steel cars cannot burn, and unless they are thrown from the track and brought into direct contact with the current rail, it is believed that they will be safe from electrical dangers.

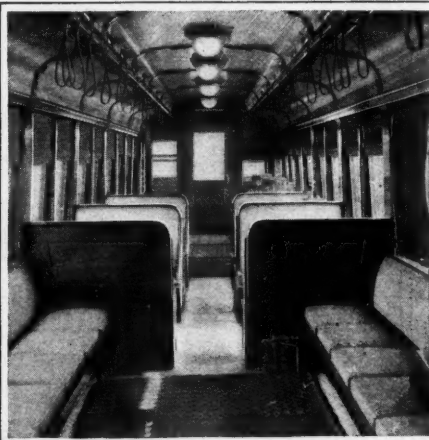
Local trains will consist of five cars, and are expected to run at a speed of sixteen mile an hour. Express trains of eight cars will make thirty miles an hour. The seating capacity of an express train is four hundred and sixteen passengers. The strap capacity, judging by the elevated railroad standard, will be consider-



THE AUGUST BELMONT, THE FIRST CAR FOR NEW YORK'S NEW SUBWAY.

Trains in the subway will be operated by electricity, the method of power transmission being the third-rail, top-contact system, similar to that in use on elevated railways. An automatic block system, which shuts off power and applies brakes, is expected to make collisions practically impossible, and an ingenious but simple device applied to the controller in the head car of a train shuts off the power the instant the motorman's hand is taken from the controller handle. Should a man die suddenly, or faint at his post, the train would come to a stop within a short distance.

The Paris tunnel horror turned the attention of engineers to the dangers of fire in subways, and the public demanded fire-proof cars. The first built for the new subway were constructed partly of wood, but with absolutely fire-proof floors, roofs, and sides up to the windows. All-metal cars were advocated by many, but it was feared that the difficulty of insulating them could not be overcome, and that the danger of short-circuiting the deadly current would be greater than the peril of fire. Electrical experts claim



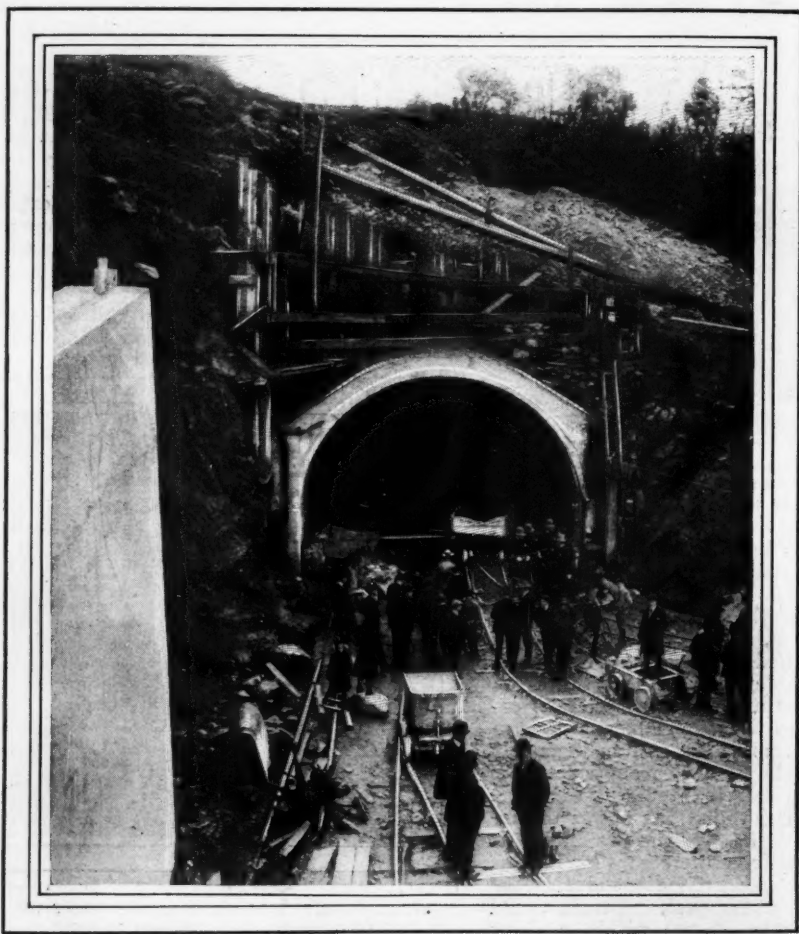
INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE CARS FOR THE SUBWAY—THE STRAPS SEEM TO INDICATE THAT AN END OF THE INTOLERABLE OVER-CROWDING IS NOT EXPECTED.

ably more, and if the packing of cars to the utmost limit of standing-room is tolerated, a subway express train will carry from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred people.

No official estimate of the carrying capacity of the subway has been given out, but it is safe to say that the operating company expects to be able to haul not less than fifty thousand passengers an hour. The traffic of elevated and surface lines in New York now amounts

to fifteen hundred thousand fares in a day. The elevated roads alone have carried more than a million passengers in one day. The subway trains, it is calculated, will do as much business, because of higher speed and consequently more

million passengers each year, and other tunnels and projected bridges will contribute largely to the moving population of the city. These figures mean that in four years the congested condition of traffic which made the first subway a



THE NORTHERN END OF THE GREAT TUNNEL AT FORT GEORGE—FROM THIS POINT THE WEST SIDE BRANCH OF THE SUBWAY IS TO BE CONTINUED TO KINGSBRIDGE AS AN ELEVATED RAILROAD.

frequent trains, as all of the elevated lines combined.

ONLY A BEGINNING YET MADE.

But the normal increase of north and south traffic on Manhattan Island is estimated by Engineer Parsons at between thirty and forty millions annually. The Pennsylvania tunnel is expected to bring into New York not less than forty

necessity will probably be reestablished, and another subway will be required to relieve it.

Obviously New York must go on building subways, starting a new one as each is completed, until Manhattan Island is honeycombed with tunnels from end to end, or the limit of population is reached. Already preparations are being made for extensions and branches of the



THE UNFINISHED STATION ON THE MANHATTANVILLE VIADUCT, AT BROADWAY AND MANHATTAN STREET
—IN THE DISTANCE IS THE ENTRANCE OF THE WASHINGTON HEIGHTS TUNNEL.

first subway, and the East and West Sides are competing for an entirely new one traversing the length of the island. Both undoubtedly need an additional underground line, and the only question to be decided is which shall be built first.

When all the projected bridges and

tunnels to Long Island are constructed, and either bridges or tunnels provide for rapid transit to the Jersey shore of the Hudson, the transportation problem will be changed to a certain extent, and pressure on the longitudinal lines may be greatly relieved. The rivers will then be no barriers to the lateral expansion



THE GREAT VIADUCT ON WHICH THE WEST SIDE BRANCH CROSSES THE MANHATTANVILLE VALLEY,
BETWEEN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AND WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.



A STATION ON THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY, COMMONLY CALLED THE "TWO PENNY TUBE"—FOR PURPOSES OF COMPARISON, PICTURES OF THE LONDON AND PARIS SUBWAYS ARE GIVEN ON THIS PAGE.

of New York, and Manhattan will practically cease to be an island.

It is impossible to realize fully the magnitude of the task accomplished in four years without having seen it in progress and noted the amount of labor expended in clearing the way of water, gas, and sewer conduits, in protecting building foundations, and in supporting pavements and car-tracks. None of this work shows in the completed tunnels, and passengers on subway trains will see nothing to indicate it.

Power to operate trains and supply light in the subway will be generated by boilers of an aggregate capacity of one hundred and thirty-two thousand horsepower, in a building covering a ground area of more than three acres. It will be the largest building of the kind in the world, and its cost, with the power plant, is estimated at seven million dollars. The total cost of subway and equipment runs up to something more than forty-five million dollars. It is quite certain to prove a profitable investment.



THE VINCENNES STATION ON THE CHEMIN DE FER METROPOLITAIN, THE PARIS UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

THE STAGE

OASES IN A DESERT.

Although many managers have been hard hit in this memorably disastrous season, there has been cause to congratulate the public after all. For the offerings that have prospered—few of them though there may have been—were almost invariably the worthy ones, such as

really made for the advancement of the drama as an art.

A notable instance was the success of Otis Skinner and Ada Rehan, starring jointly in three productions from the Augustin Daly repertoire—"Taming of the Shrew," "The School for Scandal," and "The Merchant of Venice." Their



OTIS SKINNER, STARRING JOINTLY WITH ADA REHAN IN SHAKESPEARE AND OLD COMEDY.

From his latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.

hit came as a complete surprise, too. Shakespeare had failed Nat Goodwin just across the street; Ada Rehan had been obliged to cut her season short

But when it opened at the Lyric in "The Shrew," the box-office was besieged, and the engagement proved highly successful, both artistically and financially.



VIRGINIA EARL, STARRING IN THE MILITARY COMIC OPERA, "SERGEANT KITTY."

From her latest photograph by Hall, New York.

when last she appeared in New York; and Mr. Skinner had drawn only a corporal's guard in his fine performance of "Francesca da Rimini" some two years ago. So the new combination was booked for only a three weeks' run in Gotham.

Both the stars have been inundated with offers for next year.

Last season Mr. Skinner did not get into the metropolis at all. He was playing in "Lazarre," a dramatization of the late Mrs. Catherwood's novel, and, by all

reports, putting up a fine performance. In "Francesca," the year before, he enacted *Lanciotto*, the hunchback, with Aubrey Boucicault for the handsome

and the *Constance* of Eleanor Robson. The preceding season he had starred at Wallack's in "Prince Otto," from the story by Robert Louis Stevenson.



AMELIA STONE, FEATURED IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "PIFF, PAFF, POUFF,"

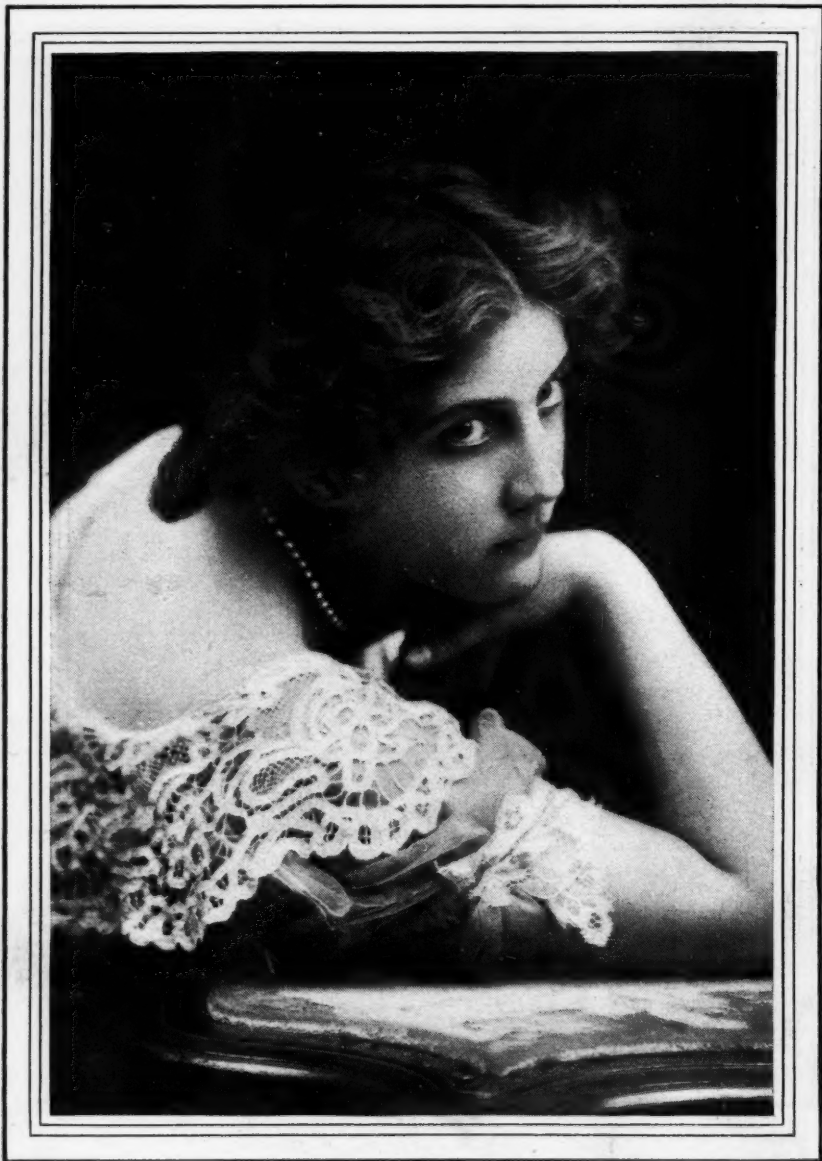
From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

Paolo and Marcia Van Dresser in the title part. His New York appearance previous to that was his triumph in a matinée production of Browning's poem, "In a Balcony," in which he was the *Norbert* to the *Queen* of Mrs. Le Moyne

Mr. Skinner began his career in the stock companies of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. He had been living in Hartford, and his impetus to stage work came from seeing J. H. Stoddart—now touring in "The Bonnie Brier

Bush"—play "The Long Strike." The first two rôles he studied were *Shylock* and *Eugene Aram*. As a contrast to this

his mouth, in regular William Tell style. But Skinner did not consent to risk his life in this way until the manager had



EDNA PHILLIPS, LEADING WOMAN OF THE MURRAY HILL STOCK COMPANY, NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

ambitious beginning, it may be mentioned that while in stock work he once had to enact a black-face part and allow Frank Frayne to shoot a clay pipe from

promised to give him, in return, a line on the program, the first occasion in which he was thus immortalized.

During his early stock days, he had the



EDNA GOODRICH, WITH THE ANNA HELD COMPANY.

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

honor of playing for ten weeks in the company of Edwin Booth, and it is of this experience that he has said: "No one of any impressionability could have played with this marvelous man and not have felt the powerful sway of his personality. With me it was irresistible and all-pervading. This domination of method could have come from no more advantageous source, for Edwin Booth, while he was the most poetic and magnetic of actors, was the most unaffected and unmannered."

After a period devoted to juvenile parts with Lawrence Barrett, Skinner went into Daly's company, at first doing only lovers in the comedies from the German, but after a time being promoted to Shakespeare. This was in the middle eighties. In "The Shrew" he enacted *Lucentio*; in "The Merry Wives," *Mr. Page*; and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," *Lysander*.

He remained for five seasons at Daly's, and after that served for two more as leading man for Mme. Modjeska. Then he went with Joseph Jefferson, doing *Captain Absolute* in "The Rivals." It may not be generally known that at one period of his starring career—no further

back than 1899, in fact—he played John Drew's part in "Rosemary." Next year we may see him as *Herod*, in Stephen Phillips' poetical drama of that name.

Augustin Daly died June 7, 1899, in Paris, while his company in New York were appearing in the English melodrama, "The Great Ruby." Miss Rehan did not appear on the stage again until



ROBERT EDESON AS HE APPEARS IN "RAWSON'S FOLLY."

From his latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

the following March, when she began a brief engagement in some of her old successes, starting out with "The School

metropolis until the next season, when she came forward in Paul Kester's "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." The piece



ADA REHAN AS LADY TEAZLE IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

for Scandal," in Baltimore. The tour was planned to last only a few weeks, and did not bring her to New York at all. She did not reappear in the American

had been a great success with another actress in London, but it could not be made to go here. Miss Rehan closed her season early in the spring of 1901, and

went abroad to her bungalow in Ireland—her native soil. It was announced that she would return in the autumn to play

came of it, and Miss Rehan did not tread the boards again until she began her present tour with Mr. Skinner last fall.



ADELE RITCHIE, LEADING WOMAN IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "GLITTERING GLORIA."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

a modern society comedy written especially for her by Martha Morton, who did "His Wife's Father" and "A Fool of Fortune" for Crane. But nothing

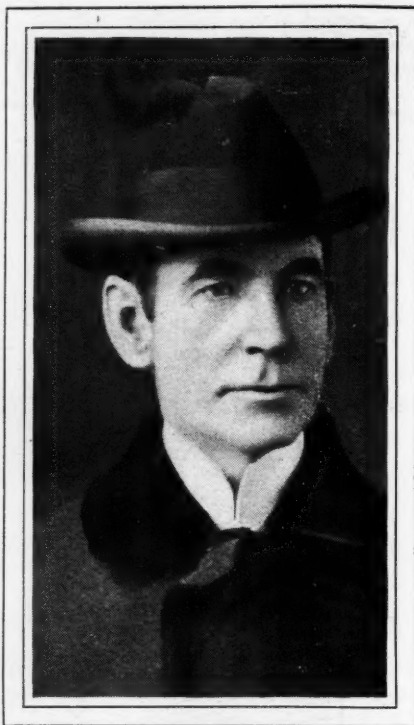
Another happy circumstance of the passing season has been the hit of James K. Hackett's players in "The Secret of Polichinelle," a comedy from the

French, which surprises everybody because it is entirely unobjectionable in tone. A fragile little play, possessing hardly any plot, but an abundance of sentiment, it is capitably acted by a cast with the ever reliable W. H. Thompson at its head. He is a grandfather who seeks to keep from his wife his secret visits to their son, married against the paternal wishes, while his wife is doing exactly the same thing on her part. This, it will be seen, supplies an entirely new motive in stageland, and one which, if the players were not skilful, might



HELEN PRINDIVILLE AS SHE APPEARED IN
"BEN HUR."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.



W. J. FERGUSON, APPEARING AS THE JOVIAL
MUTUAL FRIEND IN "THE SECRET OF
POLICHINELLE."

From a photograph by Gline, Boston.

easily leave the audience stranded in ennui. As it is, the comedy glides on in delightful fashion, and promises to have a long run.

A striking example of the manner in which an able actor can make a colorless part stand out is supplied in this play by W. J. Ferguson, as the bachelor friend of the family. He has some charming scenes with another clever player, Grace Kimball, who was leading woman with E. H. Sothorn in the days of "Sheridan" and "Lettarblair," and who recently married, with the intention of abandoning the stage for good.

Mr. Ferguson is a native of Maryland, and has been identified with comedy parts in most of the New York theaters. He has been in almost every success the little Madison Square house has known. He began his career as call-boy in Ford's Theater, Washington, and was on duty in that capacity when Lincoln was shot in one of the stage boxes.

There are players who are sometimes regarded as "hoodoos," every piece in

which they appear turning out a failure, whether they do good work or not. The writer knows an actor who meets with just this deplorable experience. Fortunately, being of independent means, he

Aunt," "The Gay Parisians," "The Girl from Maxim's," and "Beau Brummell." In the latter play, Clyde Fitch's first hit, he created *Mortimer*, the valet, and staked the price of a wig on its success,



JESSIE BUSLEY, NOW PLAYING TWENEY IN BARRIE'S COMEDY, "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

can afford to point the tale without going to the poor-house in consequence. Ferguson, on the other hand, seems to be a mascot. Among the successes with which he has been identified are "Hazel Kirke," "The Fatal Card," "Charley's

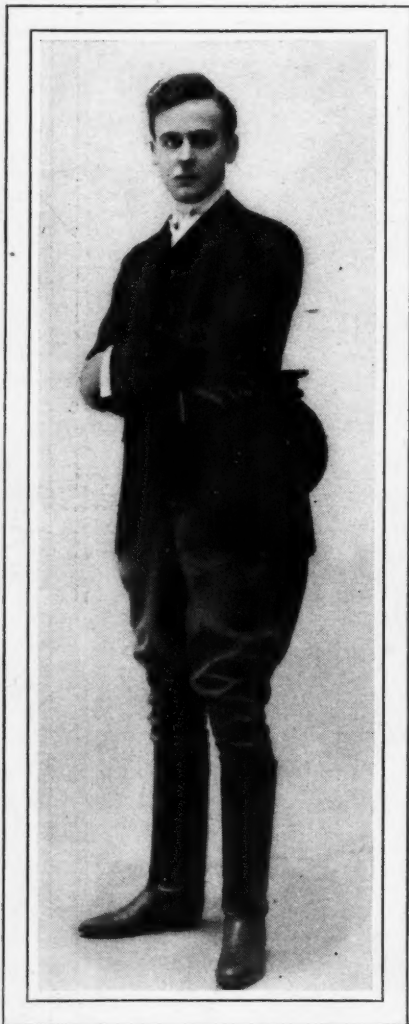
Mansfield, who took the other end of the bet, being pessimistic about it on the night of the dress rehearsal.

A third cause for congratulation in the present season's record is the support meted out to George Bernard

Shaw's "Candida." First put on by Arnold Daly for a trial matinée in December, this clever comedy was soon thereafter shifted to evening performances, and speedily became one of the standard attractions of the metropolis,

to his friend, Barnabee of the Bostonians. "She has never been on the stage, to be sure, and I don't know if she can act, but she has a good voice."

"Send her around to-morrow," replied Barnabee briefly, and so Amelia Stone



WILLIAM ELLIOTT AS RUPERT DE WILLOUGHBY IN
"THAT MAN AND I."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

having been played in no fewer than four different theaters successively.

IN REGARD TO AMELIA STONE.

"I have a little niece who can sing," said a Chicagoan seven years or so ago



FRANK DEKUM, WHO IS THE BROTHER IN "THE
GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

got her first chance to appear behind the footlights.

She rehearsed with the "Robin Hood" company in Chicago, going on with them to Kansas City, where she made her debut as Jessie Barlett Davis' sweetheart

Annabel in the good old green-wood opera. She finished that season in the part, going as far West as San Francisco, and appearing in most of the large "show towns" west of the Missouri.

The next contract Miss Stone signed was with Hoyt's well-remembered "Trip to Chinatown." Though she didn't go quite as far as the title of the play, she did go to Australia with it for nine months or so.

Upon her return to New York and the seething maelstrom of the Rialto, the high tide of success eddied her into another of Hoyt's winning shows, "A Stranger in New York." In addition to a small part in this play she was made understudy to Sadie Martinot, who was leading as *Hattie*. Miss Stone admits that she was not in the least unlike other understudies; she spent most of her leisure moments hoping and praying—hoping that no serious misfortune would befall the leading lady and praying that one might. Well, one did; Miss Martinot fell ill, ill enough to give Miss Stone the long-looked-for chance, and in the vernacular of the Great White Way, she "made good."

She was so successful as *Hattie* that she was sent across to London with the play. She lived up to the title so consistently that when she came back to America she was indeed a stranger in New York, for Broadway had not seen her for four years.

Had Londoners been talking as much about "the American invasion" at that time as they did a little later, Miss Stone might have been arraigned as the leader of the Yankees, for she was the first American girl to sing in the historic Drury Lane Theater. Some of the other capitals in which she has lifted up her voice are Vienna, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Dresden, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Moscow.

It was about two years ago that Miss Stone returned to her home in Detroit, Michigan, but she was not off the boards very long. "A Chinese Honeymoon" was ready to go on at the Casino, and the very pretty part of the *Princess Soo Soo* was offered to her. This was really her formal debut on the New York stage as a prima donna. After the tuneful comedy had gone the way of all good shows, Miss Stone was asked to change her name—not her royal station—and become the *Princess Angelcake* in the fantastic "Runaways." It was a small and unsatisfactory part, and the *Princess* did her best to hand it back to the

Shuberts, but two earnest endeavors met with no success, and she finally agreed to go on and play it. She and Van Rensselaer Wheeler had a duet in the second act, words having been set to the tune of "Hiawatha," and all New York, with its annual summer colony of visitors and sight-seers, were nearly driven mad by its constant repetition. "Hiawatha" was sung, whistled, hummed, and ground out until "Bedelia" made herself heard above the din and saved the reason of half a million distracted people.

Miss Stone is taking her first rest in two years, but will soon be making ready for another first night in "Piff! Paff! Pouff!" a new musical comedy in which she is to be featured.

AN ODD PLAY WITH STRONG MOMENTS.

One of the season's peculiar offerings is "That Man and I," exploiting Robert Hilliard in an altogether unaccustomed rôle, and one in which he acquires himself most creditably. Mrs. Burnett, the author, has used her novel, "In Connection With the De Willoughby Claim," as a basis for the play, and while the latter is somber and somewhat crude, it has situations that may truthfully claim to exceed in dramatic strength anything recently seen in stageland. Frank L. Percy has provided a cast of real worth, with the possible exception of the leading woman, Maude Fealy, who is scarcely equal to the radical transformation from the mother of the prologue to the daughter in the play proper. The strongest scenes are between Hilliard and H. Reeves-Smith, who came over from England some years since with the farce "A Brace of Partridges," and who does capital work as "that man" to the "I" of Hilliard.

Among our portraits this month is one of the leading juvenile in the play, William Elliott, who brings an engaging breeziness and zest to the young lover, *Rupert De Willoughby*, a colorless rôle depending wholly on the personality of the player. Mr. Elliott passed to it fresh from a part of altogether contrary nature—nothing less weird and anemic than *Oswald*, the crazy youth in Ibsen's "Ghosts," Mary Shaw being his stage mother. He was to have played *Eugene Marchbanks* to Miss Shaw's *Candida* had not Arnold Daly secured the rights to the George Bernard Shaw play (actress and dramatist are not related) ahead of her.

Mr. Elliott comes of a theatrical fam-

ily, and was born in Scotland, but brought up in Boston. Last season he was *Jack McAllister* in "Robert Emmet." He enacted *Flash* in "Her Lord and Master" when Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon gave that luckless piece at the Madison Square a few years ago.

Frank Dekum, whose portrait is next to that of Mr. Elliott, is a young man from Portland, Oregon, who came to New York two years ago and took a course at one of the schools for acting. Last spring he was engaged by Clyde Fitch for the second season of "The Girl with the Green Eyes," to play the part of the weak brother who causes all the trouble, created by J. W. Albaugh, Jr.

THE BROKEN REED ON WHICH PLAYERS MUST LEAN.

How unsatisfactory the life of the actor is after all, always dependent on the power behind the throne—in other words, the author! No matter how resplendent may be his success one season, nor how faithfully he may depict the rôle intrusted to him, if the play does not please the public, the player shares in the general fiasco.

As an instance, take Jessie Busley, who is pictured on page 143. Some seven years ago Miss Busley, Minnie Dupree, and Alice Fischer all made striking successes in the English melodrama, "Two Little Vagrants." Just now all three of them, although meanwhile they have scored in other successes, have to lament being chief figures in dramas that the public declines to accept. The first to fall by the wayside was Miss Dupree, attempting to star in "A Rose o' Plymouth Town"; then came Alice Fischer, after a season of glorious record in "Mrs. Jack," landing a flat failure in "What Is the Matter With Susan?"

Miss Busley's tale of woe is attached to J. M. Barrie's "Little Mary," a prodigious hit in London, but capable of only three weeks' life in New York. Last season she was equally unfortunate with still another English play, "The New Clown." She finished out the year in "The Girl with the Green Eyes," in a part specially altered for her by Mr. Fitch from one he had written for Mrs. McKee Rankin. She was to have created the chief character in his newest play, "Glad of It," but by declining the rôle she missed participating in another failure. This record of recent fiascoes is in striking contrast to a list of hits in which she has figured, including "Charley's Aunt,"

"The Fatal Card," "The Sporting Duchess," the farce "Thoroughbred," and the English melodrama "Hearts Are Trumps."

Miss Busley has been on the stage since 1890, starting with Robert Mantell. She has made her deepest impression in character parts, perhaps the most striking of them being that of the lively, rough-speaking, yet good-hearted music hall "artist" in "Hearts Are Trumps."

The failure of "Little Mary" to score in America must detract considerably from Barrie's satisfaction in the hit of his "Admirable Crichton," which ran through the winter with Gillette at the New Lyceum. Since "Little Mary" was shelved, Miss Busley has been transferred to the other Barrie comedy, taking the part of *Tweeny*, the highly original servant girl, impersonated during the early part of the season by an English actress, Patty Browne.

AN AMERICAN OF THE AMERICANS.

Robert Edeson deserves well of American playgoers who believe in the protection of domestic industries. Not only is he a good actor, but he believes in encouraging the home-made dramatic article. Since he became a star two years ago he has presented none but American plays, and there are no foreigners in his company.

Before he started out for himself he was an American in the Clyde Fitch play, "The Climbers." He was in the cast of the first piece ever shown on the stage of the Empire, the American army play, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." It is rather a wonder that Edeson did not become a manager instead of an actor, as he started in at the front of the house, in Brooklyn, and only went on the stage in an emergency to replace a player who had fallen ill.

He was successful from the outset in his first venture with his name in big type, Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune," which lasted him two seasons. Last autumn he tried another American play, "The Rector's Garden," by Byron Ongley, in which he enacted the character of a minister—which recalls the fact that he was the first *Gavin Dishart* with Maude Adams. "The Rector's Garden" did not take, however, and he returned to "Soldiers of Fortune" for his tour in the South and West, until his new Davis army play was ready, "Ransom's Folly."

This piece, being dramatized from a short story, is in strong contrast to most

book-made plays in that it is simplicity itself, the adapter not being confronted with the difficult task of cutting out three-quarters of his material in order to bring the work within the two-hour limit of the stage. While it does not give Edeson a chance to do the heroic deeds of "Soldiers of Fortune," the character of *Ranson* is certainly a good deal more on the level of the ordinary human being, and carries well over the footlights into the sympathies of the audience. And Edeson makes a capital realizer of the rich father's son, with a good heart and an unlimited capacity for running into trouble. The last act is by far the best, which is dramatic progression in the proper order.

For next season Edeson has a play which he thinks will be a surprise to the public. We shall not reveal the nature of the surprise, but it lies in the subject of the piece, which is one that playwrights have seldom used, though it would seem to be particularly suitable for actors of his type.

Edeson was born in New Orleans, and brought up in Baltimore and Brooklyn. His father was George R. Edeson, a native of New York, who started life as a bookseller's clerk, and ended it, five years ago, as stage manager and comedian of the Girard Avenue stock company, Philadelphia.

In his leading women, Robert Edeson appears to have a penchant for players from the Murray Hill stock. In "Soldiers of Fortune" he had Dorothy Donnelly. The rôle of the heroine in "Ranson's Folly" was created by Sandol Milliken; and on the latter's marriage, she was followed by still another ingénue from the H. V. Donnelly forces—Laura Hope Crews.

A GOOD TRAINING SCHOOL.

Speaking of the Murray Hill, the stock system was restored there in the middle of the winter, with practically a new company, headed by a really clever leading woman, of whom we give a portrait. Edna Phillips was born in Canada. After her father's death, having decided to adopt the stage as a means of livelihood, she came to New York and entered the Wheatecroft School of Acting. With credentials from this source, she obtained a position as super in the company of E. H. Sothern while he was doing "Change Alley" at the old Lyceum. Sothern noticed her work, and when there was opportunity to pick a player for a small part he selected Miss Phillips.

So in time she was promoted to *Gabrielle* in "The King's Musketeer."

She remained with Sothern for three seasons, and was then engaged by Frank Keenan for his leading woman in "The Hon. John Grigsby." After that Miss Phillips went into stock work, and at the Murray Hill was especially good in Irene Vanbrugh's part of the manicure girl in "The Gay Lord Quex." It is quite on the cards that she will be seen on Broadway next season.

"UNION FOREVER"—OF MUSIC AND COMEDY.

Although musical shows are the most expensive ones to put on, in spite of many recent failures, and in the teeth of George Edwardes' assertion that there is no money in them for London, they continue to occupy the stages of a large percentage of our theaters. Virginia Earl is among the fortunate ones in the gamble—it is little more—for the military opera in which she is starred, "Sergeant Kitty," drew such good audiences at Daly's that after its term there expired, it was moved to the Casino for an extended run.

Adèle Ritchie, however, the leading feature in "Glittering Gloria," was no luckier with that piece than she was in another musical importation from London, "My Lady Molly," earlier in the winter. Neither show held the Daly boards for longer than three weeks. The season before last Miss Ritchie had an important part with Francis Wilson in "The Toreador." She is a Philadelphian, and first came into notice ten years ago as understudy to Marie Tempest, in "The Algerian."

Virginia Earl was born in Cincinnati, of French-Irish parentage. She began to act at thirteen in a juvenile "Mikado" company, and later followed Della Fox as *Prince Mataya* in a road production of "Wang." Previous to that she had spent two years in Australia, playing in Rice's "Evangeline" and doing the country girl, *Tags*, in "The County Fair." Her first decided hit was made at the Casino in the name part of "The Lady Slavey," but she won her real spurs when Augustin Daly added her to his musical forces. She began as one of the English tourists in "The Geisha," and later, in "A Runaway Girl," carried everything before her in the part opposite Cyril Scott. Some of her most popular songs of this period were "Only a Bit of String" and "The Boy Guessed Right the Very First Time." Last season Miss Earl did not play.

ETCHINGS

WHEN MADGE WAS YOUNG.

When Madge was young her heroes were
The slashing knights of mail and spur,
Her heroines the dainty dames
Whom love devours with crescent
flames;
Plain bank-notes had no charms for her.

How well she snubbed that worshiper
Who spoke of love at forty per!
Gilt titles were but empty names
When Madge was young.

When Madge was young! I'll not aver
That now she's old, or cast a slur
At all the wiles and maiden games
She plays to win the pile she claims;
I only state what *did* occur
When Madge was young.

Herbert Blake.

THE PLAINT OF THE SERVANT GIRL.

I DECLARE my head seems bursting
And my brain is in a whirl,
For these cereals in the morning
Make one hate to be a girl.

I don't object to washing
Nor to ironing the clothes;
And the company at dinner
I don't count among my woes.

To be sure, I don't like children
Messing round the kitchen sink;
But they're not such awful monsters
As some girls would have you think.

So you see, compared with others,
I am not so very cross;
And I'm sure if I gave notice
They would find me quite a loss.

And I wouldn't think of leaving,
But them pesky breakfast foods
Makes me have the meanest feelings—
What the mistress calls "my moods."

First there's cookin' of the oatmeal
That the master always eats;
Then for Tom, his football trainer
Orders some strange "Cereal Meats."

Baby Lou comes next in order,
And her "malTED" food I fix;
While for delicate Miss Helen
There is bran and grits to mix.

Something "ready cooked" wants Harry,
Who is always in a rush; E
While the doctor says the mistress
Must have plain old-fashioned mush.

Then I warm Miss Susan's zwieback
And her cup of "Bungalo,"
While three kinds of cereal coffee.
Must be boiled—and boiled just so.

When at last those at the table
Have been served to all this stuff,
Then I march out in the kitchen
And sit down in quite a huff.

And I vow that I will never,
Nevermore in all my days
Take a place without inquiring
If they have the health food craze.
Louise J. Starkweather.

THE GOLFER'S LITANY.

DRIVER, specially made for me,
Balanced to a perfect T,
Lightly to the hand you swing,
Struck by you the ball takes wing—
Could you but proclaim the strokes
You have made, to other folks;
Could you but my Boswell be!—
Driver, specially made for me.

Mashie, golfer's best recourse
When 'tis skill he needs, not force;
When from hummock, hole, or rut,
When from road or open cut,
He'd regain the course once more
Without damage to his score—
Mashie, golfer's best recourse
When 'tis skill he needs, not force.

Putter, monarch of the green,
Where the contest waxes keen,
Where the finest work is done,
Where the game is lost and won,
Where the Scot redeems the past,
And the foursome ends at last—
Putter, monarch of the green,
Where the highest skill is seen.

Cleik, the truest friend of all,
 Ever ready for the ball,
 Ever ready to replace
 Each and all in every case:
 Niblick, brassie, what is more,
 Lofter, too, if need be sore—
 Cleik, the truest friend of all,
 Every ready to the call.

Driver, mashie, putter, cleik—
 Had you tongue wherewith to speak,
 To recount the wondrous strokes
 I have made, to other folks;
 Could you but my prowess tell
 Seen by you in vale and dell,
 Could you, could you only speak!—
 Driver, niblick, lofter, cleik.

William Wallace Whitelock.

THE GREAT GOD SHAM.

THE great god Sham was a mighty god
 In the years before the flood;
 He ruled the world with an iron rod
 Ere the era of total mud.
 The common herd and the bluest blood
 From Greenland down to far Siam
 Did bend the knee to his majesty,
 The very great god Sham—
 Alas, the flood and the age of mud
 And the world that knelt to Sham!

But the god, reborn, is with us yet,
 Living and large to view;
 In the drawing-room is his image set,
 At the family altar, too.
 His mightiness has a deal to do
 In broadening the A's of Uncle Sam,
 And with fiddle-de-dee in the family tree,
 This good and great god Sham.
 "Oh, I am I and you are you,"
 Sings the very correct god Sham.

Sham is still strong in the marts of men;
 But secretly walks in shame.
 He turns the trick that is sly, and then
 Gives it another name.
 If a crime is big, he calls it fame
 And he doesn't care a—slam;
 He is cleverest who bluffs the best,
 Is the creed of the great god Sham.
 Oh, law and order are somewhat tame
 To the mind of the great god Sham.

He likes religion, this god of ours,
 When good folk to him kotow
 In a high-up church, all songs and flowers
 And Easter bonnets a-row.
 Through the week he's a ravening lion,
 you know,
 But Sunday, a very lamb.

He blesses his flock in a new-cut frock,
 This immaculate great god Sham.
 It's all right if you father a college or so,
 Smiles the decorous great god Sham.

But he's most at home, this mighty god,
 In the game of politics;
 There was never a creature above the sod
 Neater at party tricks.
 He doesn't with naughty "grafters" mix,
 And he wouldn't steal a dram,
 But he's there every minute for all there
 is in it,
 This wonderful smooth god Sham.

Then hail to the great god Sham,
 Who seems to be It to-day,
 Till a second flood and a bath of mud
 Shall swallow him up for aye.

Richard Burton.

IRENE'S INFATUATION.

IRENE became a Wagnerite
 At quite a recent day;
 And when her fads begin their flight
 She follows all the way;
 Just now she thinks the earth was
 made
 That "Parsifal" might be displayed.

Irene reads volumes by the score,
 That bear upon this theme;
 She skims through magazines galore
 For Parsifallian cream;
 The papers, too, though not for news,
 But pro and Con-ried interviews.

Irene hears lectures, every kind—
 With choir-boys, with scenes,
 With moving pictures, or combined
 With musical machines:
 Consuming, hastily, the cult;
 Will mind-dyspepsia not result?

Irene is learning, note by note,
 That weird and wondrous score.
 Sub rosa-ly, her family vote
 The opera is a bore;
 And if announced for five more
 times,
 They'll take a trip to distant climes.

Irene's adorers look askance,
 And more remote they stand;
 Except one youth, who sees his chance
 To win the lady's hand;
 She'll not refuse (he is adroit!)
 A wedding journey to Bayreuth.

Anna Mathewson.

Milady of the Mercenaries.*

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

XXV (Continued).

WITHIN the city, the students of the National University had paraded the streets, even daring to sing beneath the frown of the Green House itself a ribald catch deriding the president—a play in verse upon his name, to the effect that the *melone* of the Green House had rotted until it had become a stench in the nostrils of honest men. In the resultant fight between this collection of hare-brained youngsters and the Bulldogs, two of the young men had been killed, a number wounded. And the people muttered angrily, swearing vengeance, demanding eye for eye, tooth for tooth, from the foreigners.

The cry of "*Vive la libertad!*" shrilled through the streets by night. The federal barracks had been fired by some unknown incendiary. The president, justly alarmed, had proclaimed Guayana under martial law; provost guards of the militia reenforced the police; and before the Green House the Bulldogs stood ever on guard.

Then, crowning his perversity with an act of folly so supreme that his intimates marveled that a man so cautious and so politic in the past should throw all discretion to the winds, Malone had sent for several of the wealthiest citizens of the town, and, grimly alluding to the expenses of war and the impoverished state of the treasury, had requested various loans. Backed by fear of the Rotunda, the request had been acceded to with a celerity which seemed to savor of loyalty to the government. But the man in the street advertised it loudly as the last imposition of a president providing against an exile which he recognized for a future certainty.

Kilrae and Curtice, after vainly opposing this overt act of oppression, took counsel. Kilrae confided to the young man something of the affair of the Delilah of the Paseo de la Independencia, reserving, according to his word given to Malone, the matter of the secret way.

And the two, discussing it, saw in the president's madness the motive furnished by the woman, for whom he purposed to sell his honor—what of that remained to him—in event he found the way to victory over the insurgents too hard.

Compelling himself to the task, Curtice ground out his correspondence and despatched it to the telegraph office. And then night fell upon the plateau, with the abruptness of a dark change in a theater.

Curtice dined in solitary state; his host, Hamilton, lay abed, the victim of a fever contracted in San Diego. Conscious, he had given Curtice the freedom of his house, for old friendship's sake. Hendry, bereaved as a father of his child by the loss of his vessel, had taken to tramping the streets; he did not put in an appearance for the meal.

Rising, Jimmy leisurely arrayed himself in the uniform of a colonel of the Bulldogs. At the earnest solicitation of the president himself, and with an eye to the advantage it might give him in the accumulation of news, he had accepted a commission in the regiment. And to-night he must attend the reception in the Palacio Federal, a monthly official affair which nothing, it seemed, could induce Malone to forego, even in this time of trouble.

He returned at a late hour, thoroughly wearied. Upon the face of things, the gathering had been a success. It was a sort of ball, and official Guayana had attended with its wives and daughters—a spontaneous tribute to the canniness of your South American, who will wait to see which way the cat jumps ere he commits himself to one party or another. With no thought but to desert the ship of state if indeed she was to sink, the rats yet waited, calculating nicely that she might still be saved.

The city had been quiet; no demonstration had been attempted during the reception—probably because anticipated and provided against by extra guards. Curtice, who had greatly feared the out-

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come of this night, breathed freely with relief. Wakeful, he lit a cigarette and mixed him a nightcap in the dining-room.

He wondered no longer at the infatuation of Malone. Prominent in the great assembly hall of the Palacio had been the woman, the Señora de Casada. She was conspicuous not only for the fairness of her, contrasting so greatly with feminine Guayana, colored as it was by intermarriage with the native Indians and the negroes, but also by an audacious insouciance of manner, a bold assumption—or confession—of power which, in other days, might have befitted the favorite of a Louis of France. With an apparent lack of effort, she had gathered about her a circle of courtiers, to whom she accorded an imperious indifference, having eyes, apparently, for but one man in the throng; and he the president. Preeminently she was the type of woman to work riot with the imagination of the plastic Celt. Her charm, consisting not so much in a certain well-preserved beauty as in that quality which we politely, if vaguely, term "magnetism," was precisely calculated to reduce a Malone to an abject worshiper.

Curtice had been presented to her by the president himself, and with a flourish—"My devoted friend, Colonel Curtice of the Guards." And Jimmy had been a trifle puzzled by her manner toward him as she, ignoring the custom of the land, offered him her hand. Had there been in her eyes a startled, disquieted look? Had indeed a tremor slightly agitated her hand as she pressed his with a warmth unnecessary? Or had he imagined it? Had his inventive fancy been led astray by a resemblance which he had thought she bore to some one—a resemblance which he could not place, but which carried with it a faint repulsion? What was there about her, a total stranger to him, which suggested something unpleasant?

Jimmy clinked the ice within his glass reflectively. Then he set it down very deliberately. His ear had caught a faint tap upon the veranda behind him—the shadow of a footfall. He waited breathless for the repetition; none came, but he thought the Venetian blinds in the long window stirred—though that might be the breeze.

But no; the sixth sense told him that one stood watching him through the slanted slats of the blind. Was it, then, that he was marked for assassination?

An incautious move might be his last. Nevertheless, anything were better than the suspense. His napkin, urged by a quiver of his thigh, slipped to the floor; stooping to recover it, his hand slipped to his breast pocket and brought out his revolver.

Without, at that instant, sounded a sharp click; Curtice thought it the cocking of a rifle. He heard his own voice breaking huskily from his throat.

"Don't shoot!" it said. "I am helpless. I surrender!"

"Ah, Mr. Curtice, if one might be sure of that!"

The speaker laughed; and Jimmy knew the voice for that of Mr. Arthur.

XXVI.

JIMMY sprang to his feet, wheeling to face the window. Another voice that he had heard spoke again, languidly:

"And one fancied you a brave man, Señor Curtice!"

The blind was swept to one side with a rattle, and, to the silky rustle of skirts, the Señora de Casada entered the room.

Apparently she had followed him directly from the ball-room, pausing only to throw over her shoulders a thin cloak of dark stuff which served to conceal the shimmering, clinging, low-cut gown that she had worn at the public reception. The satin dancing-slippers still covered her feet. Her face was flushed with excitement, and her gray eyes shone with an emotion which Curtice was at a loss to classify.

She stood smiling at his bewilderment for a moment, then slipped the fastenings of her cloak, throwing it carelessly upon the table as she sank easily into the chair he had just vacated.

"One would think I had frightened you, *señor*," she observed.

"I admit that you startled me, *señora*."

The words came slowly; he did not understand. He considered an instant, then passed quickly behind her and stepped out upon the veranda. It was bare.

"May I ask why you did that, *señor*?" she inquired as he returned.

"I was deluded by your voice, *señora*; I thought I had heard another's."

"Yes?"

A silence followed, during which she scrutinized him from head to foot. He was embarrassingly conscious that he was pleased with the knowledge that the uniform of the Bulldogs was one becoming to his figure.

"You were about to say, *señor*—"

He stopped her with a gesture.

"Pardon; I was about to say nothing at all."

"Indeed? You did not intend to inquire to what good fortune you owed this honor?"

"I did not, *señora*. I was waiting your explanation."

His confusion had worn off. It was not merely a fascinating woman who sat before him, but a dangerous woman, the mistress of Malone. He perceived that she had come with a set purpose. To ascertain it, he conceived that he had but to keep silence and she would declare herself.

"My explanation? One can scarcely tell how to take you, *Señor Curtice*; you are something of an original."

"The *señora* seems to know me well upon a short acquaintance."

"You think so?"

Curtice took a chair, determined upon the patience that exasperates, and offered her his cigarette-case. She shook her head.

"Thank you, I do not care to smoke."

"With your permission, then—?"

"Certainly, *señor*."

As he puffed, she threw him a quick, puzzling, searching look. He bore it imperturbably. With a grace that had something of the feline, she placed her elbows upon the table, extending her hands and playing with her rings. When she spoke it was without raising her eyes.

"It is rather hard, *Señor Curtice*, for me to tell you why I am here—"

"It should not be."

"But you help to make it so."

"I confess—but if I can be of assistance, *señora*, command me."

"It requires only that you should take me seriously."

"I?" he cried. "Take you seriously? *Señora de Casada*, let me assure you that I can not help doing so; I consider you the most dangerous woman in the republic."

"There it is! It is not that kind of consideration I wish—"

He noted that she showed no resentment.

"Then I am dense, *señora*; it is I who must ask you to assist me."

"Oh!" she exclaimed intensely, with a desperate little gesture. "You do not, or will not, understand! And how am I to make you? I am but a woman—after all!"

"After all?"

"Yes," she said. "*Señor Curtice*, you are the friend of the president?"

"I am, *señora*," he said, making a point. "Are you?"

"No," she confessed, keeping still her eyes from him. "Perhaps I am his enemy—indeed, I would have you believe, *señor*, that I am so! I do not deny it."

"Oh, that would hardly be necessary."

At this she winced, but held her temper admirably.

"I am a woman," she went on, as if musing, "and you, *señor*, are a man—"

"Really!" Curtice pretended to stifle a yawn

"But Malone is a weakling; he is putty, putty in my hands, poor fellow!"

"You pity him, then?"

"Yes."

"If you care enough for him to pity, *señora*, why do you not let him go?"

"That is what I came to see you about. Indeed, I am considering just such a step."

"Let me urge you not to delay, since you seek my advice; for to win against the present odds the man must be master of himself."

"It requires but your consent, *señor*—"

"What?"

She nodded affirmatively.

"My consent?" he echoed, dazed.

"A consent dependent upon conditions, *señor*. I am in a position to dictate conditions, I believe, although—ah, I would I did not have to!"

"But if you would be so good as to give me some inkling of their nature—"

"There are two. The first, that you give up all hope of his daughter—"

"What do you mean?"

"That you—you—cease to love her!" She stumbled over the words as though they were distasteful to her.

"How did you know—"

"*Señor*, I have knowledge of many things."

"Well, I'll be—but your second?"

"That—that you—transfer your affections, *señor*." Her tone was low and soft. She bent the fair head so that he might not see her face—or, it may be, that she might not see his own.

"To whom?"

"You cannot guess?" The head bent yet lower; then suddenly she raised it, boldly challenging him. "But why should I hesitate?" The words came with a rush. "Why should I stick at a scruple because it would be—unmaid-

only?" She laughed bitterly. "Señor Curtice, it is myself whom you must love in the place of Norah!"

"You, madam?"

"Yes! And why not? Am I not good to look upon? Or have men lied to me? Tell me, am I stupid, *señor*? Am I aged? Has the hand of time fallen heavily upon me that you should find me repulsive? I am no puling, convent-bred girl, Curtice. You are a man through and through, and I am fit mate for you, am I not? I am a woman of the world, knowing good and evil for what they are, and—and—I love you!"

She stopped suddenly, exhausted by her vehemence, waiting his answer. For a moment he sat stock still, in blank amazement. Then, realizing that this was no dream, that she was desperately in earnest, he rose and began to pace the floor with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, well?" she cried impatiently.

He paused before her, making a comical little twist of his mouth.

"You love me, madam?" In the stress of the scene, they had dropped the Spanish, neither realizing it. "You love me? It's a trifle sudden! I have heard of love at first sight, but this—well, you meet me once, for the space of two minutes—"

"And now I throw myself shamelessly at your feet! Ah, did you think that a love such as mine is born of the passing moment? Have I not shown it from the very first—"

"It would seem so."

"From that first night," she pursued, "when you defied us in the cabin of the ship. I loved you then. But—but not as I love you now!"

A light began to dawn upon him; but yet he saw as in a glass, darkly.

"Dear, I love you," she pleaded. "More than she could! Did I not, would you be living now? What man—much less, what woman—would have taken that blow you gave me, and let you live on?"

"Then you *were* Arthur?" he commented slowly. "I begin to understand a great many things."

She clutched at his hand and carried it to a cheek superheated and moist with her tears. He was as yet half stunned by the revelation, and looked down upon her with a curious, impassive incredulity.

"Jim!" Passion lent magic to her tones; her voicing of the monosyllable was a marvelous caress; the soul of her love passed into the word. And it

touched him. "Answer me, Jim! Answer me! I know I can't come to you as—as you deserve, a pure woman; but oh, I love you, with the love that asks nothing, gives all. Answer me!"

He could not answer. The pure thought of his love for Norah had come to him as a breath of cold air in the heat of a furnace. He thought of the danger in which she lay through the machinations of this woman, and his face hardened. Watching him piteously, she saw the change.

"You're not—he's not going to—to say no! You dare not! Ah, Jim, answer me, dear! Tell me you love me. You must, you must!" Suddenly she slipped from the chair and caught his knees in her arms, turning up to him her disordered face, tear-stained, fevered. "See, dear, I humiliate myself to you? See how I love you—judge me, and tell me!"

Pitying her as a man must pity the woman who gives him all that she may—and that is her heart—he had stooped to raise her, striving to unclasp her hands. Mistaking his intention, she had strained up toward his lips, loosening her hold upon him; then reading no hope in his eyes, realizing that her labor had been in vain, that the cup for which she thirsted was not for her, she fell prone.

Instinctively he backed away, watching her heaving shoulders as she lay there in all her dazzling finery, sobbing out this the final agony of her impure, bedizened, miserable life.

After a while—the time seemed long—he felt a wall behind him and braced himself against it, trembling. Some strong emotion shook him, partaking of the nature of rage, and he could not speak, for he feared to trust his tongue. The room seemed dancing in a haze of light, whirling dizzily about that fallen figure on the floor.

Presently, as he watched, she calmed a bit, and began to rise, pushing her shoulders from the floor as if by the main strength of her naked arms. She sat for a space, silently mopping her eyes with a shred of sodden lace that might once have posed as a handkerchief. The rouge and the powder came off; dark streaks lay beneath her eyes, where the cosmetic had washed; she dabbled futilely at a face which in some ten minutes had faded as many years. Finally, with a supreme effort, she gained her feet.

"So," she said harshly, gasping between the convulsions of the after-sobs,

"so, Mr. Curtice, you—you refuse me, eh? You let me wallow at your feet, do you, and—and have no pity for the degraded creature? The love I offered you was nothing, was it, that you should shrink away from me? Did I frighten you? Were you afraid that—that I should do you an injury?"

She waited to let him reply, but he kept silence; the scene was wearing upon him.

"I am not good enough for you, I suppose? Speak up, man; I don't fear the sound of your voice."

"Believe me, madam," he said huskily, "I do appreciate the honor which you would do me, but——"

"But you don't think it an honor? Is that it?" she panted.

Curtice shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

She steadied herself, leaning upon the table. In the effort which she put forth to compose herself, he could see the long muscles of her arms stand out like steel sinews as they worked beneath the sleek pink of her satin skin; and a swelling appeared on either side of her jawbone, giving to her face a look of square-set desperation.

"You are a fool," she flamed viciously. "A poor fool—and I humbled myself to you! I debased myself seeking to win the love of a weakling. Faugh!" She spat; rage is the apotheosis of banality. "*Señor*, I despise you!"

"Thank God!" he cried gratefully.

"Oh, this is your fine gentleman—to seek to scorch with his wit the woman he has had upon her knees to him! You could not even spare me that!"

It was characteristic of this woman that she accepted the finality of his decision, admitting defeat, harboring no further hope. But one thing now remained to her, and that was vengeance, reprisal upon the unwitting author of her suffering.

"If you flatter yourself that I shall submit quietly," she continued, more calmly, "let me tell you that you are wofully lacking in judgment. I have offered you—yes, heaven; and you have laughed at me. Well, *señor*, we shall give you a taste of hell. Listen to me. You are the friend of Malone; you shall see him overthrown, exiled, then stripped bare and shamed before the world. And by me, *señor*! You love his daughter; you shall see her—shall I tell you what you shall see her?" She bent toward him, fleeing. "Shall I tell you, or shall I spare your fond heart?"

"Oh, better not, milady!"

The speaker's tone was feeble, yet cool and firm with a purpose; and the interruption was startling in the extreme to both, absorbed as they had been in this drama of their destinies. The woman wheeled and glared at the intruder with a cry of horror. Curtice experienced a feeling of relief, which was succeeded by one of anxiety. For in the black frame of the window stood Mr. Haigh; and, as he spoke, he staggered into the room.

"Better not, milady," he repeated. "Don't deal in futures—it's dangerous; likely you'll get bumped. Besides," he continued, clipping his words queerly from weakness and lack of breath, "a prophet is without honor in his own country—even as you are in all countries, or I'm no prophet!"

The woman stared at him as at one risen from a watery grave. Something of the events of that night in the San Diego roadstead had come to her, and she had never thought to see Daniel again. And, not knowing how much he might have heard or seen, a frightened mortification sickened her.

"Howdy, Jimmy? No, keep away; I'm all right—can stand up by my lonesome. But I'm weak as any pussy-cat. I'll take some of that drink—is it brandy?—if you insist," Curtice served him; he tossed down the liquor as if it had been water. "Your very bad health, milady! And you thought me dead, did you, now? You thought Tompkins would do for me, once the *señorita* was off the ship? Well, he mighty nearly did. No, James, I don't want a chair yet; I'll stand while milady does. You were trying to conjure up some nameless fate for Norah, were you? Don't! It's a silly strain upon your imagination, milady. You'll throw deuces after this; your luck's hoodooed for this game!"

"I had counted you dead," she said slowly, having recovered from her surprise. "And you're little better, fat man. I think I can see your shroud winding about you even now. Your time is short."

"Should it be, milady? Well, 'twouldn't matter much if you were right. But I'll make shift to keep within my skin until I see your plans put on the bum, as we say in classic Manhattanese. And now I'm very much alive."

"You'll need your vitality to fight me, gentlemen, after this."

"Honest? Oh, go away, milady! You are tiresome, d'ye know it? Crawl back to your hole and hide your face for

shame! Don't stop her, Curtice! She'll do no harm to me. Put up that stiletto, milady, or I'll blow out your brains as I would exterminate a viper! Why wouldn't you pick on a man of your own size, Mr. Arthur?"

"How dare you, you——"

But she read the steadiness of the pistol he had drawn, and she shrank from it.

"Dare, milady! Did you think I'd respect you for the sex you defile? Perhaps I should, had you not forfeited respect."

She began to gather together her cloak, her fan and gloves.

"You have the upper hand," she commented bitterly, "but my time is yet to come. You may not suffer, but as for Norah—we shall see!"

"You'll be helpless, milady, within two hours; your plans will go to the bad the minute Malone hears of this."

She turned deliberately to Curtice, who had spoken.

"You mustn't count on that, *señor*. My plans will go through on time, for you'll not see Malone again."

"And who will prevent me?"

"I will, gentlemen. I promise you that you shall not gain his ear until—well, until it's useless—when he's down and out. As to that, I give you my word. And now, *gentlemen*," she sneered, "I'll bid you pleasant dreams—and may they be of your Norah, when I'm done with her!"

She bowed defiantly, and left by the window through which she had entered. Mr. Haigh slumped into a chair, burying his face in his hands.

"She was right," he said dully; "she stung me then."

"How?"

"With that '*gentlemen*' she gave us. Lord, to think that I, Daniel Haigh, the son of my father, should come to use such language to a woman! I guess I've overtaxed my strength. I've not been out of bed a day."

"You were wrong, I fear, to anger her so. Think of Norah!"

Daniel smiled cheerfully.

"Don't worry, old man; we'll have Norah back in the city within twenty-four hours. I know where to find her."

"Thank God!"

"You're right—thank Him, old man, for——" He choked a bit and slipped to the floor, fainting.

Curtice lifted him gently in his arms and bore him to his own bed, where he endeavored to revive his friend. In a

way he was successful, for Daniel opened his eyes and sighed; then, without a word, sank into a deep slumber, from which it seemed impossible to wake him.

In the early dawn Curtice resigned Daniel to the watchful care of the captain, and sought Malone at the Green House. Burke, haggard, met him at the door of the president's apartment, and pretended to take his message to Malone. When he returned—

"His excellency cannot see you, Colonel Curtice," he said gravely. "He is engaged."

"Cannot see me? You took my message?"

"His excellency is engaged," retorted the servant obstinately.

"But tell him——"

"Colonel Curtice, I understand. But there's no helping matters; my instructions are to say that he is engaged."

"Is he mad, then?"

Burke nodded, looking upon him with a clouded eye.

"Yes," he said simply.

The *señora* was keeping her promise.

Jimmy wandered about the city, searching for Kilrae; with him alone, lacking the president, he might confer. But the minister of war seemed to have vanished. Curtice learned, when the government offices opened, that he had gone to the northern provinces on a matter connected with the militia.

Thrice again Jimmy knocked at the president's door ere noon; each time Burke met him with a despairing shake of the head. At last he gave it up, mounted, and returned to the Paseo Nuevo.

Daniel he found up, dressed, and about—very much about, in fact, since he had ranged to and fro, from one confine of the *patio* to the other, cursing Curtice for the delay. And he greeted him with a storm of reproaches.

"What matter?" cried Curtice. "We can do nothing without Malone."

"We can go to Norah, man! God knows what danger she may be in from that hell-cat!"

"But Malone——"

"We'll go without his knowledge, then; the man's an ass. The three of us—you, the captain, and myself—we can go. Strong enough? Do you imagine I could wait here? Come, man! To horse!"

And so, as the sun fell behind the Sierras and the universe became one blaze of color, the three, with a guide,

took the westerly road across the plateau, through the great *estancias* of green sugar-canes. And as dense blackness fell about them, a shaft of light caught a great snow-clad peak in those far mountains and struck from it rainbow fire.

Haigh swung in his saddle.

"The pillar of flame!" he cried.

XXVII.

As it happened, that day was the anniversary of the independence of Anahuac. It was celebrated as usual, despite the flying alarms of war. A procession composed of the heads of the municipal government, the leading and most influential citizens of Guayana, and of dignitaries of the church, escorted by blaring bands and such militia as had not received its marching orders, passed through the streets in the middle of the afternoon, making for the statue of El Liberador—a magnificent equestrian figure, conspicuous in the Plaza de la Reforma, over against the Palacio Federal, and facing that of the president himself, which stood nearer to the Green House.

Arriving in the plaza, there was a brief ceremony. The mayor of the city made a short address, recounting the liberator's career, and dwelling upon the tragic circumstances of his death—for he perished alone, without friends or money, in exile from the land which, almost by his unaided efforts, he had freed from the galling yoke of Spain. No reference to the existing state of affairs was made—nor would it have been permitted, in fact. The worthy mayor's official eloquence flowed on uninterrupted, a wearisome succession of trite eulogistic phrases; it was received in respectful silence.

At the close, he waved an arm at the bronze figure behind him, and cried:

"Men of Anahuac, behold your liberator! The nation to which he gave his life cast him out to break his heart on foreign soil! It now cherishes and honors his immortal memory, but the hurt that it did him can never be healed! See, then, that you do not again be blind to the merits of such a great soul, so nobly patriotic as the father of our liberties!"

Here shrill cheering broke forth, and the waving of handkerchiefs. In the midst of the excitement there were a few cries, quickly hushed, of "Rojas! *Vive la libertad!* Rojas!" But the determined attitude of the Bulldogs in front of the Green House, presaging swift trouble in case of an outbreak, awed to silence even

the most enthusiastic partizans of the revolution.

Thus, contrary to expectation, the day passed quietly. Following upon the speech-making, young native girls attired in white had advanced and festooned the statue with garlands and wreaths of immortelles; and then the gathering had broken up without disorder. The more conservative citizens made for their homes; others flocked to the cafés, to make merry and to listen to the playing of the band. For Malone, although denying the light of his countenance to the ceremonies, for the first time in his administration—and thereby arousing still further hostile criticism—had been obliged to make concessions to public feeling. Against policy, he permitted the opening of the *pulquerias*, lent his musicians to discourse from the bandstand in the plaza, and provided the fireworks for the evening's entertainment.

The error was great, but not necessarily disastrous, had it not been for contingencies quite unforeseen.

Toward eight o'clock—the hour set for the display of pyrotechnics—a dense throng surged in the plaza and the adjoining streets. The scene was impressively brilliant. The Palacio Federal was decorated and illuminated. From the roof of the Green House a search-light focused its great white rays directly upon the brazen statue of the liberator. The restaurants and cafés were gay with gaudy strings of many-colored lanterns. About their tables, and sauntering leisurely through the crush on the walks, was much of the better element of the city—the women in bright-hued summery costumes, the men uniformly in impeccable white, making a brave showing. In the center of the square, pressing about the statue of the liberator and the bandstand, and hobnobbing with the militia who yet guarded Malone's sculptured monument to presidential egotism, was a rabble of the lower classes—half drunk for the most part, but kept in order by the police.

A spirit of careless vivacity seemed to possess them all; jokes were cracked and laughter flung free. No evidence was there that the majority of the assemblage was trembling with revolutionary sentiment, repressing its hate for El Gringo only by an effort, eagerly awaiting one word to unleash unholy passions—smoldering grimly, so to speak, ere bursting into the spontaneous combustion of riot.

But even as the first gaudy rocket

hummed toward the zenith and spent itself in an opalescent shower, even as the first appreciative gutter-snipe vented his delight in a long-drawn "Ah-h!" gaunt rumor's wings shadowed the gaiety. A word or two of speculation, emanating from none knew where, was caught up and passed from mouth to mouth. Before a dozen tongues had time to trifle with it, it became a statement of fact. Spreading like wild-fire upon a prairie in the dry season, it rapidly gained credence and credibility. Presently it was a monstrous lie, fattening upon faith born of desire to believe. Salvador heard and crowed with delight. *Vive la revolution! Vive la libertad!*

This, then, was the lie: Ursua and Rojas were victorious; the legions of the regulars, the mercenaries of Malone, were shattered and fugitive, making for the sea-coast. At the very moment that the lie was being accepted, Rojas was said to be within ten miles of Guayana, heading his triumphant army of patriots; by morning he would have dispossessed Malone, and the rule of El Gringo would be a thing of the past.

Vive la libertad, indeed! Blessings innumerable upon Uncle Ximenes, who had called him to this royal feast! Salvador swore joyfully, took a long swig at his flask of *pulque*, and passed it to a corporal of militia with whom he had been discussing the fortunes of war. The corporal heard, received the flask with a wink, and drank the health of President Rojas, jerking his head derisively toward the effigy of Malone, which he guarded, with his company. His comrades were doing the same; and their captain looked on with complacent indulgence and a watering mouth. Some one offered him a bottle; he, too, drank a good luck to the insurgents, sotto voce.

The exhibition of fireworks continued, each fresh offering being hailed with salvos of cheers. The temper of the crowd was delightful; the dear people were so pleased with the pretty, pretty sky-rockets, the lovely Roman candles, provided for them by their president! But the colonel commanding the Bull-dogs overheard a fragment of the lie, and tightened his belt, feeling to assure himself that his sword lay smoothly in its scabbard. He glanced toward the cafés, and noted that feminine Guayana was hastily leaving for home, just at the height of the evening. His eyes narrowed. He turned in his saddle and spake one sharp word, which brought every man in the ranks to instant attention.

As yet all knew the rumor for a lie, yet all half believed it, because they wished to. Ere long that happened which made it seem well-nigh the truth. Men shook sage heads as a courier, mud-bespattered and riding a fagged pony, dashed up to the Green House and dismounted. Five minutes after he had entered, a newly conscripted regiment received its orders for the road. It had waited under arms since noon, and the march was begun with no delay.

Now, the Federal Barracks lie to the north of the plaza; to reach the southerly road, the Paseo de la Independencia, one must either cross the plaza or make a tedious détour. The colonel of the regiment determined upon crossing the plaza, with no thought for the crowd—or with no care for the consequences.

The head of the column debouched upon the public square and came to a halt. The colonel, a former lieutenant in the German army, rode ahead, ordering the police to clear a way. They obeyed, doing his bidding so far as they might. The result was that two companies of infantry protruded into the crowded square, like the head of a snake. The regiment came to a halt; the populace would recede no further, the police were able to do no more. And then—then the spark flipped into the powder-barrel.

The colonel's horse, maddened by the lights, the noise, and the sputter of the fireworks, reared and plunged, and finally managed to kick a *peon*. The *peon* fell unconscious. One of his comrades threw a stone; it struck the colonel's cheek, tearing a shallow wound. He swore frightfully—and the rabble laughed.

About the band-stand there was cheering; men looked to see the cause. A native had sprung to the platform and seized one of the Roman candles. He was drunk. He pointed the fire-belching tube directly at the rearing horse.

"*Muerte al gringo!*" he shrieked. "*A diablo al gringo! Vive la libertad!*"

An answering roar of applause swept the plaza and encouraged him.

"*Muerte al Malone! Vive el Presidente Rojas! Vive la liber—*"

His screams were drowned in shouts. Sporadic scuffles with the police were already on in parts of the plaza.

The German rose in his stirrups, drawing his revolver.

"Seize dot man!" he thundered. "Shoot him! Shoot—"

A shot rang out, it is true, and from the ranks. But the bullet was not for

the patriot; it passed through the heart of the German colonel. He swayed dizzily for a moment, then fell from his saddle.

The militiaman stood, flask still in hand, staring at the disorder about the band-stand. Salvador put out his arm and caught the bottle.

"Fish!" he cried good-naturedly. "Do you want it all?"

The militiaman turned his eyes and gazed into the muzzle of Salvador's shiny new revolver.

"My brother," continued Salvador, smiling, "I will give you one *real* for your musket."

"Take it!" said the militiaman promptly. "And keep your money! *Vive la libertad!*"

In a trice the company about the statue of Malone was disarmed.

The major of the conscripted regiment was a young American. He assumed the command promptly.

"Tenshun!" he shouted. And the captains repeated his orders down the line. "Ready! Load!"

Some one in the crowd fired a revolver. The American caught at his breast and fell to the ground.

By now, the plaza was a storm-swept sea of upturned, inflamed faces; the cries blended, rising and falling with the thunder of surf upon a rocky shore.

The colonel of the Bulldogs drew his saber, glancing behind him. The guards were now aligned in full force; though their number was but some four hundred all told.

"Ten-shun!" roared the colonel. "Clear the plaza! Use the edge, men! Draw sabers! Forward—charge!"

The rabble had kept something of a respectful distance from the Bulldogs; hence they had space to gather momentum. They crashed upon a palpitating mass of human beings that screamed with terror, vainly struggling to escape. The sabers rose and fell, flickering in the pretty lights. Revolver firing became general; one or two saddles were emptied.

But in the face of that merciless carnage the people slipped away like thin water, leaving the plaza bare to the band-stand, the statue of the liberator, and the motionless regiment.

"Confound the fool Dutchman!" grumbled the colonel of Bulldogs, thinking of the German ex-lieutenant. "Why doesn't he fire upon them?"

The guards moved at a trot across the cleared space and halted, facing the in-

fantry, behind whom the frantic mob was raving.

"Stumpf!" called the colonel. "Where's Stumpf? Where's Young?"

"Dead," replied a native captain sullenly.

"Then I take command——"

He choked and gurgled, his head falling forward; a bullet had passed through his throat. From the ranks of the militia rang a volley, withering the ranks of the Bulldogs; then another, and they turned incontinently and fled. A third volley took them in the rear, blasting great holes in the flying ranks.

The militia was firing upon the guards; and the government had thoughtfully armed the militia with new Mausers.

Salvador saw his chance. The militia was half-heartedly pursuing the guards, firing as they ran—firing blindly, indeed; the ignorant natives pumped the triggers of the Mausers so incessantly that sometimes the lead choked in the barrels and the guns burst. But the mob waited, stunned by the fury of the recent charge.

Salvador's slender, white-clad form leaped out in front, flourishing the musket he had obtained.

"Come on!" he shrilled. "*Muerte al Malone! Cut the melone!*"

With a gale of laughter the mob followed him, treading upon the heels of the infantry. About the Green House the guards had rallied, and were fighting stubbornly, desperately, with sabers and revolvers; their number was now lessened by one-fourth.

Salvador was happy, quite; he was a leader of the people.

XXVIII.

BUT the lie had been but half an untruth. At the time of the firing upon the guards by the militia, Rojas was within three miles of the plaza; and with him was the bulk of the insurgent forces. The men whom the president had armed, equipped, and sent south to join his regulars had swelled the rebel leader's ranks. No sooner had each militia regiment reached the field than it had gone over to the enemy *en masse*.

The regulars, left without support by this wholesale defection, had been unable to withstand the attacks of the insurgents. Ursua had triumphed with ease, and Rojas, leaving his general to pursue Malone's fugitive army toward the frontier, had made all haste to reach the capital and eject the president. En route he

issued a manifesto, declaring himself Dictator of Anahuac; and as such was he accepted by the citizens.

This, then, was the situation at the time when the fighting began in the Plaza de la Reforma: The usurper Rojas was a short distance on the southern road, at the head of his army. Scarce two miles to the north, Lazard had heard the firing, and was sparing nothing of man or beast to get a battery of Gatling guns into the city before Malone could turn the tables. These were the Gatlings which had been transported to Anahuac from Biloxi, on the Miranda J., to be finally landed at the mouth of the Rio de Manoa.

Had the mercenary but known it as with whip and bitter spur and frantic oath he urged on the patient burros that drew his battery, not half a mile ahead of him Colonel Kilrae, minister of war, was riding like the wind and praying that he might come to Malone ere it should be too late. As for the guards, struggling against odds there in the public square, they fought leaderless; their colonel was dead, Kilrae was absent, and Malone could not be found. For those who drummed mad reveilles upon the door of the president's apartments got answer neither from the master nor from his man, Burke. The governmental party was paralyzed by the apparent desertion of its heads.

Colonel Kilrae, dashing through the streets and past the Federal Barracks, came upon the tail-end of the treacherous militia regiment, wedged tightly, with the commingling rabble, at the mouth of the Paseo Mayor. Over their heads he could see something of the battle in the great plaza. At the moment the guards had rallied, and charged again. The mob and untrained troops broke and melted away before them; the Latin, physically no coward, lacks the moral stamina, the fighting fiber, of the Saxon and the Celt, and can seldom stand and fight him face to face for any length of time. The guards swept the plaza, and the harried mob dashed wavelike against their fellows who packed the street openings.

Kilrae spurred his horse, trying to force a way to the square; but the mob turned upon him. Recognizing him, one or two men tried to hamstring his animal, and fired upon him, but ineffectually. Realizing that to persist was to court death, the minister of war wheeled and dashed in a *détour* through side streets, coming upon the plaza in the

rear of the Green House. On his way he passed the municipal electric plant, and paused long enough to see that the lights were turned off.

With the city thus plunged in darkness, fresh terror came to the mob. As Kilrae joined the guards, and was greeted with cheers from the decimated ranks, the day was all but won for Malone. In another half hour the Bulldogs would have restored quiet to the city; the streets would have been deserted by the rabble and policed by men who, having looked upon their dead, were in a merciless humor.

But even as they had gained this initial victory, and, leaving the plaza bare, retired to reform in the shadow of the Green House, they heard wild cheering from the Paseo Mayor. Ere they divined its cause, the crowd parted and gave way to Lazard's battery, which had unlimbered and made ready for action before the guards had crossed half the plaza in a charge upon it.

The drumming guns spattered a hail of death into the charging ranks. No men might face that pitiless shower of lead, and the Bulldogs went down, mowed as by an invisible scythe. And as they halted, unconvinced that they must stomach defeat, cheering broke out anew in the Paseo de la Independencia, and through the mob's living walls, with an impetuous rush, came a regiment of insurgent infantry. They fell upon the flank of the guards, putting them to instant rout; between the two fires, few managed to escape. Such as did retreated to the friendly walls of the Green House, while the mob snapped viciously at their heels, a pack of cowardly hounds newly heartened, finding courage in increased numbers.

In the guard-room of the Bulldogs, Colonel Kilrae paused and looked about him. The remnant of the regiment that had gained this shelter was in numbers less than a score; and of these there was not one but bled from unstanched, unnoticed wounds. Kilrae himself limped with a bullet in the thigh, and his sword arm hung useless by his side. Already the room reeked with the sickening odor of fresh blood and the stench of powder.

From without came clamor indescribable—moans and cries from the wounded who littered the plaza, and the yells of the maddened rabble as they worried their fallen and expiring foes; the cheers of the insurgent infantry, with now and then, clear above the tumult, a shrill *viva* for the Dictator Rojas. Shots, reason-

less, useless, flattened themselves upon the façade of the Green House; while for an ominous undertone there was the rumbling of the battery as it was brought up and trained upon the great door.

The minister of war, leaning upon his sword, glanced from face to face of these men whom he knew so well; and tears gathered in his eyes.

"Gentlemen," he began, "comrades, old friends, we—we have lost. Our day is done in Anahuac. We cannot hope to hold this house—'twould be folly to attempt it; and could we so, we could not hope to win, in the long run. Rojas has won, and—and such of ye as have no liking for a death with their backs to a 'dobe wall had best scatter, and try each to make his escape as best he may. For my part, I go to Malone."

The lieutenant, Dineen, staggered to him, holding out his revolver.

"An' if ye find him, which I misdoubt, Kilrae, give him this with me compliments. Tell him to blow his brains out with it. We've given him our lives, an' he's left us in the lurch. He let us go to our death that he might spend another minute by the side of that woman!"

His comrades growled agreement with him. Perhaps Dineen might have gone further, but the president himself gave him pause.

"You're right," he said; and at his voice they turned and faced him.

He stood on the threshold of the room. His sensitive face was livid and drawn with pain, and he spoke with somewhat of an effort, holding one hand to his side.

"You are right," he reiterated wearily, leaning against the door-jamb. "In a way, Dineen, you tell the truth. I sold you, unwittingly; I was with the woman when I should have been at your side, taking and giving the blows you took and gave—for me."

"If you had been with us, I'm thinking there'd be a different tale to tell," growled Kilrae.

There was no lack of respect in his tone; indeed, as the president spoke, each man had risen and saluted. Despite the words of the lieutenant, they still loved their fallen leader—and when an Irishman loves, he forgives much.

"It may be," replied Malone. "But I'm thinking the end would have been much the same, Kilrae. I've had my day. 'Tis not in the nature of things that I should rule these greasers forever. Let be; I've been tricked to me undoing by the lips of the woman I thought I loved, and the

blood of me poormurdered boys out there is on her head equally with mine. If you thought me disloyal to you, boys, I've wounds in me side and me chest to tell ye different; I fought to come back to ye, to rescue ye."

He was interrupted by a whirlwind of cheering without.

"They'll be having a battery in shape now," he said, "to blow this door to thunder. There's but one road out of this, and I've come to show it to ye."

He led them through the corridors and into his apartments; to Kilrae, who walked by his side, arm in arm, for their mutual support, he said:

"From the back of the other house we may be able to win to the station. Burke's there, holding a train—with a gun at the engineer's ear, I've no doubt. Hennessy's back in San Diego, with the Don Juan, and if we can reach him, we'll be saved."

"And the woman?" asked the colonel.

"Ye'll see."

As they spoke, the guns were shredding the woodwork from the door; and as they gained the president's apartments, it fell crashing, and the insurgents poured in, screaming. But the steel door held until the last man had descended the ladder to the secret passage—the last man being Malone himself.

At the end of the passage, the dazed men came out into the corridor—a bloody, begrimed, ghastly crew, stifling their moans with gritted teeth, and nursing in their hearts the thought of their dead. There they found the Señora de Casada, lying bound with strips of her own gown. She was very pale indeed, and in the cold defiance of her eyes there yet lurked the fear of the fate that should justly be hers at the hands of these men.

"She followed me so far," said Malone, standing over her as she cringed from the glare of those two-score accusing eyes, "and stuck me with a knife. Mayhap I'm dying; but as for her, she'll be answering to ye all on another count. She's the murderess of your comrades—do with her as ye judge best. But waste no time—ye have none to lose. As for me, I'm—I'm done—"

A fierce hemorrhage seized him, and he fell forward upon the woman. They took him up silently, and bore him with them; but the woman they left to welter in the blood of the man she had betrayed. And so she stayed throughout the long night. Perhaps her thoughts then were her most fitting punishment.

(To be concluded.)